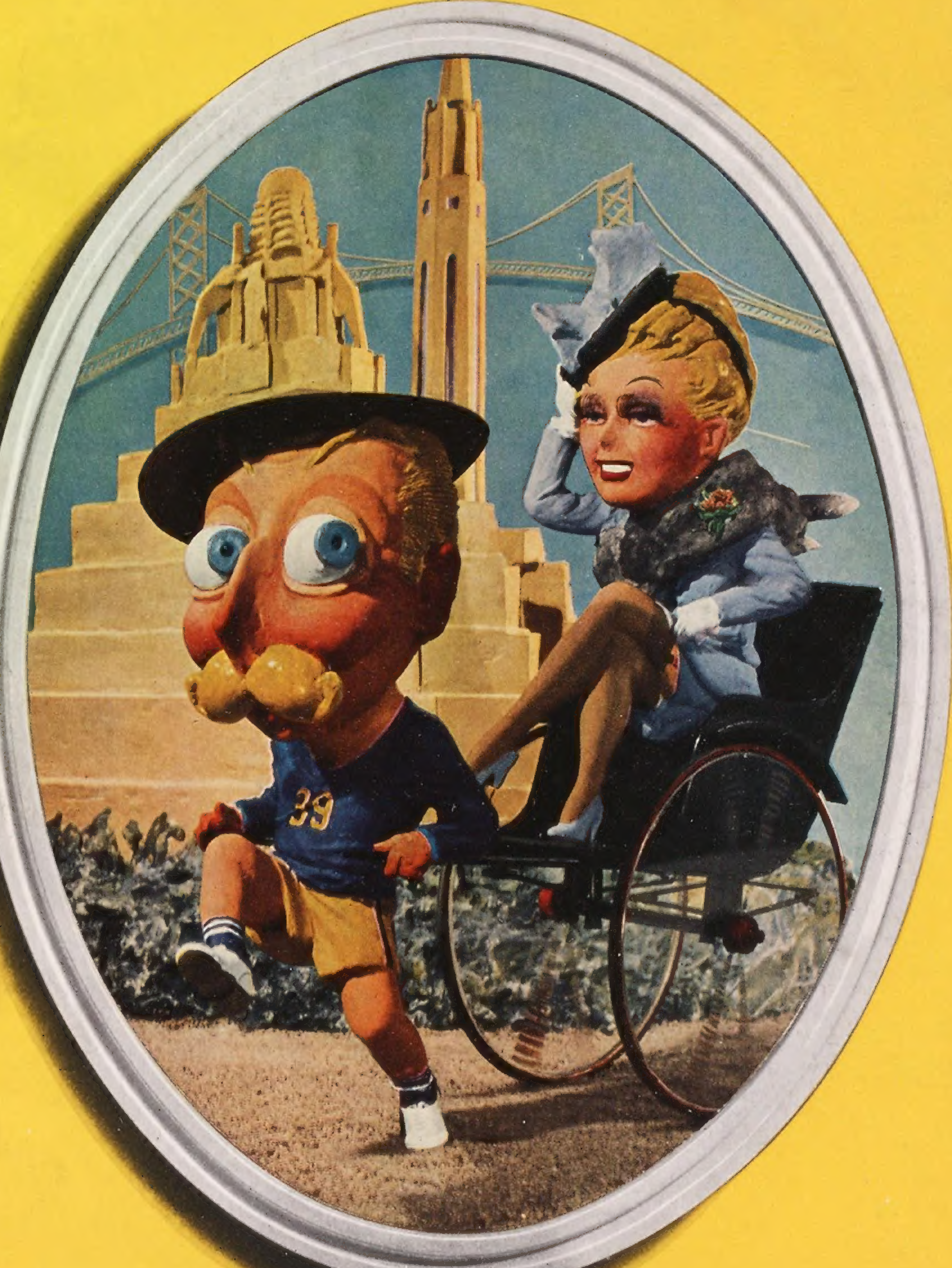
FEBRUARY
1939

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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R. GRAM SWING
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
FRANZ JOSEF
ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
HARRY SALPETER
ALVIN F. HARLOW
HARVEY O'CONNOR
BRUCE HENRY

FICTION

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
HENRY B. HOUGH
DUANE DECKER

ART

JON CORBINO

SATIRE

LOUIS PAUL
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
PARKE CUMMINGS
DOUG WELCH

POETRY

JESSE STUART

SPORTS

ROBT. SAUNDERS DOWST
LEO FISCHER
M. SPRINGER
P. READ
FREDERICK AUSTIN

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
HENRY BOLTINOFF
FRANK BEAVEN
A. ROSS
RODNEY de SARRO
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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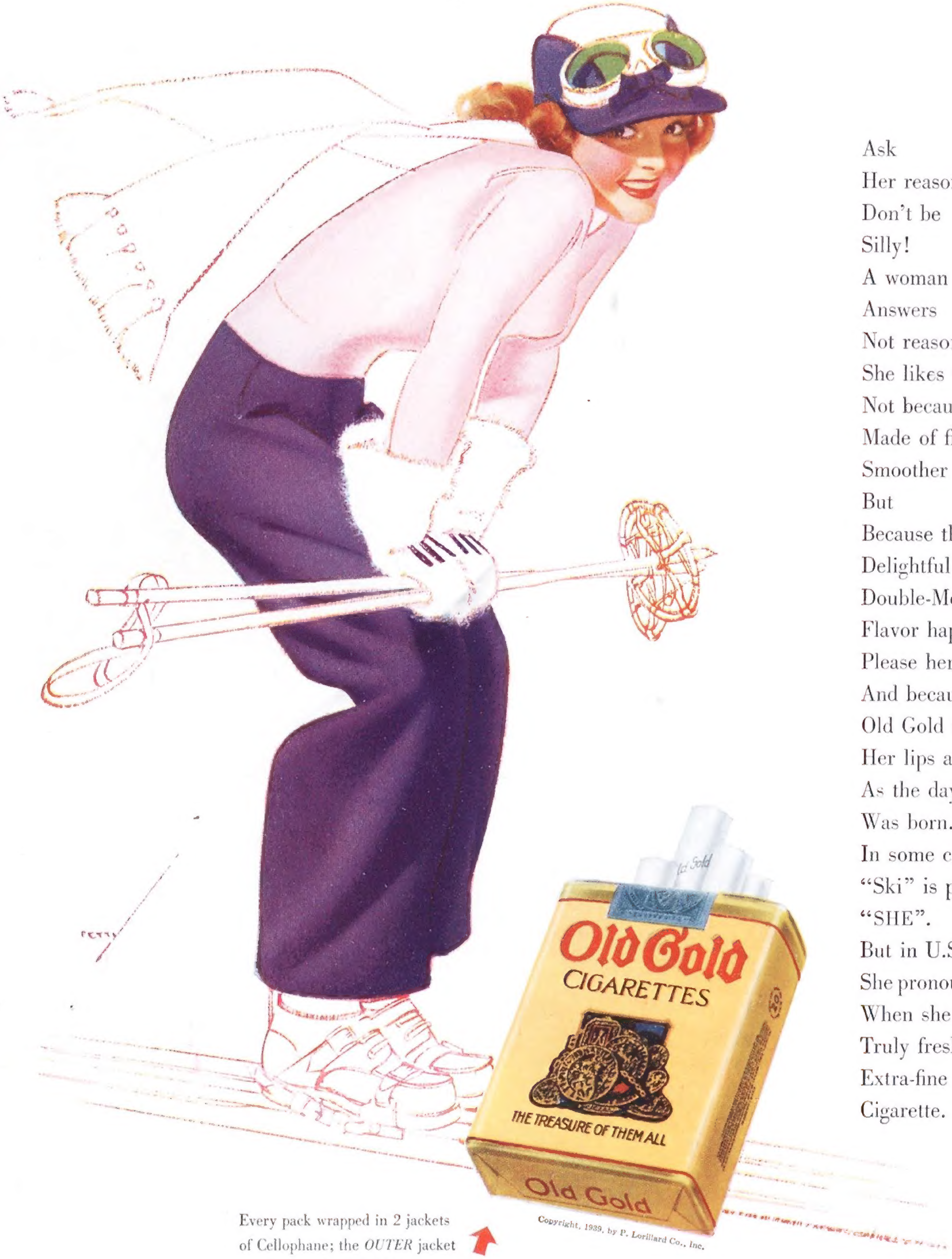
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

'Snowonder she likes Old Golds!



Ask
Her reasons?
Don't be
Silly!
A woman gives
Answers
Not reasons.
She likes Old Golds
Not because they're
Made of finer
Smoother tobaccos
But
Because their
Delightful
Double-Mellow
Flavor happens to
Please her taste
And because every
Old Gold reaches
Her lips as FRESH
As the day it
Was born.
In some countries
"Ski" is pronounced
"SHE".
But in U.S.A.,
She pronounces "O.G.,"
When she wants a
Truly fresh and
Extra-fine
Cigarette.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*. ↑

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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . .
by Saalburg, Fellows, Fox, Goodman and Hughes, beginning on page 99

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Here's where you take a Beaton

Because we have a book-reviewing friend who at this time of year has more books than time on his hands, we've just read Cecil Beaton's *New York*, and right glad we are that we did, because we found out something about you (yes, we do mean *you*) that you never knew. We mean you, and you can't squirm out of it, either, because you're proving it this very instant. For you read Esquire, you are reading it now (in flagrante, hey kid?) and here's what Cecil Beaton says about the reader of Esquire. Get a load of yourself:

"The American expression 'Rah-Rah Boy' is used to describe a certain type of college youth who watches football games in a big fur coat and a pork-pie hat with a bit of feather in the band, and shouts for his team as he waves the college pennant from a stick. The trained fan-choruses shout 'Rah Rah!' (At particularly rowdy parties the Rah-Rah Boy may shout at intervals the approving slogan 'Razzle-Dazzle!') He probably drinks heavily, drives a sports car recklessly, dances ecstatically, flirts continuously and reads little. *Ess-quire* or *Esky* (the magazine for men) is his bible."

Now how do you feel, you great big beautiful fan-chorus man? If you'll stop waving that dad-blamed pennant for a minute (*Twenty-three skidoo, you "chicken-inspector," you! Razzle-dazzle, gol ding it!*) we reckon we'll go on. Oh, sure, there's more. Look at *us:*

"Esquire shows what one must wear to be original, giving undue importance to petty changes in men's clothes." (Editor's time-out: Can you tie that for ignorance? He don't even seem to know that Petty begins with a capital P!) "That coat-tails are broader this season does not mean that all Mayfair rushes to the tailor, who alone would be aware of this detail and, without the client's knowledge, would incorporate it in new suits. Englishmen dress to please themselves, and as a rule scorn brown-faced dinner-jackets, snappy-brimmed stetsons and *risqué* neckties."

Now listen, you (yes, you with the pork-pie hat and the pennant), if you've got a brown-faced dinner-jacket under that big fur coat, you take it off right now! (*Razzle-Dazzle!* Yoohoo!) You know that ain't right. Old *Esky* never brought you up to wear no brown-faced dinner-jackets. (*Razzle-Dazzle!* Boop-Boop!) But as for those *risqué* neckties, we think poor Cecil just got mixed up a bit. Excuse us for a moment while we put him straight. (Aside to Cecil Beaton, *sotto voce:* Look old fellow, relly you know, you've come a frightful cropper about those *risqué* neckties, oh quite. You see they *aren't* neckties at all. We out here don't wear neckties. What's more we don't wear shirts. Nor undershirts. Nothing. Just tattooing. Fan-dancers, usually, for us members of the fan-chorus. And you thought they were *risqué* neckties, did you? Oh no. Oh dear no. Nothing of the sort. And for formal wear, like when they's dames present and that *risqué* stuff might not go so good, why then we just cover up by stuffing our pennants in at the neck of our big fur coats. Interestin' customs we have out here in America, eh? It's a big country, you know, you can't see quite all of it from Condé Nast's office.)

But we must stop interrupting him. We simply had to, of course, about those alleged neckties. But let's let him get on with it:

"Esquire also supplies slightly risky cartoons (wife versus secretary or pretty housemaid) that recall *La Vie Parisienne* tricked out as something hearty and virile. The fiction seems oddly incongruous, finely written by the most interesting of younger American authors, while the best names in journalism contribute illuminating and intelligent articles on matters of current moment. Of little interest to the more callow American youth, Esquire sells to the tune of six hundred thousand copies an issue."

How do you like that? So our fiction's incongruous, huh? Confidentially . . . well, Cecil should just hear what some of you boys of the fan-chorus call it. Let him put *that* in his pork-pie.

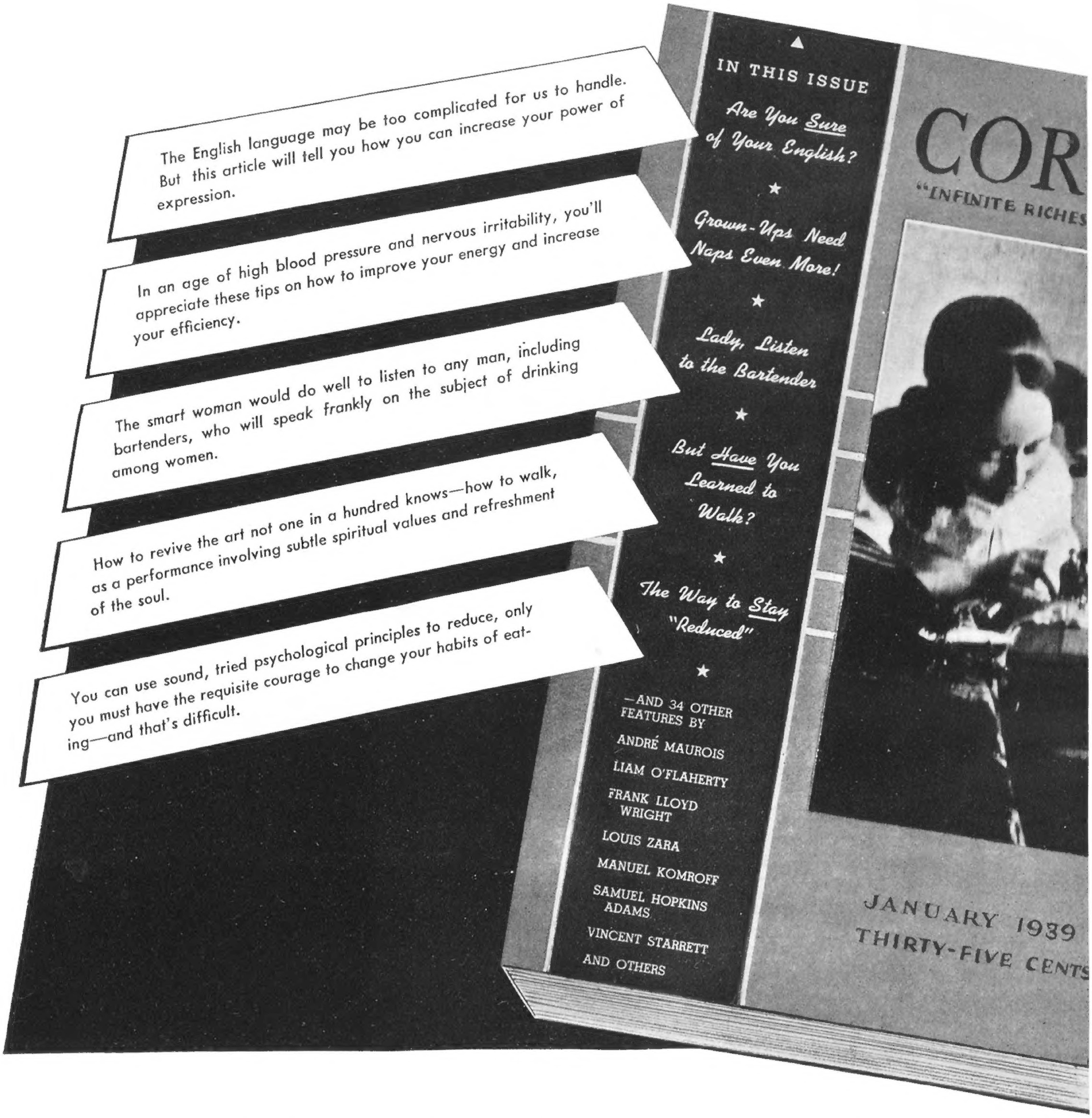
Well, so what do you think happened, after we read Cecil Beaton's *New York* and sat down to review it for our friend Sterling North in the *Chicago Daily News*, after reading that unsolicited testimonial to Esquire and that near-libel of you guys? Do you think we got sore and said "Cecil Beaton is a —" (shh, we were reviewing it for a family newspaper). Well, you're wrong. Here's what we said:

"As for Cecil Beaton's book, you may be sick-tired of hearing about Deeyuh Null (Coward) and Elsa (Maxwell) and Mona (Williams, Mrs. Harrison) and Tallulah (Bankhead) and from what you've read of Cecil himself perhaps you'd rather like his face, more than another's, to push in (may I buy you a drink sometime, I see we have a lot in common!), but I have to report that his book is, honestly, as a guide to enjoyment of New York, perfectly swell. By blinking twice and swallowing hard you can get over all the cloying references to all the too utterly charming people, and discover that beneath all the fluff is a sound, sensitive civilized appraisal of the New York manner of living and the most stimulating antidote to the poisonous dullness of conventional guidebooks."

See, we fur-bearing Americans yield to no Englishman when it comes to appeasement. That's Esq for you—always being big about things. Leave it to us to turn the other cheek. Even when we can't sit down for weeks afterward.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

DON'T MISS THESE HIGHLIGHTS IN THE NEW JANUARY CORONET



The English language may be too complicated for us to handle. But this article will tell you how you can increase your power of expression.

In an age of high blood pressure and nervous irritability, you'll appreciate these tips on how to improve your energy and increase your efficiency.

The smart woman would do well to listen to any man, including bartenders, who will speak frankly on the subject of drinking among women.

How to revive the art not one in a hundred knows—how to walk, as a performance involving subtle spiritual values and refreshment of the soul.

You can use sound, tried psychological principles to reduce, only you must have the requisite courage to change your habits of eating—and that's difficult.

IN THIS ISSUE

Are You Sure of Your English?

★

Grown-Ups Need Naps Even More!

★

Lady, Listen to the Bartender

★

But Have You Learned to Walk?

★

The Way to Stay "Reduced"

★

—AND 34 OTHER FEATURES BY
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
LIAM O'FLAHERTY
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT
LOUIS ZARA
MANUEL KOMROFF
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
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AND OTHERS

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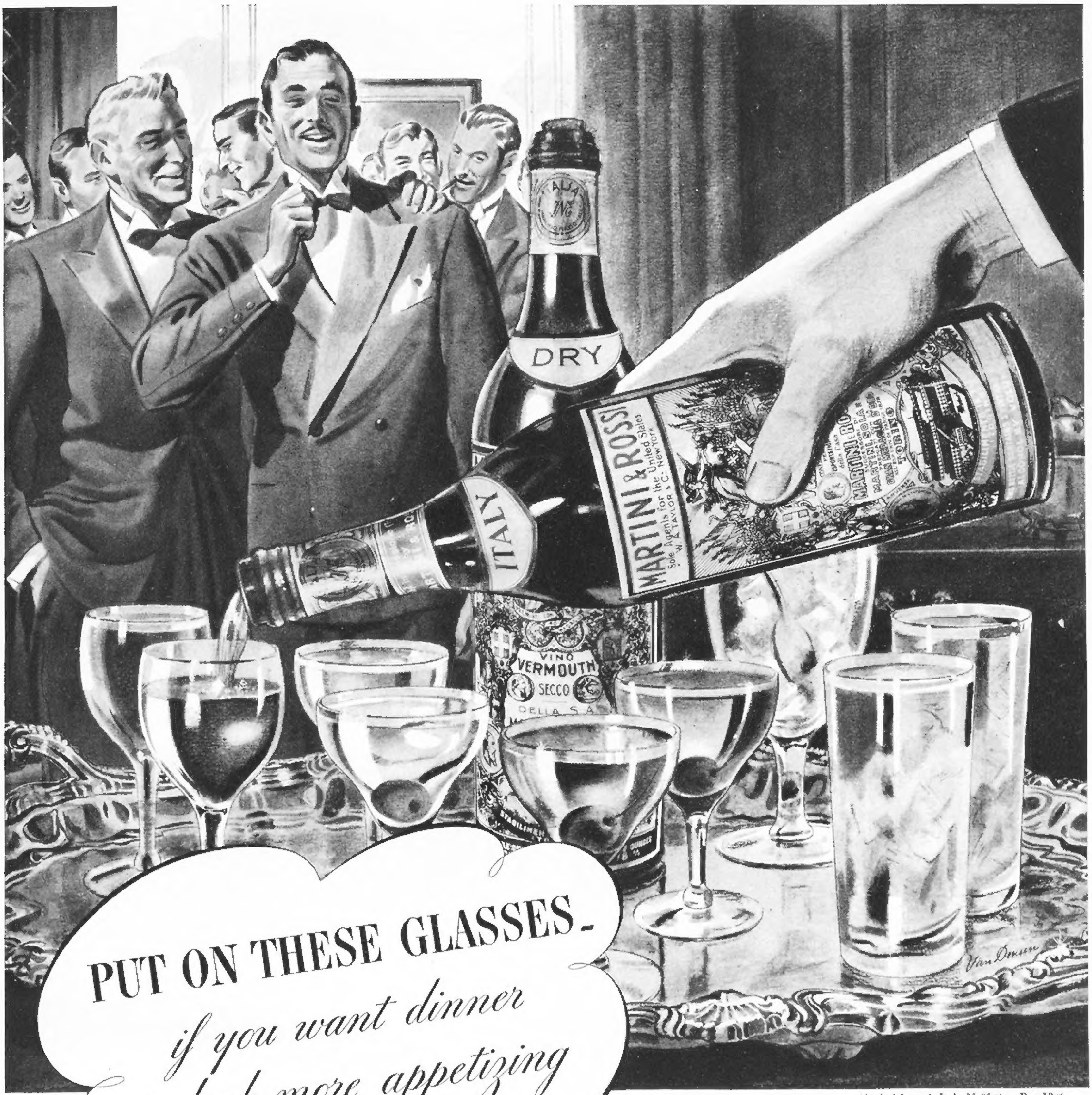
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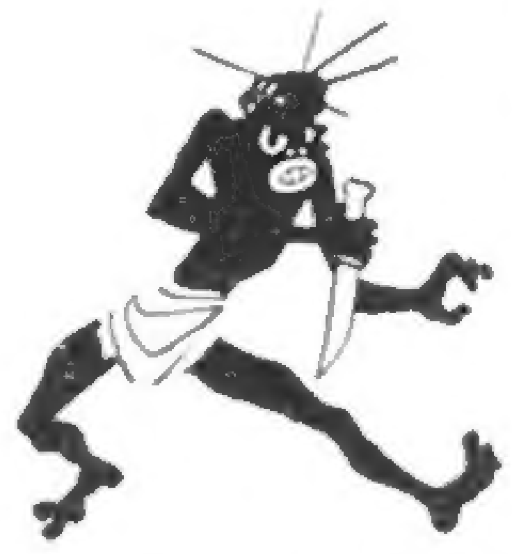
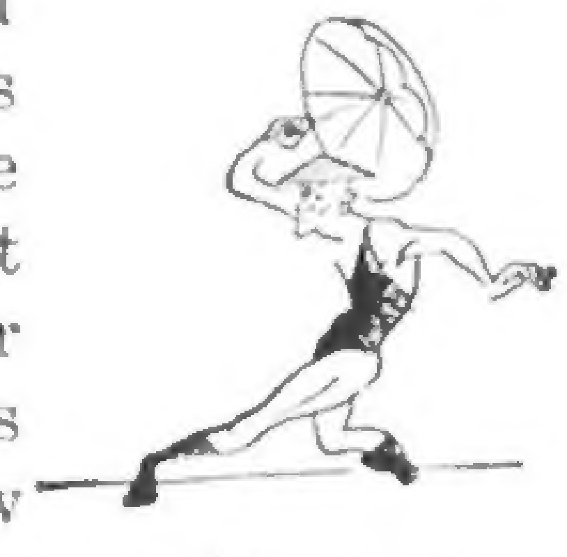
WHERE YOU'LL SHOP. San Francisco has a very convenient climate, the so-called winter months are mild and quite predominantly sunny, average temperature is 54°. You can wear practically the same clothing the year around. Nights are cool, so take a topcoat and tell your wife to bring a fur collared coat. San Francisco-ites don't go in for light-colored clothes . . . dark business suits prevail, winter and summer. Most famous art shop in town is *Gump's* . . . with the most magnificent collection of jade in the country. Best men's haberdasheries are *Swift's, Bullock & Jones* and *Roos Bros.* with nine stores thruout California, who sell clothing and sportswear for men and women. Most exclusive women's shops are, of course, *I. Magnin & Company* and *Ransohoff's*. Department stores worthy of note are *The White House, The Emporium* and *The City of Paris,* which will provide you with everything from shirts to safety pins. You will naturally want to see Chinatown, but don't let your women out of your sight or you'll find yourself loaded up with kimonos, carved back scratchers, carved boxes, packages of tea and all manner of embroidered table mats.

TAKE A LOOK AT THE SEALS. By all means drive out to the renowned Cliff House, a San Francisco landmark. The handsome marine dining room overlooks the Pacific where you'll watch the seals climbing over the rocks. The cocktail bar is made entirely of Sequoia redwoods and is worth seeing. Further out, past Cliff House is *Roberts at the Beach,* a San Francisco institution since '97. Draws a big crowd Sunday nights. Robust food from the charcoal grill, and tiny dance floor. If you've always had vague yearnings for Tahiti, you can satisfy them at the "Tahitian Hut" which puts on an authentic Tahitian Knife Dance and a native drum dance that will pull you out of your seat, if the Tahitian cocoanut cocktails haven't already done so. More of the same is found at the "Seven Seas" where you sip native rum concoctions, watch a tropical storm break around you in all its fury, and feel your blood pressure mount at the Siva Siva, a Samoan ceremonial dance on drums. Most elaborate seafood place is owned by Joe DiMaggio. Joe's old man used to be a fisherman on the wharf . . . and when Joe cleaned up with a stretch of home-run slugging, he opened his fancy chromium-decorated restaurant.



HOT . . . AND LATE. Dancing in the hotels usually ends at 1 a.m. but the nightclubs go on and on. Great visiting fireman hangout is *Bal Tabarin* with a good sized dance floor and 3 rousing floor shows nightly. Be surprised at nothing at the Bal . . . you may get a flying trapeze artist in your highball, a juggler, a tap dancer or a comely singer. Tom Gerun, who runs the joint, loves vaudeville. After a few snifters you can wander out into the lounge and have your picture taken with your cutie on one of those automatic machines. In the midst of Fisherman's Wharf is *The Embassy* . . . floor shows and famous "B" gals who'll dance with visiting males and dispense Western hospitality. The *Music Box* was built in 1908, and is still one of the show spots of the town with its elaborate Louis Quatorze décor and its rows of deep, dark mezzanine boxes, where, they say, the town's gay blades used to come to see without being seen. Music Box is famous for its "nude fluorescent" lighting which does weird things to faces and chassis. The "365 Club" advertises "Live girl in revolving fish bowl. No cover." Geeva look.



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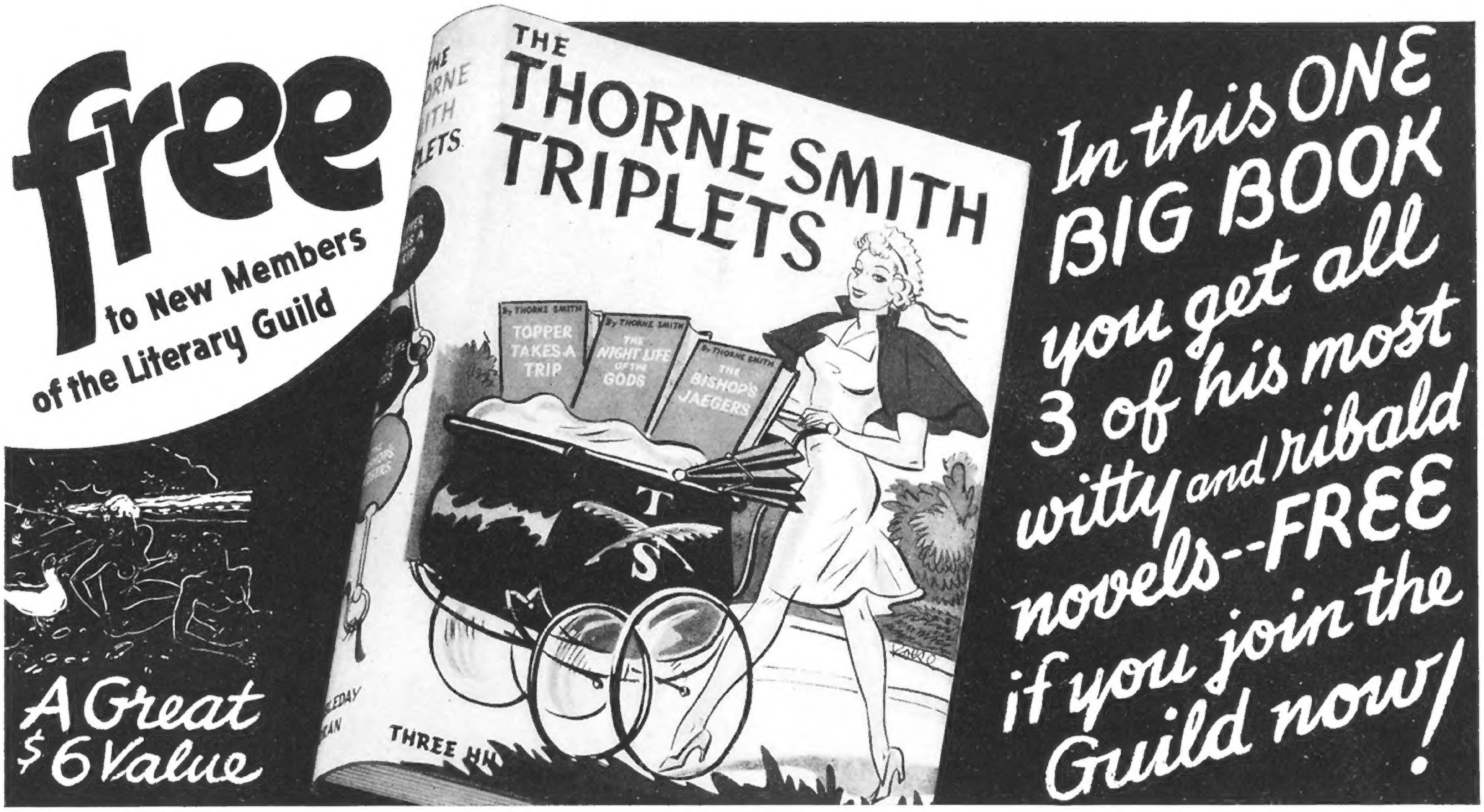

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Glance at the brief hints of the three sparkling Thorne Smith novels included in this new volume—THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS—and you'll decide you MUST have it for your very own. It's a genuine $6.00 value (and spicily illustrated by *Roese!*), but we have decided to let *new* Guild Subscribers have it without cost! It is yours free if you accept the offer of Literary Guild Membership outlined below.

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Guild members receive free each month a copy of the famous Guild magazine WINGS, which contains, among other features, articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author. It is profusely illustrated. In addition, WINGS is an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

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Dept. 2 EM 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

You get all 3!

Topper Takes a Trip: In which the never-to-be-forgotten Topper re-encounters old and ghostly friends while sojourning abroad.

The Night Life of The Gods: Which tells what happens when two mortals set out for a midnight jamboree in Manhattan, in company with such congenial fellow-celebrants as Neptune, Mercury, Perseus, Diana, Hebe and Venus.

The Bishop's Jaegers: In which, among other things, a man with too much underwear and a girl with too few clothes try to strike a happy medium in a nudist camp, and which also tells of the unhappy fate of Little Arthur, the gifted pickpocket.

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Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me a free copy of THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS—including the **three** novels described. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "WINGS" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of the higher retail prices) within a year, and that I may purchase, if I wish, any other books in print at the established retail prices.

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Canadian subscribers write direct to the Literary Guild of Canada, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE SWING SMITH CLUB

It's not often that I buy any American magazines except those connected with Aviation; however, after hearing so much about your advertising methods, I bought a copy and I am forced to admit that you're streets ahead of us.

One thing I did notice was the large number of commodities issuing from our Empire—tweeds and whiskey took first place I think.

Now here's my Grouse: there are you employing a man to write an article on "Records" and he takes it upon himself to explain "style" as applied to Jazz Bands, but instead, he gives a list of bands and their "Hallmarks" or rather "Trade Marks" in these days of very commercial Jazz; he ends by giving a list of bands—fifteen in all—and the only three bands who can actually play Jazz come last on the list; all the rest are, to use a word which you will undoubtedly find in Cab Calloway's Swing Dictionary, playing "Schmaltz." But why omit the bands with real styles, such as Duke Ellington, Bob Crosby, Teddy Wilson, Jimmy Lunceford, Joe Marsala, etc., or is it "infra dig" for Esquire to name more than one colored band; finally, I don't think the named record is a very good example of Benny Goodman's style. If this music is of the type that "sends" the "jitterbugs" in such a way as he does, the Americans aren't what I think they are—or maybe they weren't anyway.

Excuse me while I listen to Gene Krupa playing *Three Little Words* as it should be played.

Yours sincerely,
Michael G. C. Keeley
Hatfield, Herts, Eng.

OH BOY, PREPARE THE PADDED CELLS

Dr. P. S. Stevens is quite right in calling the various problems weak, which you have published from time to time in *S. and F.* However, his own contribution certainly cannot lay claim to any great difficulty, and has not even the virtue of originality. As a matter of fact, it was first propounded in 1850, and was given a general solution in 1908-1910, by Henry E. Dudeney, one of the greatest "puzzle" mathematicians of that generation. There are, in all, over 15 billion solutions to the problem, and I should not be surprised if you have already received a good percentage of these by the first mail.

Although Dr. Stevens certainly "stuck out his neck," he was cautious in one respect: he stated that the solution must not be found by trial and error. However, that is precisely the one way not to solve this problem. There are 455 to the seventh power possible combinations of salvos, and 15 billion solutions, that is, one in every ten million tries would be correct if the thing were tackled in this way! Anyone going to that length should get a life subscription to Esquire.

For further details see W. W. Rouse Ball's "Mathematical Recreations," 5th Ed.

To those of your readers who have Dr. Stevens' scalp safely in their belts, I now issue a challenge of my own. Here is a little puzzle that at least is strictly original, and a profound knowledge of mathematics won't help a bit. Nevertheless, anyone solving it can lay claim to an extraordinary capacity for working problems, as I have shown the puzzle to various so-called "sharks" who have had no luck with it. It merely requires straight thinking and common sense. Here it is:

Twentieth Century Mathematics

John said to his older sister, Mary, on her eighth birthday:

"Ten times the present number of my summers is equal to what my age in months was, as many years ago as my age in months was, when my age in days exceeded my age in months by an even number."

If John was born on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, on what day of the week was Mary born?

There is no trick to it. It has a perfectly good solution which I will bring forth if necessary, which Heaven Forbid, with all your bright readers.

Yours very truly,
Ernst T. Theimer
East Orange, N. J.

CORRECTION NOTED AND PARDON BEGGED

In the December issue of Esquire, under *Manhattan Round-Up*, page 180, you have printed a statement to the effect that the standard gauge railroad track in the United States is 5 feet and I wish to correct this statement as the standard gauge track in this country is 4 feet 8 and one-half inches.

Sincerely yours,
Baltimore, Md. Wm. R. Smith

OPEN LETTER TO CARLETON SMITH

A fellow expressing his opinion in print is at an advantage; he can thumb his nose at no-matter-what and get away with it. But you pointed your outstretched palm from the end of your undoubted dull proboscis in the wrong direction when you dared the statement that the average orchestral musician has the intellectual prowess of a soda-jerker.

Come now, Carleton, is it that you were once the average player yourself, and you rose to heights of mediocrity in criticism, that you now judge? Saint-Saëns described such as you aptly: "Gentlemen (*sic!*) with long ears."

The orchestral rehearsals we've attended, and we have attended many for the past umpteen years, were with a large group of colleagues, average and non-average to be sure, but for the greater part, readers mostly of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and their like and unlike. Imagine any self-respecting conductor like Arturo, Leopold, Serge, or Vladimir, to mention a few, tolerating any other kind of literature in the rehearsal room!

The orchestral player confines his reading to places outside the concert hall, and we have never seen any in the company of a pulp magazine, unless you include as pulp, Esquire, which parades in a polished cover and perhaps polished pages. Can it be that we have been inordinately myopic all these years, or do you judge from your companions in bar-room orchestras?

Our colleagues, for the great part, know the times and literature of today and of older days. They can discuss social, economic, and political factors and analyze their effects on and their relationships to the art and music of a period. And they talk shop, too. And some have average minds and average outlooks, just as some individuals in the writing profession. To brand the band of orchestral artists as you have done is to add to the mass of misinformation of the gullible who accept as authoritative all they see in print.

We think it was not smart-aleck. It was stupid. And since vegetables cost a penny or two we cannot vote you a costly bouquet . . . not even of the less than fresh variety. We do, however, tender you a long and sustained Bronx cheer.

Very truly yours,
Members of the
Saint Louis Symphony
St. Louis, Mo.

THE TRUTH AS COMIC RELIEF

I consider myself one of your most ardent fans and rooters. I really get a lot of pleasure from your magazine and the "slap-happy" articles included therein. As for myself, I'd a heck of a lot rather read "screwball" stuff than anything intellectual. It's not as much strain on the mind.

But only naturally, we all occasionally like to see the truth presented seriously. I have never seen anything any truer or more timely than the cartoon on page 97 of your December issue, showing Santa Claus and a bag of armaments and having a caption saying, "Seems like they *all* want the same thing this year." Now if only some of these damn sourpusses who are always writing to the *Sound and Fury* raising hell about the tripe being published month after month (they gripe me) will read this cartoon and ponder over it a while, they may change their viewpoint of Esquire.

Yours for more screwball stuff,
Jack Feierabend
Louisville, Ky.

ADD GUN SELECTIONS

Article on selecting a gun in December issue was O. K. but feel that you should have included Winchester 30/30 carbine as with new ammunition it is a wonderful utility rifle and the new H. & R. 9-shot 22-cal. Sportsman with various grips, is a honey. Use it as a belt gun on hunting trips to pick off grouse in the tree tops.

My arsenal consists of 8 m/m German carbine picked up in A. E. F. days; 45/70 Sharp's Old Reliable; 45/70 Springfield breech-loading rifle; 45/70 Springfield breech-loading carbine (Custer's arm); 30/40 Winchester carbine, Model 95,* 22-cal. Remington trombone action, Model 97, 12-ga. pump—carry a few slugs when using this gun; Colt 44 cap and ball (carried by one of Mosby's men); Colt 45 S. A. frontier (still a favorite); Colt 45 automatic (I used in A. E. F. days). S. & W. 38 hammerless; H. & R. 22—7-shot; H. & R. 22—9-shot Sportsman.

Very truly,
Kellogg, Idaho Erle P. Dudley
Ex-Capt., Engrs., A. E. F.

*A good combination.

CAN YOU RUN FAST?

Maybe it's fiction and maybe it's fact; in either event Hemingway sure loses claim to the hairy-chested, red-blooded individual he claims to be when he ran into the kitchen during a shooting fray (*The Butterfly and the Tank*, December) in which the victim was armed with a "Flit-gun."

From here on in he can write all he wants about blood and guts and I will know that all he ever saw of it was an under-the-bed view. In fact, I'll "rassle" him for the beers from now on.

Sincerely yours,
Chicago, Ill. Harold A. Seebach

FREEDOM AS A TWO-WAY ROAD

I like your editorial for December. I am a liberal and I still approve.

I agree with Voltaire—with exceptions. I'll be damned if I will protect the freedom of speech of an individual, who, by the use of that same right, gets enough power to control my use of the same right.

Freedom of speech and assemblage to those, who will grant the same to everybody else.

Peace on earth to men of good will.

Minneapolis, Minn. A Liberal

AUT TENNIS, AUT TUNIS!

Tunis had best stick to tennis!

Either that, or do a bit more research work before attempting any more articles like *College Praise Man*.

He's all wrong, for instance, on the subject of Tom Foudy, whom he terms "number one praise man of the United States." Tom is a nice fellow, and I have nothing against him. But certainly, he has done few, if any, of the things Tunis credits him with doing.

Tom did not dub St. Mary's footballers "The Galloping Gaels." He did not bestow such cognomens as "Harry the Horse," "Louie the Lug," etc. on those same Gaels.

Fact is, Mr. Foudy has been dispensing publicity at St. Mary's for only a couple of years—at least, as head man. Prior to that time, a Mr. Will Stevens, Jr., acted as the St. Mary's ambassador at large. No doubt, Tunis had Stevens in mind when he wrote his article. Nevertheless, he should have done a bit of checking before making such rash—and wrong—assertions.

This Stevens was quite a boy as a praise man. When the Gaels invaded New York for the first time in 1930 to meet the vaunted Fordham team, Stevens went ahead as advance man. And, believe it or don't, Will Stevens gathered more personal publicity for himself than he did for the Gallopers! Mr. Madigan was rather chagrined at the whole business, and rebuked Stevens with a remark that he (Stevens) was sent to New York to publicize the St. Mary's football team, not to gather personal glory for himself. But Bill was that kind of a guy. More colorful than a whole football team. At present, he works for the *San Francisco Examiner* as a feature writer, having discovered that publicizing a football team didn't pay off in cash as well as it did in headlines.

As for the name "Galloping Gaels," that was bestowed by an ardent follower, Mr. "Pat" Frayne, sports editor of the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*. "Marauding Moragans" was one of Stevens' ideas.

Mr. Tunis takes a few slurs at the alleged "Galloping Gaels" by naming a few names he considers decidedly non-Gaelic. Funny, but he couldn't even get that list right. "Resetar" is one of the names cited. There were Resetars at St. Mary's all right—several of them—and they were Slavs. But none of them, to my knowledge, was ever a member of the St. Mary's Varsity squad. Nearest approch to that status was made by Tony Resetar, who was Senior Manager of the squad in 1933 or '34. "Wagner" was another name cited by Tunis as non-Gaelic. There never was a Wagner on a St. Mary's squad. There was, however, a Wagner Jorgenson, and perhaps Tunis has confused his surname with his family name. As to Erdelatz . . . well, show me an Irishman more Irish than that boy!

Please, Mr. Esquire! Tell that guy Tunis to do a little more digging, next time he decides to write an article!

San Francisco, Calif. Randy Smith

Continued in center of page 122

Watch us take a picture for a Four Roses ad

1. A few weeks ago, we dropped in at the studio of Anton Bruehl, the famous photographer, to watch him take a color photograph for a Four Roses ad.

As he arranged his equipment, Bruehl remarked: "In making a picture, I combine *several* lights into *one* light that has every effect I want." It struck us that here was a certain similarity to the way we make Four Roses: by combining *several* fine straight whiskies into *one* whiskey that's finer still.

So we asked Bruehl to demonstrate . . . and here is the result:

2. "First," explained Bruehl, "I put this 5,000-watt floodlight in position. But it's easy to see that one light is not enough, just as you say one whiskey is not enough in making Four Roses.

3. "So I spot several other lights, in such a way that unwanted shadows disappear. Now the set begins to take on warmth and depth.

4. "Finally, by carefully *combining* the lights in just the right way, I highlight the important elements that I want to bring out sharply in the finished photograph. Now I'm ready to take the picture." And . . .

5. Here's the way the photograph turned out—a picture with *every* quality it should have, because the photographer skilfully combined *several* lights to achieve the *one* perfect light he needed.

In much the same way, *we* couldn't hope to achieve the perfect whiskey by using just a *single* fine straight whiskey. Instead, we take *several* straight whiskies, each selected for some special virtue. Then, with the skill of 74 years guiding our hand, we combine them to make *one* whiskey that we believe is America's Finest—Four Roses!

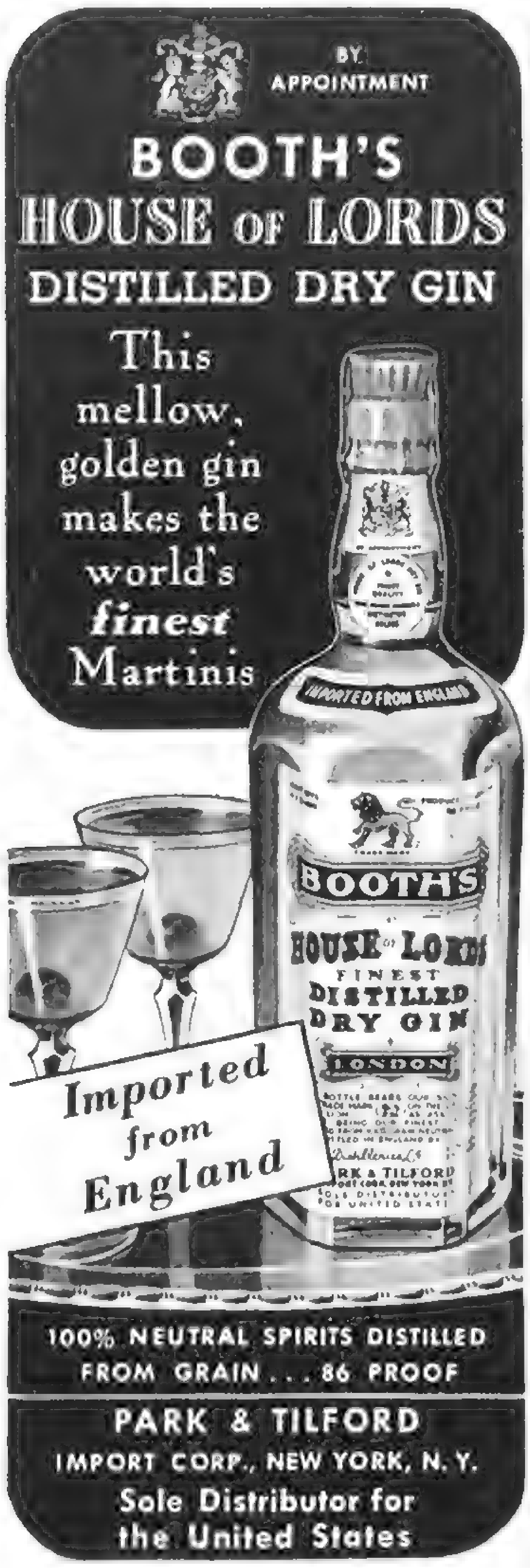
Ask for Four Roses, at your favorite bar or package store, today. It may cost a trifle more—but once you've tried it, we doubt if you'll ever let the slight difference in price stand between you and this magnificent whiskey!

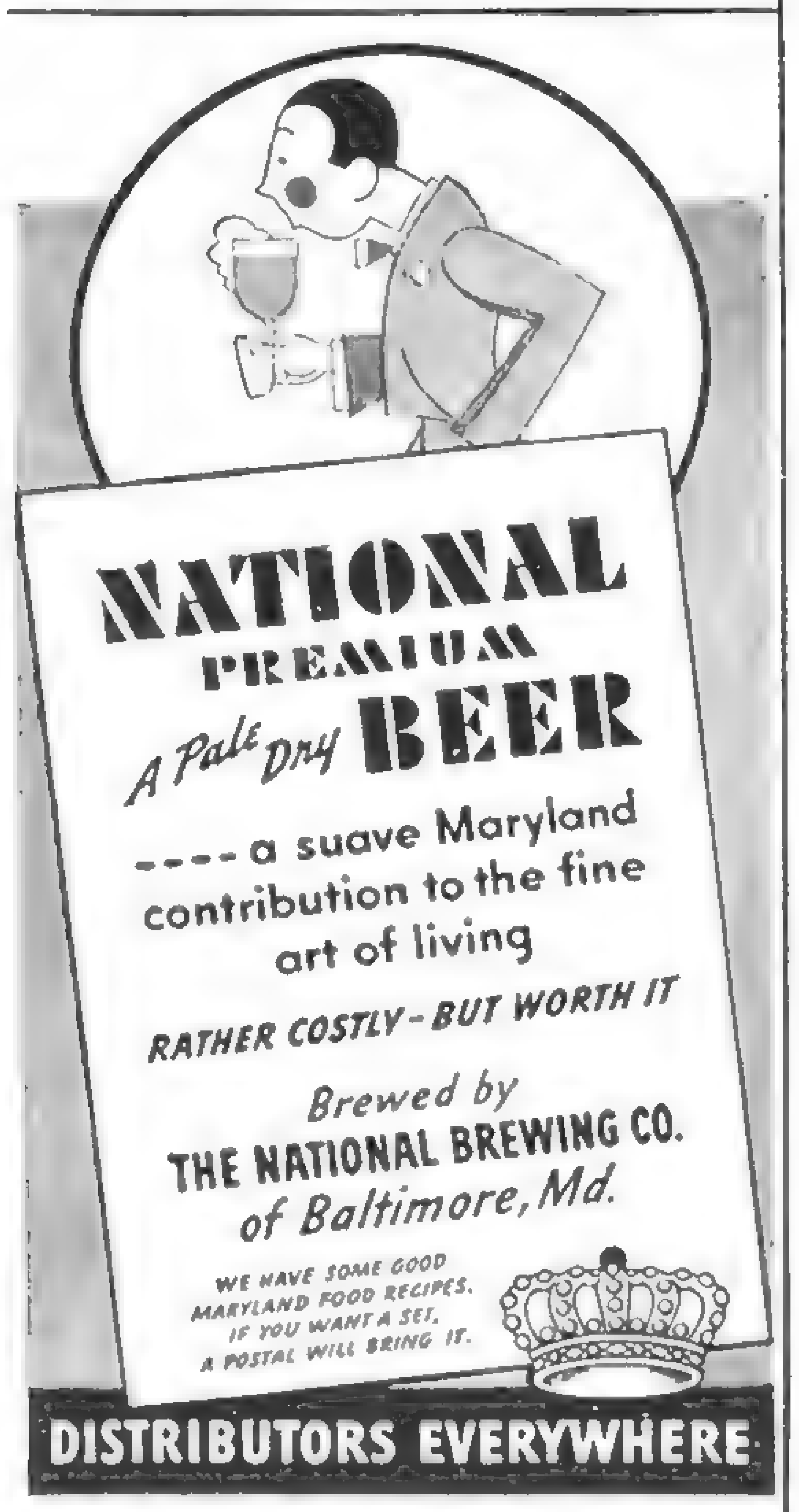
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof—Every drop is whiskey.
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY—BAR NONE

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
This mellow, golden gin makes the world's *finest* Martinis
Imported from England
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN . . . 86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributor for the United States

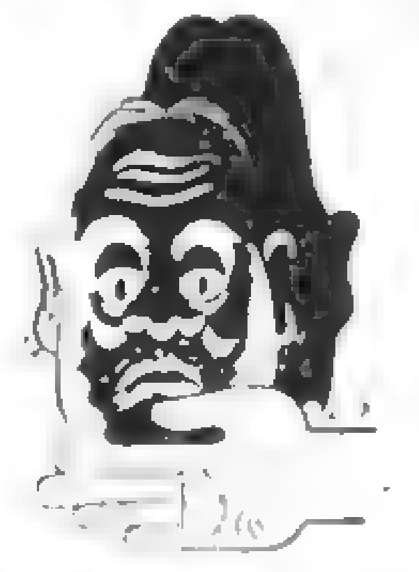

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
A Pale Dry BEER
---- a suave Maryland contribution to the fine art of living
RATHER COSTLY—BUT WORTH IT
Brewed by
THE NATIONAL BREWING CO.
of Baltimore, Md.
WE HAVE SOME GOOD MARYLAND FOOD RECIPES. IF YOU WANT A SET, A POSTAL WILL BRING IT.
DISTRIBUTORS EVERYWHERE

THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY OF THE HIGH-BALL - - -
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

It is inevitable that you take a tour of Greenwich Village, so you may as well be guided. You might start with El Chico at 80 Grove Street, where Senor Collada imports the best of Spanish or South American talent, often artists of first rank making their American debut. The food is authentic and excellent. El Chico is the rendezvous for all visitors from below the Spanish Main. . . . The Village Barn, at 52 West 8th Street, is a glorification of what a city slicker thinks is a village barn, including one live rooster. The entertainment takes a bucolic trend. The perennial rube quintette is a salty and uproarious outfit. The Schnickelfritz Band, late with Rudy Vallee, is an added winter attraction. . . . The Greenwich Village Casino, at 5 Sheridan Square, once the hangout of most of the town's famous bohemians, from Red Lewis and Cleon Throckmorton to Eugene O'Neill, is now a rather elaborate night club. A girl show on the familiar pattern is run off three times nightly. . . . Later on, if you are still on your feet, around the corner is the Nut Club. This is the downtown variant of Club 18, a little less subtle, a little more rowdy. The chief maestro is a sort of Jimmy Durante-Eddie Davis product before it has been through the refinery. . . . Nick's Tavern is still the lower Manhattan station for jam sessions.

Divan Parisien, 17 East 45th Street, still cling to their policy of the groaning board but always with a stage setting. Not since Paris have we had such a resplendent Lobster a l'Armoricaine served as regally. An assorted canape preceded the lobster and a special field salad, always mixed fresh at your table, followed. A Pommard of the magic year '29 went down easily with the dinner.

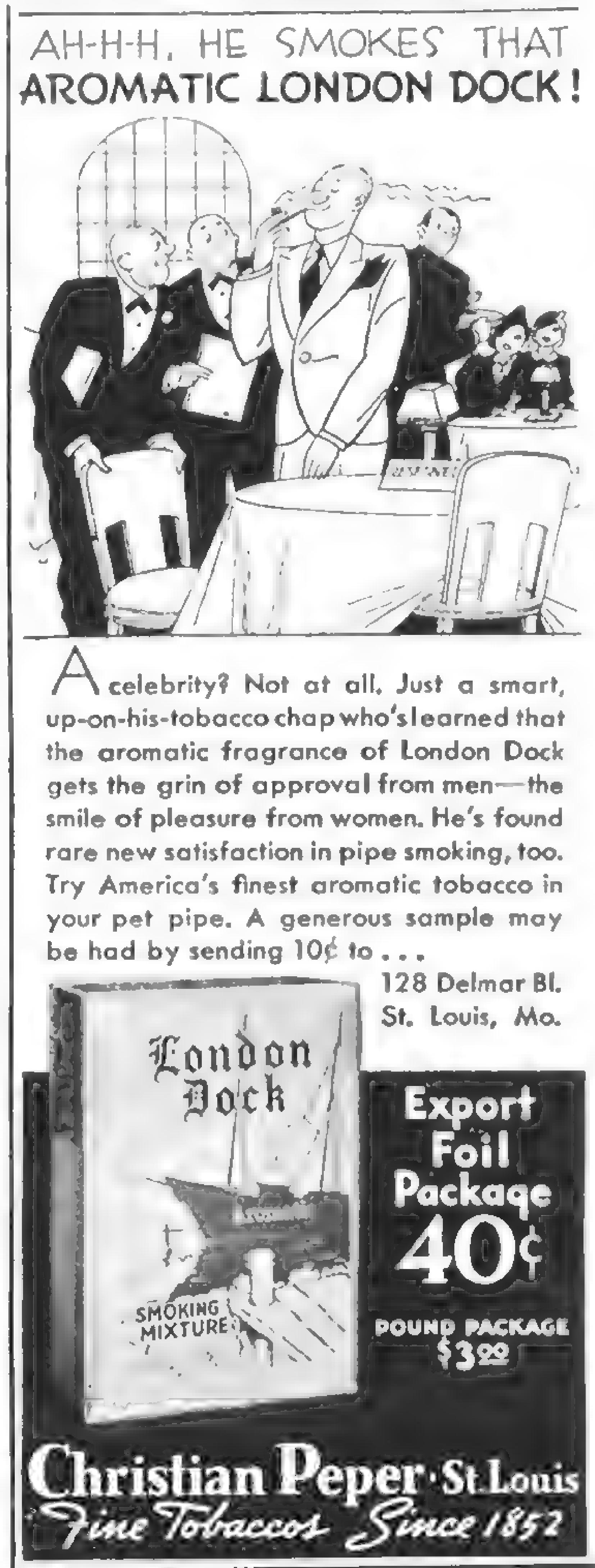
At the Rainbow Room we ran across a new sort of palmist who looks right through you with devastating effect. He calls himself Volta; it might as well be volts. The Rainbow Room has won its place as the dignified gathering place of the well-bred, with its superb dance orchestras and pleasant entertainment. Alec Templeton never fails to move us to open-mouthed awe with his uncanny genius. Remember the Rainbow Room requires dress during the winter season.



Peter Tscharkovsky at the Sherry-Netherland is an exponent of Sibelius in preference to swing. In the cocktail lounge or at dinner, Peter affords the fitting accompaniment to your mood. Trained in Kiev, and long a member of the Philharmonic, he holds steadfast to the idea that music is a heritage that should be preserved, even in this post-Munich era.

The Passy, at 28 East 63rd Street, is in a way the dining room of that section of the town, known in the press as the hub of the social center. It is a place where they dress for dinner, not by compulsion but as a matter of course. After the crab meat, we went into a half young turkey broiled, a delectable dish. With the bird we tried a Chateau Latour, '29, finding it just right. After a cherry jubilee and coffee we sipped a Bisquit Dubouche and called it a day.

The St. Regis runs its two ring circus with its usual nonchalance. Upstairs in the Iridium Room, the minute ice floor displays what can be done with skaters when taste is applied. Downstairs you forget Newport for a time in the nostalgic airs of the dear, dead Russians. At the latter place we were able to overcome the sadness by a new delight—oysters curry baked in the shell. Ex-generals still bring in their flaming spits of shaslik. With that we recommend a bottle of Musigny, Les Charmes, '29. For humor you might glance at the quaint program note announcing the performers.


AH-H-H, HE SMOKES THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK!
A celebrity? Not at all. Just a smart, up-on-his-tobacco chap who's learned that the aromatic fragrance of London Dock gets the grin of approval from men—the smile of pleasure from women. He's found rare new satisfaction in pipe smoking, too. Try America's finest aromatic tobacco in your pet pipe. A generous sample may be had by sending 10¢ to . . .
128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.
London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE
Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Famous for FOOD and SHOW
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
Chicago

VINOY·PARK·HOTEL
ST·PETERSBURG
· FLORIDA ·
On glorious Tampa Bay ..The largest fireproof hotel on Florida's enchanting West Coast ... 375 rooms, all with bath.. Every recreational feature ... The ultimate in service and cuisine ... Best clientele .. Booklet
CLEMENT KENNEDY
Managing Director
* * * * *
Summer Resort
NEW OCEAN HOUSE
SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS

Chambord
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER
Presenting distinguished French Provincial Cuisine par excellence and a carefully selected cellar for connaisseurs.
803 THIRD AVE., N. Y. C. EL 5-7180
between 49th and 50th Sts.

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN" AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VAnderbilt 3-9011

TAILORED BY GOODALL Palm Beach REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

FOR YOU WHO ARE ESCAPING WINTER

The new modern Palm Beach —the smartest, cool washable suit the world has ever seen. Its smooth shoulder—perfect fit—easy shapely drape—and lighter weight—are just a few of its noteworthy features. You who are escaping winter and heading for warm sunshine can enjoy the 1939 Palm Beach Suits right now... the new Whites—the new Airtones—the new slacks—are ready at your favorite clothiers ...In handsome shades and patterns planned for Resort wear. Your next Summer's matchless wardrobe —at next Summer's matchless price.

$15.50

The indispensable evening formal (white coat—black formal trousers) $18.50 ...The smart slacks (chosen by the stars of sport) $4.75.

Goodall Company, Cincinnati

TAILORED BY GOODALL Palm Beach REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

NEXT SUMMER'S PALM BEACH SUITS

Which shoes

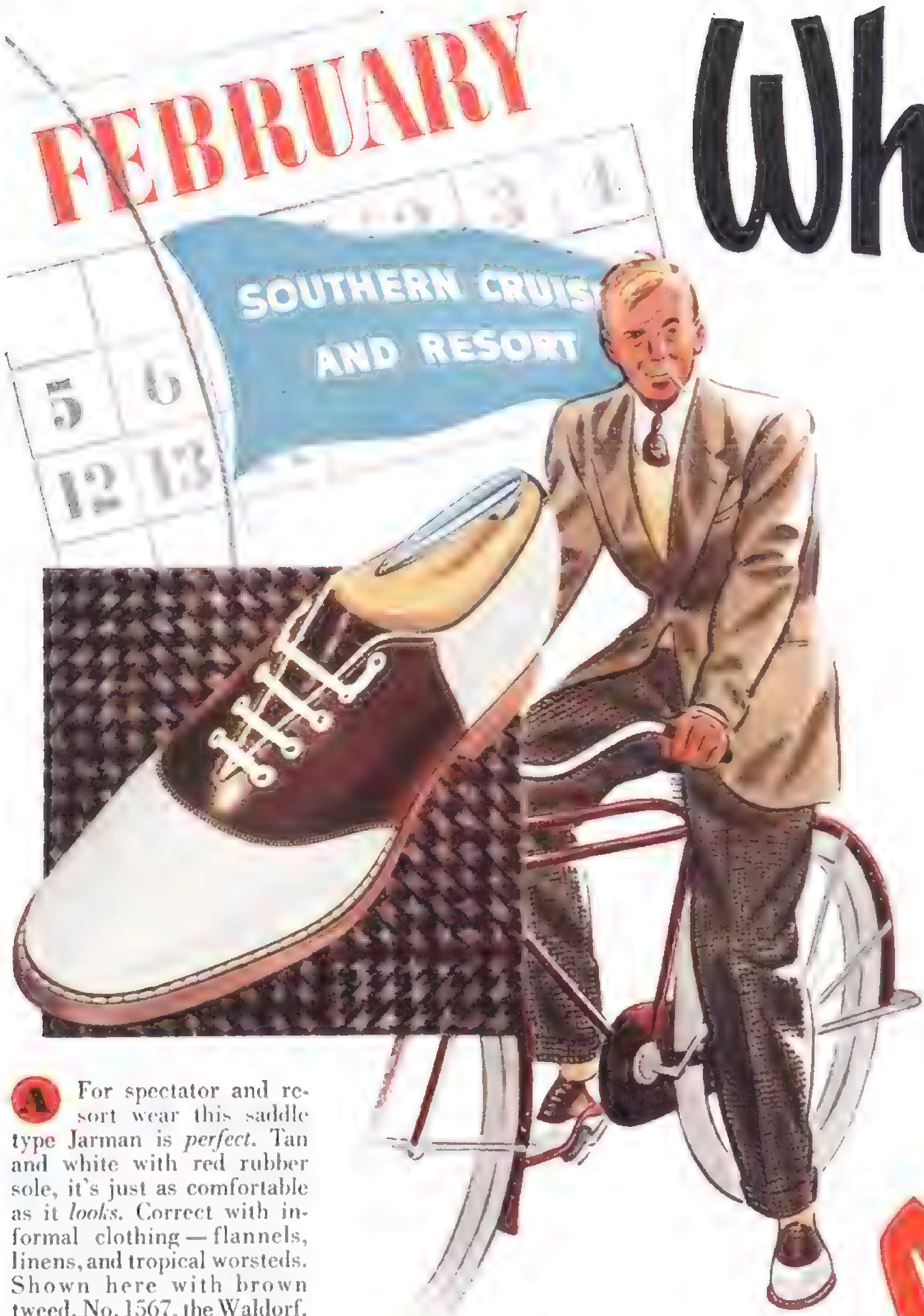
● Winter brogues with a linen suit . . . of course *they* don't jibe. But the keener distinctions that determine correctness between suitings and shoes—who has ever pointed them out *simply . . . like this?*

Gentlemen, an authentic, usable Style Chart . . . created by "The Style Reporters" . . . presented by Jarman. This one for those of you who are cruising South to play. Another, at your Jarman dealer's today, for you who must stick to school or business. Always now you can *know* which shoes to wear with what.

For fifteen years Jarman has been demonstrating to American men a knack of providing outstanding style, comfort and value in shoes. Now Jarman offers this added service—*offers it exclusively.*

See your nearest Jarman dealer today. Refer to your Classified Telephone Directory for his address or wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn.; Division of General Shoe Corp.

FOR DEALERS: An interesting slide film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal. Write or wire

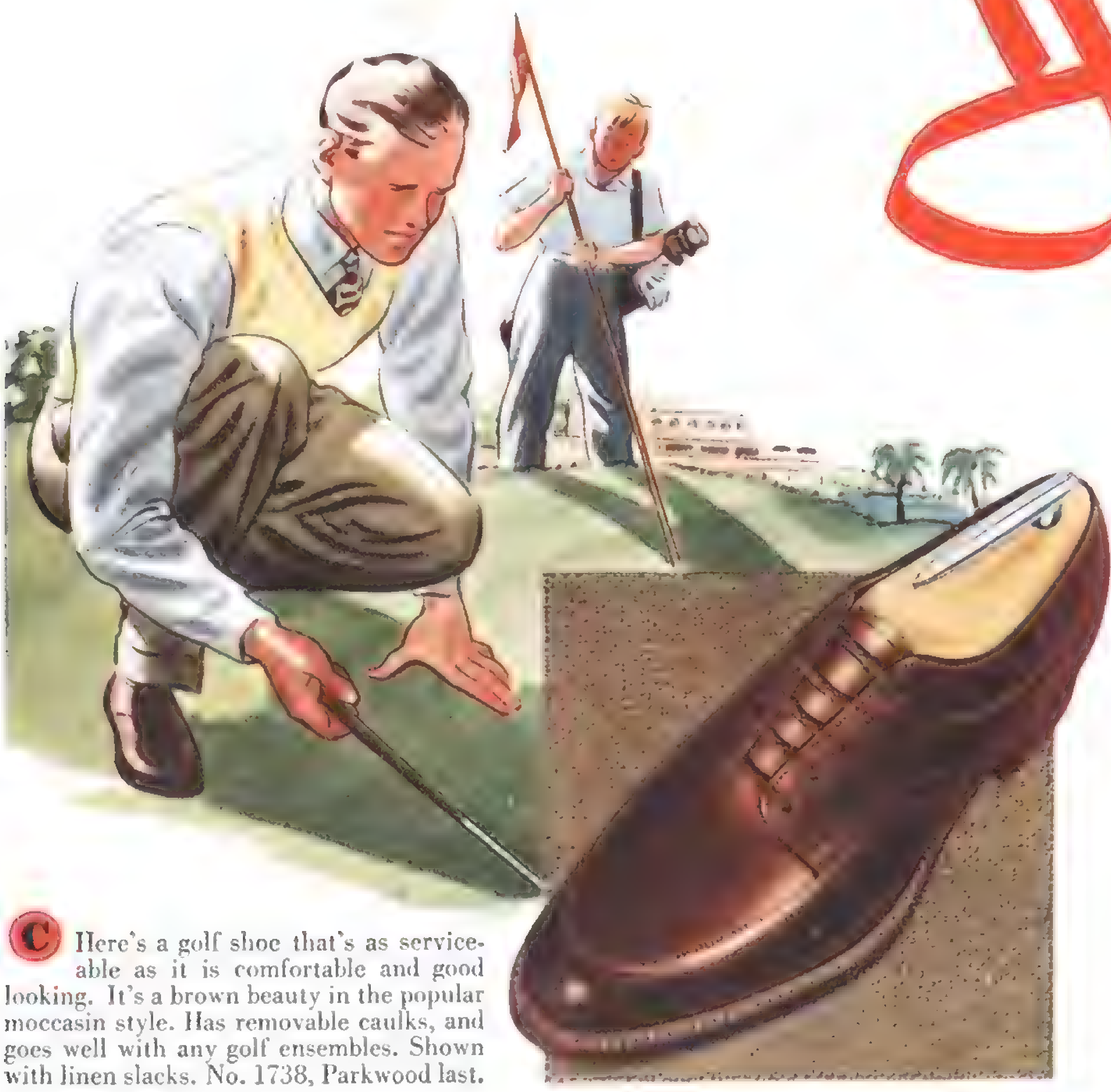


A For spectator and resort wear this saddle type Jarman is *perfect.* Tan and white with red rubber sole, it's just as comfortable as it *looks.* Correct with informal clothing—flannels, linens, and tropical worsteds. Shown here with brown tweed. No. 1567, the Waldorf.

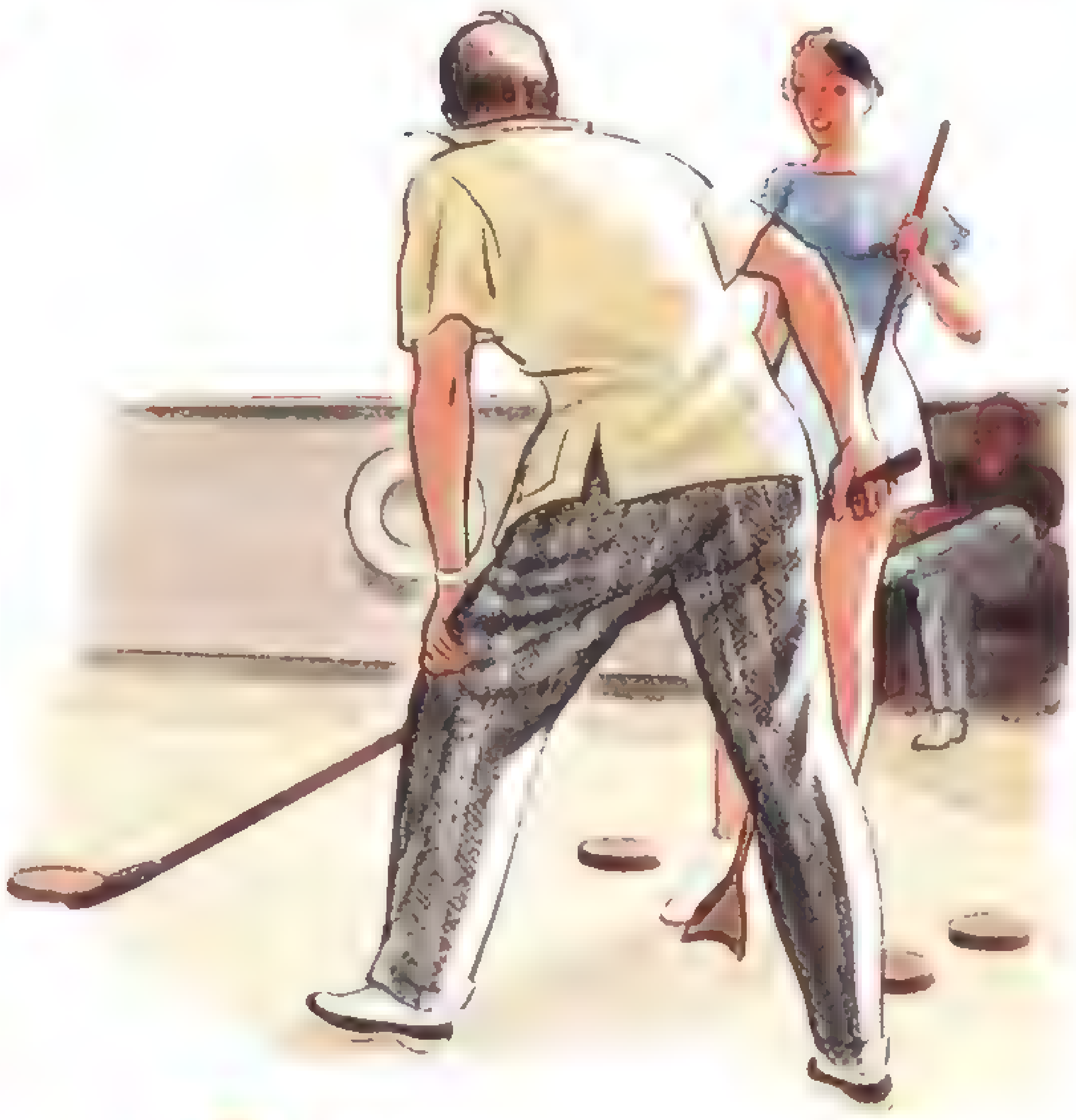
MOST STYLES $5.00 TO $7.50

Jarman

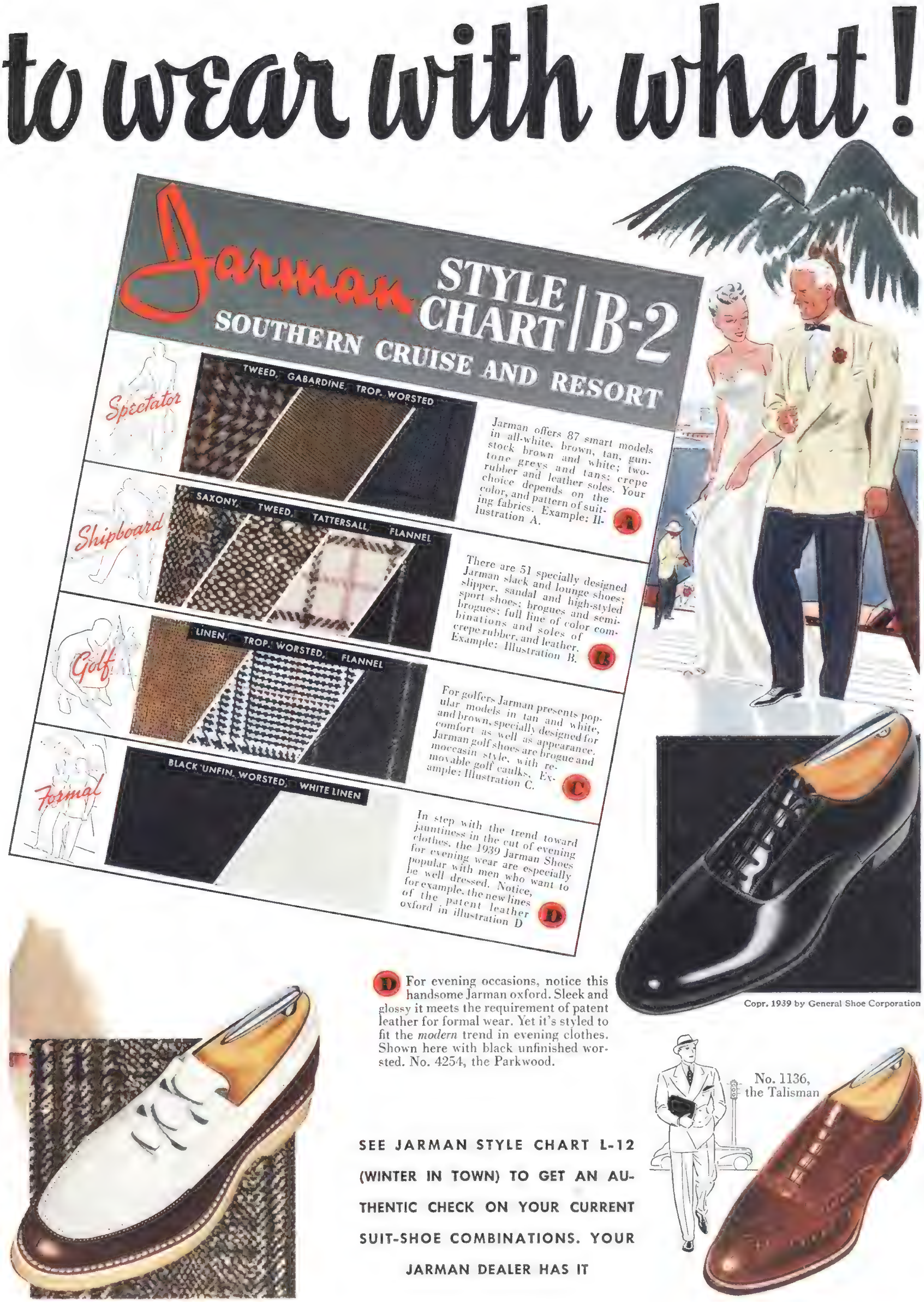
SHOES FOR MEN



C Here's a golf shoe that's as serviceable as it is comfortable and good looking. It's a brown beauty in the popular moccasin style. Has removable caulks, and goes well with any golf ensembles. Shown with linen slacks. No. 1738, Parkwood last.



B This popular Norwegian model is another Jarman style sensation. It's high-styled in tan and white, with the jaunty Ghillie tie and a crepe-sole. Goes with gabardines, flannels, tweed jackets, etc. Shown here with grey saxony. No. 1573, the Stroller.



to wear with what!

Jarman STYLE CHART B-2

SOUTHERN CRUISE AND RESORT

Spectator — TWEED, GABARDINE, TROP. WORSTED

Jarman offers 87 smart models in all-white, brown, tan, gunstock brown and white; two-tone greys and tans; crepe rubber and leather soles. Your choice depends on the color, and pattern of suiting fabrics. Example: Illustration A.

Shipboard — SAXONY, TWEED, TATTERSALL, FLANNEL

There are 51 specially designed Jarman slack and lounge shoes; slipper, sandal and high-styled sport shoes; brogues and semi-brogues; full line of color combinations and soles of crepe rubber, and leather. Example: Illustration B.

Golf — LINEN, TROP. WORSTED, FLANNEL

For golfers Jarman presents popular models in tan and white, and brown, specially designed for comfort as well as appearance. Jarman golf shoes are brogue and moccasin style, with removable golf caulks. Example: Illustration C.

Formal — BLACK UNFIN. WORSTED, WHITE LINEN

In step with the trend toward jauntiness in the cut of evening clothes, the 1939 Jarman Shoes for evening wear are especially popular with men who want to be well dressed. Notice, for example, the new lines of the patent leather oxford in illustration D

D For evening occasions, notice this handsome Jarman oxford. Sleek and glossy it meets the requirement of patent leather for formal wear. Yet it's styled to fit the *modern* trend in evening clothes. Shown here with black unfinished worsted. No. 4254, the Parkwood.

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation

No. 1136, the Talisman

SEE JARMAN STYLE CHART L-12 (WINTER IN TOWN) TO GET AN AUTHENTIC CHECK ON YOUR CURRENT SUIT-SHOE COMBINATIONS. YOUR JARMAN DEALER HAS IT

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

HOLLANDERS
get their sunshine from
HEINEKEN'S
and the whole world is
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A N C O
EST D 1855

You've ARRIVED in San Francisco when you register at the St. Francis
1000 rooms... from $4
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
UNION SQUARE • SAN FRANCISCO
MANAGEMENT DAN E. LONDON

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TOMMY
Now it's
JIMMY DORSEY
and his Orchestra
in the
TERRACE ROOM
Hotel NEW YORKER
New York

JIMMY KELLY'S
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL.4-1414
DINNER $1.25 $1.75
REVUE 8.45 11.45 2.15
The Montmartre of New York

If you visit the Fair at San Francisco here are some notes supplied by our roving reporter for your guidance.

Where you'll stay in San Francisco. It's a great hotel city .... there are some 1400 all told, but you'll probably head for one of the Big 4, largest of which is the *St. Francis* overlooking palm-shaded Union Square and surrounded by smart shops and the leading theatres. Their spacious Mural Room a favored spot for luncheon, dining and dancing, is one of the handsomest in the country. Once a week NBC sets up a mike in the lobby and interviews the hotel's important guests over the air. Here's your chance to spring into fame and impress the folks back home. Very modern and up and coming is Hotel *Sir Francis Drake* whose beautiful Persian Room draws crowds of people interested in good food and dancing plus a floor show. Every Monday is candid camera night. Guests are permitted to bring their own cameras and to take pictures of everyone and everything. To accommodate fans, the cigarette girls sell flash bulbs and 34 mm. films. If you want to mingle with the smart set, hie yourself to the *Mark Hopkins*, standing atop Nob Hill in the fashionable residential section. Debutantes and their young men throng Peacock Court, rubbing shoulders with visiting royalty and Hollywood's élite. Old timers continue to flock to the *Palace Hotel* whose friendly hospitality, substantial charm is known the country over. Each Wednesday the unique Palm Court is transformed into a colorful garden under the direction of leading florists and landscape artists, and in this vivid California setting society gathers for lunch and tea. They dance in the Rose Room Bowl, cocktail in the delightful Victorian Happy Valley lounge . . . and men find solace and serenity in the strictly masculine Pied Piper buffet. The Palace will show you with pride the ornate Presidential suite, which has bedded every president who ever visited San Francisco (with the exception of F.D.R.). The Whitcomb Hotel's ground floor cocktail lounge is one of the most convenient refreshment spots in town, as its nearness to Civic Center makes it popular for little detours before the opera and after, or for needed stimulant after a session in any of the civic, states or federal offices. The Plaza Hotel boasts of "El Prado," where crepes suzettes are made right at your table . . . and the "caboose" is the favorite drink (the management keeps the recipe for this a dead secret). If you stay at *Hotel Empire*, you'll probably spend a large portion of your time in the "Sky Room," a glass enclosed cocktail lounge 24 stories up with an unsurpassed view of the city.

For Painting The Town and night life you will find San Francisco one of the legendary places of the country. Gourmets prefer the town, next to New York, for rare dishes.

What you'll do . . . after dark. Your nocturnal pilgrimage will probably begin with dinner, followed by a round of the night spots. Food in San Francisco is cosmopolitan to a degree, and unvaryingly excellent. Go to *Solari's* for some of the best French food in town; or to the somewhat Bohemian *John's Rendezvous* with its unique wine cellar or the "oldtimers' favorite," *Pappa Coppa's*. Try the veal scallopini at *Vanessi's* Little Italy or *Kit Carson's* steaks over charcoal and prairie style ham and eggs. If its shish kebab you want, go to *Omar Khayyam's* Armenian restaurant; or for Sukiyaki complete with chopsticks, visit "Cherryland" where only Japanese food is served. And for Chinese delicacies, of course, Chinatown . . . best way to go is on foot. Wander into the *Jade Palace*, ornately done in silk brocades and thousand-year-old paintings; Chinese gals in native costumes serve you at *La Buvette; China Clipper* and *Chinese Pagoda* also lay on Oriental atmosphere.

TAKING THE TOWN
"BY STORM!"
Hawaiian Room
● Thrilling hurricane staged with rain and lightning... glamorous native-girl floor show accompanied by melodious music from the famous Islands . . . all in an authentic tropical setting. Unique in New York!
"The friendly hotel in New York" offers you a key to the city! Its convenient location in the heart of the Grand Central area makes the places you want to go easily accessible. Choice accommodations . . . personalized service.
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Lexington Avenue at 48th Street, New York
Charles E. Rochester, V. P. & Managing Director

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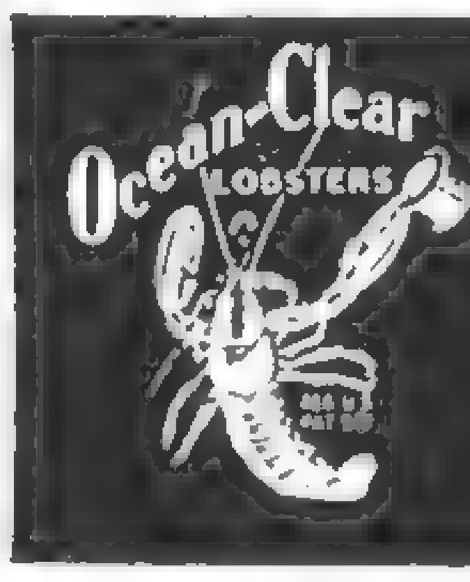
San Francisco's Fair...
Reserved rooms at the Whitcomb... It's such a convenient hotel."
Moderate Rates Folder on Request
Hotel Whitcomb
Market at Eighth Street • At Civic Center
YOU'RE WELCOME at the WHITCOMB

● *New Year's Resolution*
● *for Fun Seekers—*
● *See and hear*
● *"sly" EDDIE DAVIS!*
● *The World-famous*
● LEON & EDDIE'S
Where the check leaves a smile, not a frown
● 33 West 52nd Street New York

Famous Rum Drinks
Champagne Cocktail with Dinner $1.10
★ ALEXANDRA
FOR MEN WHO PREFER DINING TO EATING
8 East 49th. PLaza 3-1542



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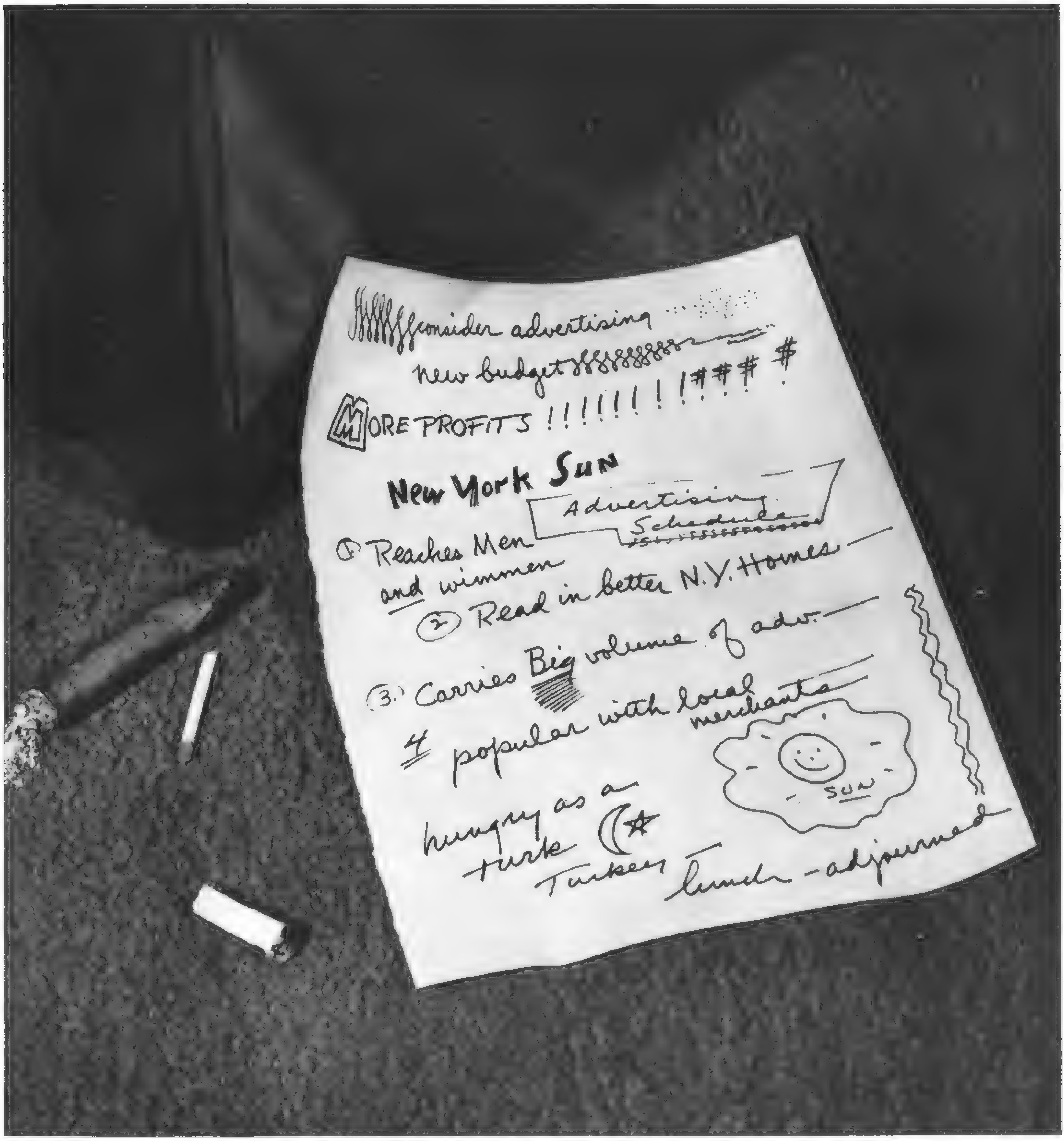
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Turkey
lunch - adjourned

agreed! **The advertising conference is over. The cigars and cigarettes have turned to ashes. The doodlers have gone to lunch. But the wheels, too, have started turning and soon another advertising campaign will find its way into the columns of The New York Sun. For when business pow-wows ponder sales and profits in New York, agreement is a matter of course and profit a matter of fact.**

The Sun
NEW YORK

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

SAVOY-PLAZA
"The" PLACE TO LIVE

In New York enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza, where every comfort is cleverly contrived to make your visit a memorable success. Central Park at the door, smart shops, theatres, subway to the World's Fair nearby.

Plan to make the Savoy-Plaza your headquarters during your visit to the World's Fair, 1939.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

Fifth Ave. 58th to 59th Sts., New York

Paint the Town with
JOHNNY MESSNER

When you come to town "go to town" in a big way with Johnny Messner's music at the famous MARINE GRILL in the hotel McAlpin, where smart New York celebrates.

DAILY ROOM RATES
Single from $3, Double from $4.50.

MARINE GRILL
HOTEL McALPIN
BROADWAY AT 34th STREET
NEW YORK
Under KNOTT Mgt. John J. Woellle, Mgr.

CAFE LOUIS XIV
15 WEST 49TH STREET IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Presenting Nightly Except Sundays
WILLIAM ADLER
The Popular Continental Artiste and His Violin
DINNER from $2.00
Entree determines the cost of dinner. Also a la carte

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S
SUPPER CLUBS
The Colony
744 N. RUSH • DEL. 2666
Now! DWIGHT FISKE
SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

DINE! DANCE! REVUE!
ENJOY A DARING GIRL SHOW
Greenwich Village
CASINO
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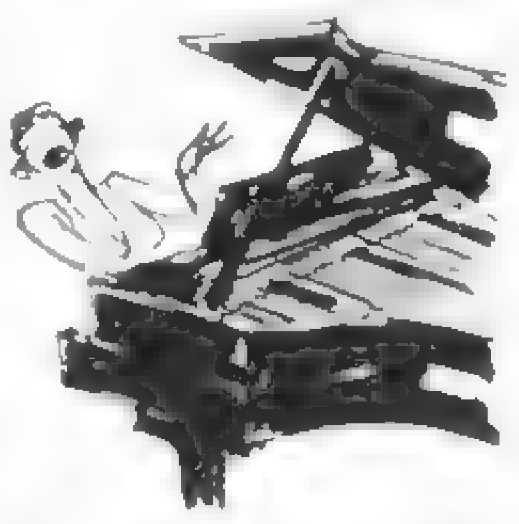
The Bandbox, at 20 West 52nd Street, is the town's newest addition to the temples devoted to swing and its devotees. Decorated with an economy of gadgets and knickknacks rare in such emporia, the place is a restful haven. The Lunceford group, among the best of the contestants for the swing public's fickle honors, furnish good music. Billy Warren is the "swing-dinger" and Gladys Palmer has a way with the popular anthems that puts her near the top of the season's enthusiasms. Mr. Lamb, the astute proprietor, follows a custom that is worthy of emulation. He keeps on hand a bottle of every make of liquor known. No customer can ask Mr. Lamb for his favorite brand and not get it. The policy is worth all the extra trouble, says Mr. Lamb and he should know.



Latest reports from the Chicago front tell us that Milton Berle and Gracie Barrie head the show at Chicago's version of the theatre restaurants, the Chez Paree. Along with the comedian Berle, are an European dance team called Lucien & Ashour, and, of course, the usual Chez Paree Adorables. Lou Breese and his orchestra furnish the music for the show and for the dancing. The Colony Club, from all reports we hear, is the Stork Club of Chicago. Good food and swell entertainment. Maxine Sullivan, who swung her way to fame on Loch Lomond, is, or was, just there. Dwight Fiske, that grand singer of risque songs, is going to follow Maxine in the Colony and he, in turn, will make way for Hildegarde, that suave chanteuse who has created such a furore. So it looks to us from where we sit as if Chicago will have a gay winter, at least at those two spots.

Those making the Southern flight are reminded of the Vinoy Park Hotel, at St. Petersburg, Florida. The hotel is the center of social and sport activities of the west coast, being run by the same excellent group that manages the Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass., in the summer.

The patrons who do not want to go up to the Savoy Ball room to see the negroes having the time of their lives with rhythm, can always find solace at the Cotton Club, now an institution in the town. Personally we wish they'd do something about the acoustics at the place or put an added mute on Cab Calloway. The show follows the original pattern of the Nordic revues, with perhaps too much emphasis on tap. That form of art takes a superb artist and they are few. The real high-light of the show is Sister Tharpe, spiritual swinger of the Holy Rollers.

Cafe Louis XIV is a sort of libation poured by the proprietors of the 57 assorted eating places in Rockefeller Center. It has been redecorated in a much happier vein, William Adler's trio plays Brahms soulfully while you dine on grouse or sole Pompadour with Chablis sauce from the chef, Leon Serries. Lately the Cafe has become one of the major social spots.

Even before the autumn crocus had quit blooming in Rockefeller Center, the ice had begun to form on the sunken gardens. It has been one of the town's gayest sights and we never tire of sipping grog American while we watch the girls do their stuff in red-lined sarongs. The chorus of skaters constantly change so if you tire of the third-from-the-end, there is always another pair to watch.

By the way of Cape of Good Hope, and the Free Port of New York, the town has learned a new drink. This is the "Sundowner" favored by South Africans, and requires: 1/5 lemon juice, 1/5 orange juice, 1/5 Van der Hum and 2/5 Good Hope Brandy. The latter is a milder tipple than Cognac. The Van der Hum is a spicy cordial. We tried one with pleasant results at the George Washington Cafe.

Resplendent in its park setting, the Plaza, New York City's leading hotel, possesses the distinction of being the rendezvous of the social world, the acknowledged standard of excellence in service both here and abroad.

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Dancing and Entertainment at Dinner and Supper
Cocktail Hour Daily & Sunday

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FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

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GAY ENTERTAINMENT—DANCE AND DINE IN SMART SURROUNDINGS.
CIRCULAR BAR
HOTEL
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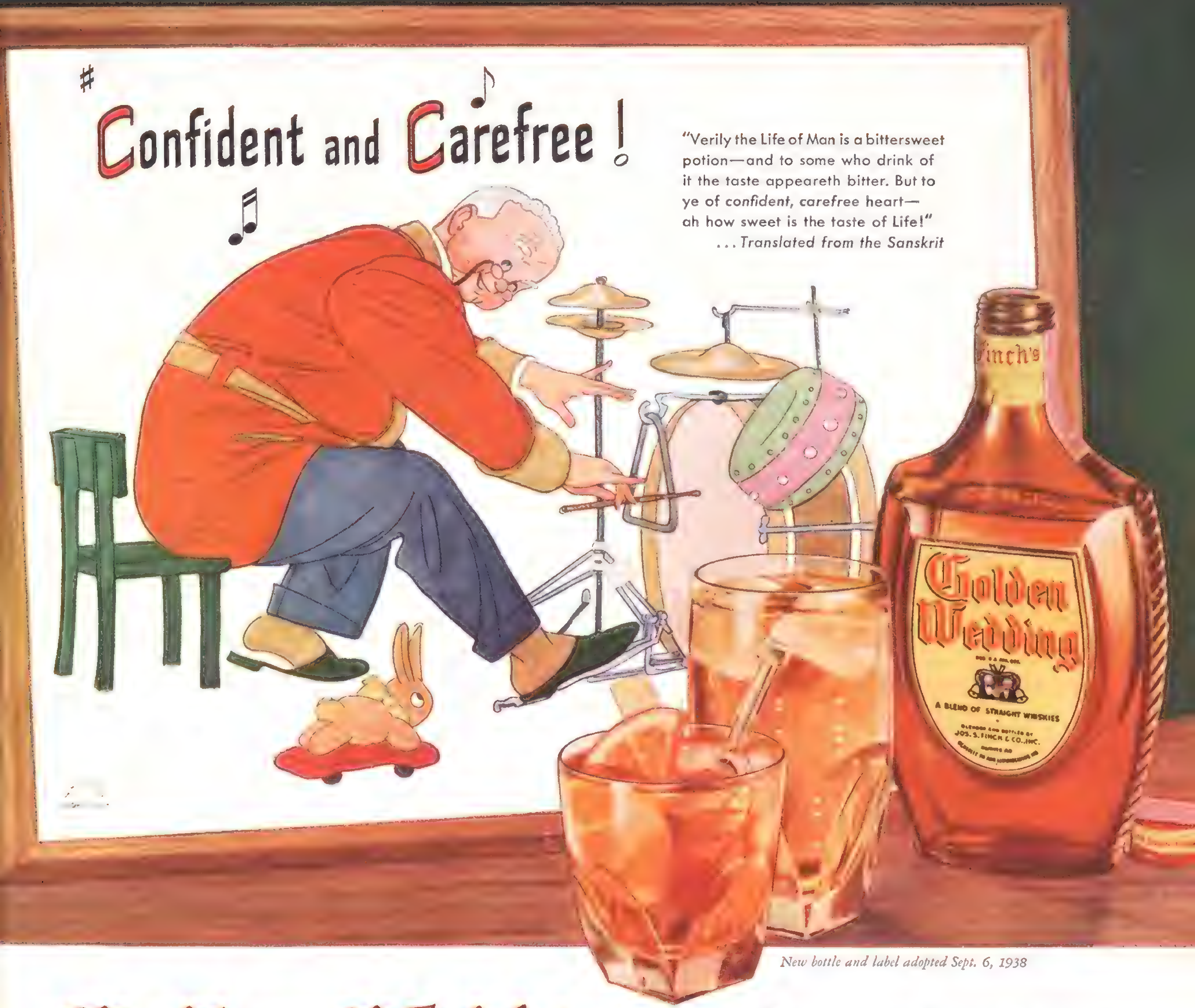
ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK
A New York Guide Book for World's Fair Visitors

That $150,000,000 spectacle opens April 30th. Describing the Fair is somebody else's business, but interpreting New York City to World's Fair visitors is very much ours: We'll tell you about the New York of the "natives", where to go to be in the know, the names of the head waiters, how much to tip, where are the brighest spots, what the gayest hours—in short, the sophisticate's New York. 150 pages, plastic bound.

Avoid disappointment. "Esquire's New York" will be ready April 15th—we suggest a reservation now, because the quantity will be limited. Send 50c now and be sure of one of the first copies off the press.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY



"Verily the Life of Man is a bittersweet potion—and to some who drink of it the taste appeareth bitter. But to ye of confident, carefree heart—ah how sweet is the taste of Life!"
... Translated from the Sanskrit

New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

Isn't it true you enjoy a drink more, if you feel good about the whiskey? You glow with the JOY of anticipation, when you specify "Golden Wedding!" You glow with the KNOWLEDGE you're treating yourself to the finest the House of Finch offers. A blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey...whiskey that's rich and has idled for years in the barrel. You glow with real PRIDE—and justly. For the brand of your choosing is older—considerably older—than necessity requires. Even the youngest whiskey is 4 years old in Finch's Golden Wedding!

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR–

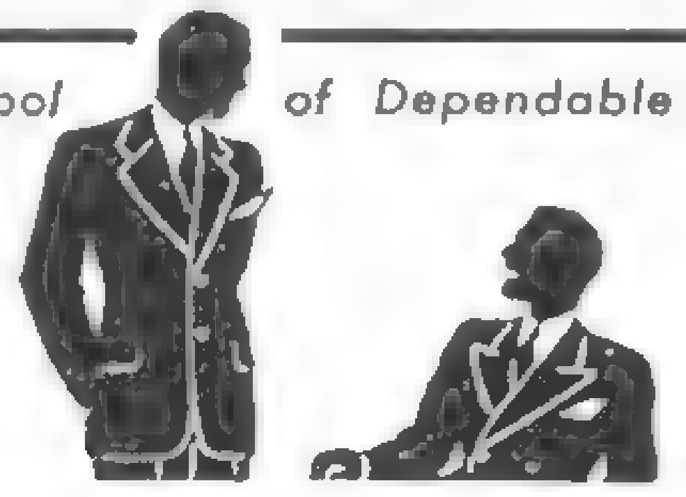
When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey . . . Finch's very finest. 90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old!

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING
A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

OPR. 1939, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



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For Men Vain Enough to Be Well Dressed

★ No man ever climbed the heights without a powerful belief in himself. Some people call this conceit. Whatever it is, you need it! And with conceit goes pride in personal appearance. The Simpson tailored man has genuine reason to strut a little. He's usually the best dressed man in his crowd. Sold direct by salesmen, skilled in measuring, Simpson clothes cost no more than most ready-made brands. And you choose from hundreds of the most luxurious, imported and domestic fabrics. If you don't know a Simpson representative, write now for Spring, 1939, Style Brochure E.

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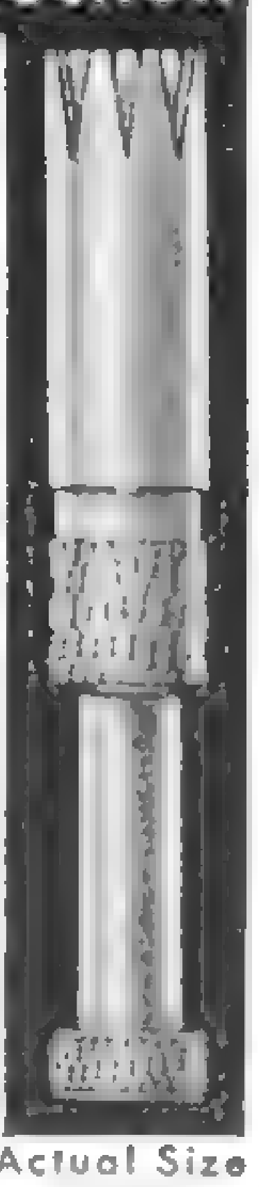
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS *by* SEA, AIR *and* TRAIN



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May cause fatal infection

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NEW INVENTION

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Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

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Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name————————
Address————————

FEBRUARY 18TH . . . THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION (short for the San Francisco World's Fair of 1939) opens its giant portals on the 400-acre, man-made Treasure Island. This fabulous wonderland in the midst of San Francisco Bay between the two most spectacular bridges in the world, is a curious combination of antiquity and modernity; of the mystery of the Orient and the South Seas and the robust, open-faced West. Majestic pyramids, Mayan and Incan buildings hobnob with functional 1939 streamlined edifices.

THE GAYWAY . . . RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS! The same oriental and occidental liason is found in the 20-acre amusement section. One of the largest concessions is "Chinatown." See the ancient Chinese walled city with its quaint dwellings, shops, tea gardens, formal temple and gardens. See the Javanese and Oriental restaurants with their idol dancers and Nautch girls. See the multi-storied pagoda with each floor devoted to some aspect of Chinese cilivization. And then there's Hollywood Boulevard . . . a replica of the famous street will lead to authentic film studios complete with huge sound stages and a panorama of the film capitol in action. See the famous stars under the kliegs. See the "inside" of the moving picture industry shown for the first time at any World's Fair. Take a look at the Barbary Coast (somewhat expurgated, we fear). Step up to the oakwood Barbeque pit which will cook 3 tons of meat at one time!

IN THE HALL OF MINES you'll see a million dollar Treasure Mountain which will present a complete picture of Western mining industry. You enter a valley between two mountain ranges, are conducted into tunnels and shafts to witness the inside workings. You'll see a regular mining town, gold dredges, etc. The *Hall of Electricity* shows you "black" light, eerie fluorescent light, electronic music, the electric "eye" and a dramatic demonstration of smashing the atom.

WANDER THROUGH THE WINE CELLAR . . . a replica of the stone hillside tunnels of California's historic wineries . . . a part of the elaborate wine temple exhibition. Go into the *Hall of Science* and see, for the first time, methods of manufacturing proteins, fats and sugars in a test tube. Here the food pills that may breed the super-man will be manufactured. Take a look at the *Chemical Garden* growing indoors under ordinary incandescent lighting . . . watch vegetables growing to maturity without soil or sunlight! See how drugs work on the human system via the transparent man . . . never shown before. *And Vacation Land* . . . with its giant stratosphere plane which hangs suspended 18 feet in the air, accessible to visitors by means of a catwalk. Don't miss the *Indian Village* . . . hundreds of American Indians portraying early aboriginal life . . . native dances, music and display of handicrafts.

SOUTH SEAS IN TOTO. A group of native villages, transplanted, inhabitants and all, from the South Seas. At the south end of the island, protected on three sides, is the Port of the Trade Winds, where trade ships, junks, square riggers and yachts will be moored. At the other end of the island, Pan American Airways operates all it transpacific schedules. In the Hall of Air Transportation, large enough to hold two of the great new Boeing 314 Clippers, the airline will carry on every terminal operation . . . at least two arrivals and two departures each week.

300 ATHLETIC EVENTS. There'll be Westcoast championships in 27 different sports and several national championships in intercollegiate crew regattas, combined battle fleet and battle ships of 11 foreign nations.

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If you want skis that "give" when the going gets tough, when you're stretching every second, buy Northlands.

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Seven Pillars of Wisdom
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KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER

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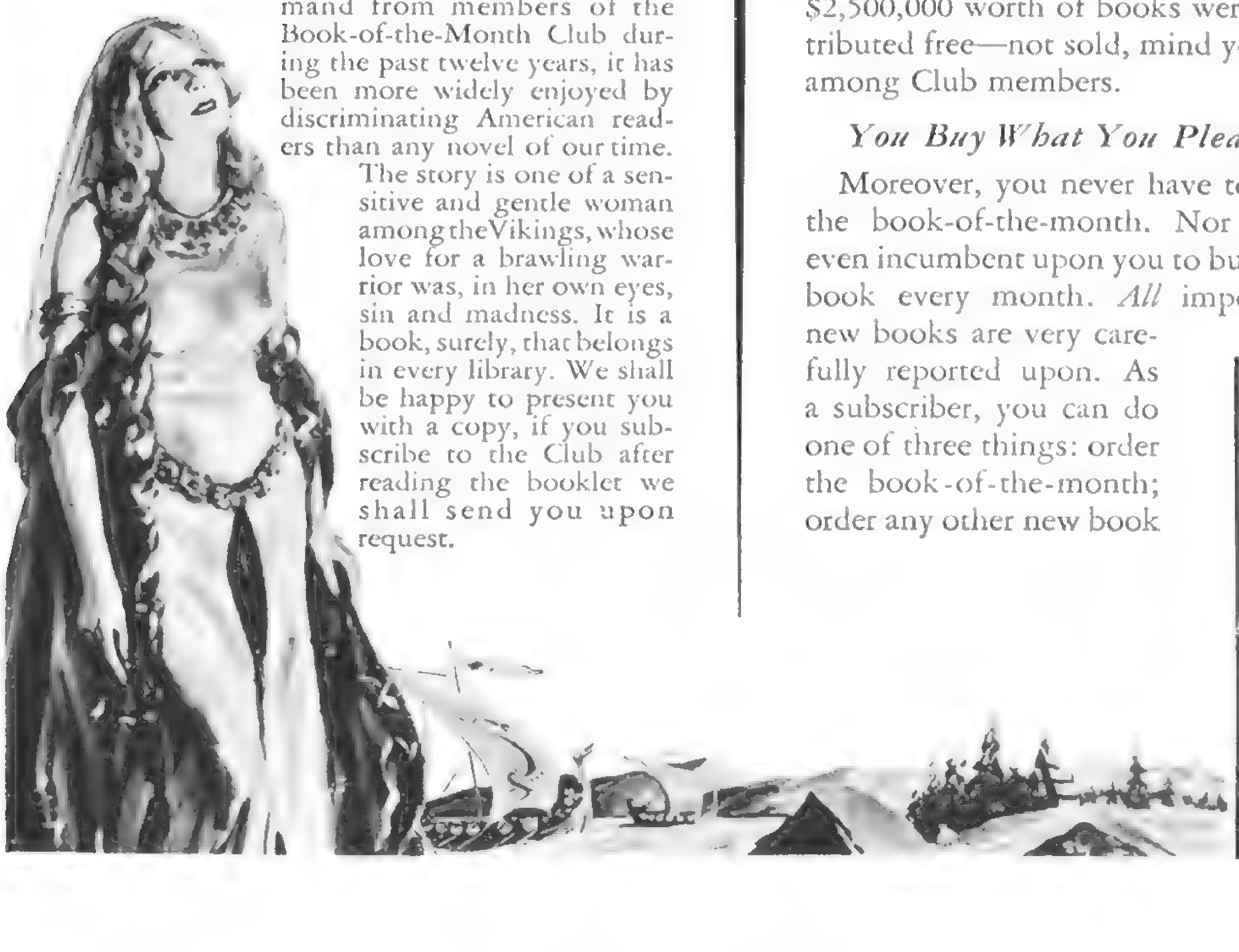
SIGRID UNDSET won her worldwide fame with this great novel of mediaeval times in Norway. Judging by the demand from members of the Book-of-the-Month Club during the past twelve years, it has been more widely enjoyed by discriminating American readers than any novel of our time. The story is one of a sensitive and gentle woman among the Vikings, whose love for a brawling warrior was, in her own eyes, sin and madness. It is a book, surely, that belongs in every library. We shall be happy to present you with a copy, if you subscribe to the Club after reading the booklet we shall send you upon request.



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The book-of-the-month is always high on national best-seller lists. Ordinarily it is a book you are anxious not to miss, and buy anyway. Frequently you pay less by getting it from the Club—and, in addition, receive book-dividends like these. The advantage of belonging to the Club is thus obvious. Last year over $2,500,000 worth of books were distributed free—not sold, mind you!—among Club members.

You Buy What You Please

Moreover, you never have to buy the book-of-the-month. Nor is it even incumbent upon you to buy one book every month. *All* important new books are very carefully reported upon. As a subscriber, you can do one of three things: order the book-of-the-month; order any other new book you are anxious not to miss; or instruct the Club not to send you any book at all.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Henry Beetle Hough

Henry Beetle Hough was born in New Bedford in 1896, and, he says, saw something of the last of the whalers. "I early visited Martha's Vineyard as a summer resident's child; but my maternal grandfather, Capt. Henry W. Beetle, had hailed from the Vineyard. I was graduated with degree of B. Lit. from the Columbia University School of Journalism in 1918; served briefly in the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington; did publicity work for the Institute of American Meat Packers at New York and later for the Western Electric Company in New York. In 1920 I was married and with my wife came to Edgartown to live, and ever since we have been editors and publishers of the *Vineyard Gazette*. We were absentee publishers for a time, but have been in continous residence since 1926 and intend to remain so. For several years I have been historian of the Dukes County Historical Society. Mixed in with the rest, there has been other newspaper work and writing of varied sorts."

•

Leo Fischer (*The Royal Road to Wrestling*, page 43) says: "I have just finished a tough season of picking football scores for the beloved *Chicago Evening American* and have acquired plenty of new gray hairs. If you've followed the games from week to week, you'll know why. Modestly, however, I think my percentage of better than .819 is about the best in the country among sports writers. Otherwise there is little more to add other than that I am assistant to Edward W. Cochrane, supervising sports editor of the Hearst newspapers and that I have a wife who has put up with me for about thirteen years and two children who at the ages of nine and six already tell us that they know all the answers. I wish I did."

Leo Fischer

•

Shortly after selling us *Dog Owners Are Crazy*, (which appears on page 47) Arthur Davison Ficke wrote: "Those of your readers who think I have been too hard on the dog will be delighted to learn that the dog has already got its revenge on me. Within one hour after I received from Esquire the check in payment for the article, somebody moved into the hotel room next to me, bringing a dog; and the dog has been barking continuously ever since. When I complained to the management I was told that the dog belonged to so frightfully famous an actress that they didn't dare do anything about the matter. So the next article you get from me will be a piece entitled: *Man Bites Actress*."

•

Since 1934 when Raymond Gram Swing returned to this country after twenty years abroad as a correspondent, he has been the one observer chosen to broadcast regularly to the British public on American affairs and to the American public on foreign affairs. His journalistic career includes editorships on such diverse publications as *The Financial Observer*, *The Nation*, and the *Wall Street Journal* and correspondent posts for the *London News Chronicle*, the *London Economist*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Evening Post*. As a writer, he was the first to recognize and diagnose the pre-fascist symptoms of such peculiar American phenomena as Huey Long and Father Coughlin, and first to debunk them, at a time when their influence was at its peak, in a series of articles published in book form under the title *Forerunners of American Fascism*. His work as a correspondent began just before the outbreak of the World War, which found him on the German side, from which vantage point he saw the war, on the battlefields of both Western and Eastern Fronts and the Dardanelles. An episode of that period is *Adventure on the Sea of Marmora*, page 48. At the time of America's entry, he returned to serve as an examiner on the War Labor Board, holding wage hearings in all parts of the country. Returning to Germany in 1920 he saw the new Weimar Republic go through the catastrophe of inflation, an experience that quickened his interest in an intensive study of monetary problems, on which he has since become a recognized authority.

•

Frederick Austin's mountaineering story (*Whitney's a Walk-up*), which you'll find on page 64, is the first he's had published. He was born in Buffalo, New York, and later moved to California. He spent three and one-half years in Stanford and one year at U. S. C. in preparation for a career in the American Foreign Service. He says: "In Washington, D. C., spent many happy and valuable hours listening to the late Angus McD. Crawford as he lectured to young hopefuls in his famed coaching school. Passed written and oral examinations given by the State Department but flunked physical exam three times (those naval surgeons didn't approve of my blood pressure). Testimonials from eminent specialists, a record of five years' football and track, and my arguments (including an offer of physical combat) failed to impress them. Left, mad as hell, after informing two startled department undersecretaries that it was their loss. Was bitter about this for a long time. Now it's funny. (Two friends were examined the same day. Both had stomach ulcers. The ulcers were undetected and the two have had a fine life—interrupted by sick leave.) With depression in full flower did this and that, and then drifted into newspaper work. Spent three years as reporter, etc., and finally as assistant editor (whatever that means) on local news sheet. Paper began as bi-weekly; after three months as daily it subsided, now appears weekly. Didn't like work anyway."

•

Jesse Stuart is back in the Kentucky hills, and has decided, after a year spent in Europe, that not anywhere in the world where he's been are the people like they are in Kentucky. He is combining sheep-raising with short story writing and says he has sixty ewes on his pasture and two thoroughbred Southdown bucks. His current contribution to our pages is called *Four Poems*.

•

In tailoring Monroe Goode's *Selecting the Proper Gun* to fit our space requirements, the boys in the cutting room inadvertently deleted all reference to the Stoeger Arms Company, which is only one of the biggest in the business. Omitting Stoeger from a list of reliable gun sources is tantamount to omitting Steinway from a list of reliable piano makers, or, rather, since they handle guns in all price ranges (as anyone might have gleaned from their current catalog), like omitting Ford from a list of reliable automobile manufacturers. And we regret very much having unintentionally made a sap out of Monroe Goode.

Duane Decker

Duane Decker is a writer of twenty-eight summers, living in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He contributes to *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Redbook*, *American*, *This Week*, *College Humor*, and *New Republic* —to name a few. He attended Colgate University for a couple of years. And he says he was out of a job so long after that that he is still voting a practically straight Democratic ticket. He spent a couple of years working for a literary agent in New York, where he was not overpaid, but learned a thing or two about writing commercial fiction. He is an enthusiastic clarinetist. And he is interested in all burning political questions. At the time of writing, back in November, he couldn't quite decide whether Bingo ought to be legalized in Connecticut or not.

•

One student of journalism who made good (University of Minnesota, '29) is Arville Schaleben, author of *The 70,000 Who Were Had*. He started work on the *Milwaukee Journal* eight years ago and is now assistant city editor. Many of his news stories have been syndicated nationally, and a few of them, written in line of duty, have wound up in books. He has sold material to magazines and radio, and is now in his third term as Milwaukee Press Club president.

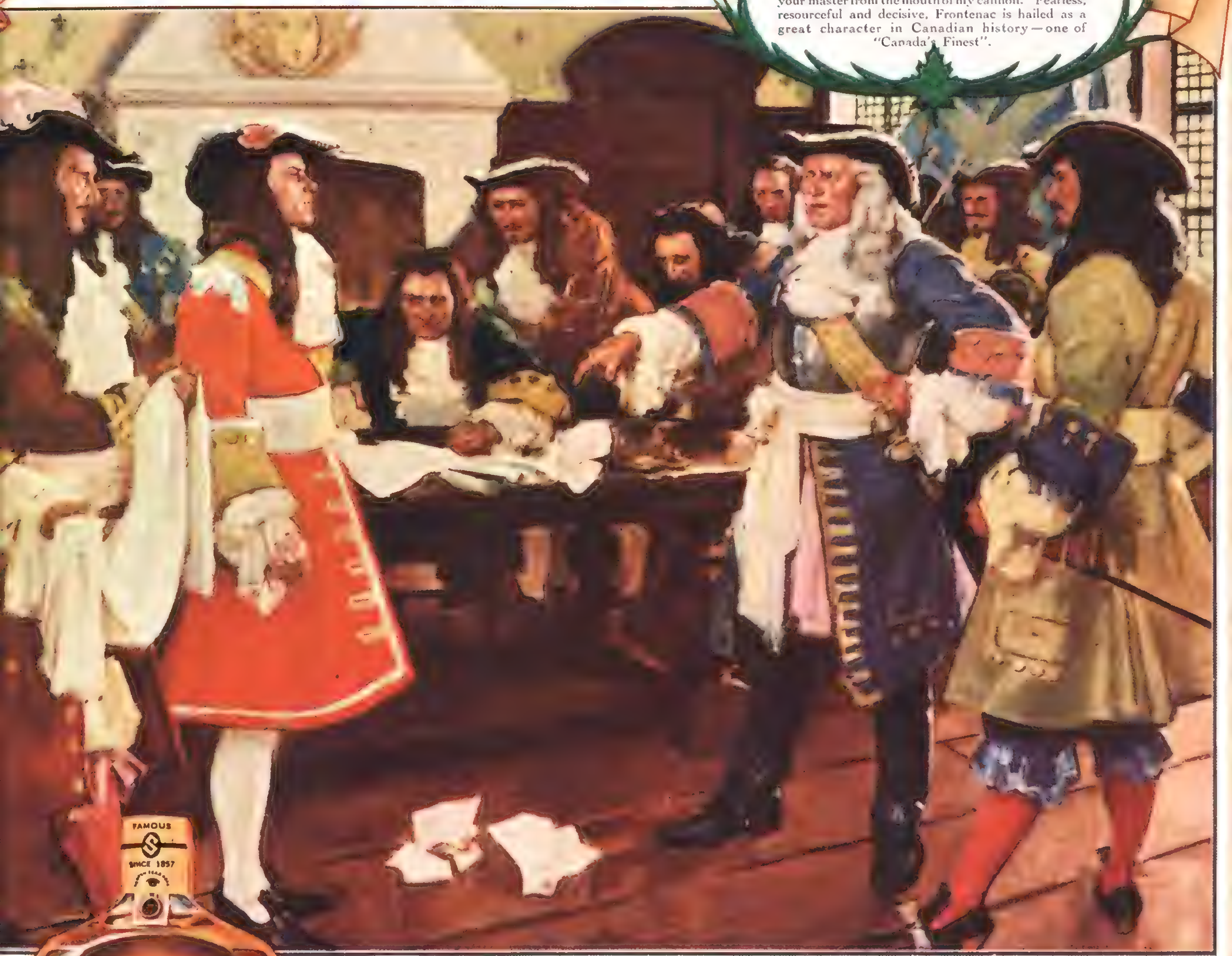
Arville Schaleben

Canada's Finest..

Comte de Frontenac

ONE OF "CANADA'S FINEST,"

In 1690, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, then Governor of New France (Canada), was given one hour to surrender Quebec to Sir William Phipps, admiral of the English Fleet. Frontenac boldly tore up the message and said to the envoy: "I will answer your master from the mouth of my cannon." Fearless, resourceful and decisive, Frontenac is hailed as a great character in Canadian history—one of "Canada's Finest".



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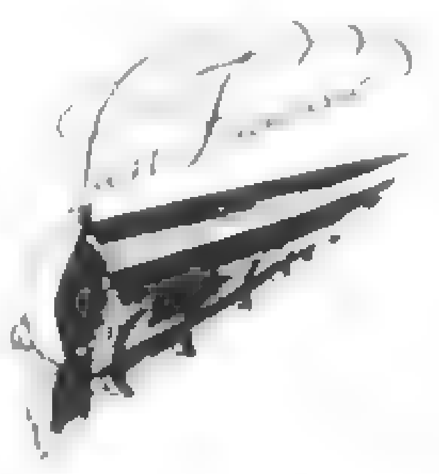
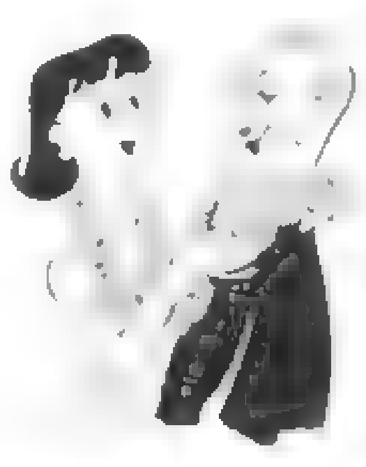
HOW YOU'LL GET THERE. If you are doing an Atlantic-Pacific sprint in limited time, you'll do well to fly United Airlines, an overnight hop from New York to the Fair. If you live in the South, TWA or American Airlines will fly you to Los Angeles, and from there you take a United plane up to the Golden Gate . . . a mere 2 hour jaunt. If you prefer to travel on the ground, the mighty Southern Pacific Railroad does a good coverage job. From New Orleans, San Antone or El Paso, take the Sunset route to Los Angeles and from there, Southern Pacific's new "Daylight" airconditioned crack train which speeds you to San Francisco. From Chicago, take the Overland Route through Omaha, Cheyenne, Reno, etc.; and the Shasta Route from Portland and the Pacific Northwest. Out of Chicago goes the Union Pacific's "Challenger" with its tourist sleeping cars, its low cost meals, the economy way to the coast. Or its speedliner, "The 49-er" and the luxurious streamline speedkings "City of Los Angeles" and "City of San Francisco."



"BE A GUEST OF THE WEST IN '39." If you've never been to the Coast before, of course you'll want to head for Hollywood, see famous Arrowhead Lake, Palm Springs, Death Valley and motor down the shore to lovely San Diego or through the Santas, Monica and Barbara. California is horse-racing crazy. You'll want to slip one "on the nose" at Santa Anita (a winter meet) or in the summer at the new "Hollywood Park" track . . . super-colossal in every sense. Later in the summer you'll go to Bing Crosby's Del Mar track on the ocean about 100 miles south of Los Angeles . . . a riot of Spanish architecture and movie stars. San Francisco boasts of two tracks, "Bay Meadows" and "Tanforan." Hundreds of other attractions are made easy to see with the help of Southern California's new *Visitor's Hospitality Center* in downtown Los Angeles. Pretty girls give you all kinds of hotel, travel and sightseeing information (without charge, of course). The "Center" is run by the "All-Year" Club of Southern California.

DEL MONTE . . . less than 3 hours from San Francisco by train, bus or auto in fact the Southern Pacific deposits guests almost on the doorstep of the magnificent Del Monte Hotel looming up in the midst of 20,000 acres of seashore, forest and mountains. No golfer has lived until he has tried one of the famous Del Monte courses, to say nothing of 5 polo fields, the largest trap shooting grounds in the West, innumerable tennis courts, beaches, deep-sea fishing and boating, stream fishing, a hotel game preserve—and close to quaint and charming Carmel, a guest ranch. *Yosemite* should be on every traveler's itinerary. You'll probably arrange to stay at the charming and artistic Ahwahnee Hotel in the heart of the Valley where you'll watch the traditional "fire-fall" ceremony from Glacier Point 3000 feet above. Be sure to drive to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, don't miss beautiful Lake Tahoe or the beautiful and inspiring "Redwood Highway."

ON TO HAWAII. All her life, the little woman has probably been pleading for a trip to Honolulu, so you might as well be brave and include the Land of the Lei in your Fair activities. You can take a Pan American Clipper ship right at the Fair grounds and land in Hawaii overnight. Or the excellent Matson Line ships will take you there in 4 or 5 days . . . offering all-expense tours to the islands, 15 to 28 days in duration. You'll stay at the glamorous Royal Hawaiian, or perhaps the Moana Hotel; you'll explore Oahu (that's the name of the main isle, my frands) swim at midnight in water 74 degrees on the song-writer's favorite Waikiki.



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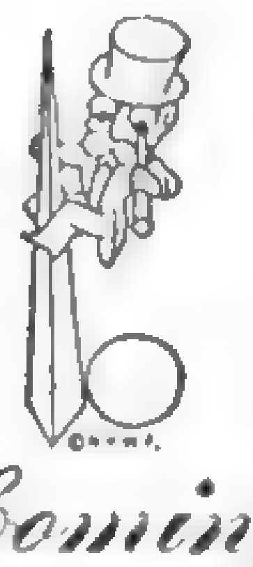

Coming

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK

A New York Guide for World's Fair Visitors

The Fair opens on April 30th. Take a stroll around those $150,000,000 grounds right now, as we did, and you're left breathless with the kind of awe that's inspired once in a lifetime. It's the Fair to end all Fairs, or something.

Describing that gargantuan spectacle-to-be is somebody else's business, but preparing a guide to New York for the cream of the 20,000,000 visitors that are expected to visit the New York World's Fair next Summer, is very much ours. So we're preparing one...and don't expect it to enlighten you on the best way to the Aquarium by subway...because it won't.

Esquire's "New York" will be just what its name implies...an advanced course in how to be a sophisticated New Yorker, in the best and truest sense of the word.

The intimate information possessed only by New Yorkers who know their way around, will be yours in this *Esquirish* guide-book...where to go for swank and where to go for color, what clothes to bring with you for no matter how long you stay, notes on the typical New Yorker and his customs...all these, and much more.

Plastic bound and approximately 150 pages in size, Esquire's "New York" will be ready about April 15th.

But...because only a limited quantity will be printed, we suggest a reservation now to make sure of your copy when ready. Send 50c in stamps now and you will be sure that one of the first copies off the press goes forward to you.

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GOLD RUSH OF '39

For Six Action-Packed Months during New York's World Fair the Big City will enjoy a SUPER SALES PERIOD.

(Proof: Chicago's Fair upped retail business 25%)

It is estimated New York's World Fair visitors will spend over ONE BILLION DOLLARS.

YOUR SHARE of this business CAN BE HAD.

A cue on how to go after it is provided by what's going to happen:

1939 April 30 to Oct 31

SIXTY MILLIONS are expected to storm the Fair turnstiles. FIFTEEN to TWENTY MILLION VISITORS will pour in from out-of-town. Out-of-towners will locate (1) in Manhattan hotels, (2) in Brooklyn rooming houses, (3) with friends in Queens, (4) with families in The Bronx, (5) in New Jersey and Westchester suburbs.

Once located, what will ALL of these Fair-goers require?

TRANSPORTATION TO THE FAIR!

Traffic experts calculate

7 out of 10 will ride to the Fair via PUBLIC transportation

The Fair is located at the extreme limits of the City, a seven-league jump from Times Square, across the Sound from The Bronx, many miles from Borough Hall, Brooklyn. Asked to locate it to the maximum advantage of subway, bus and railroad advertisers, we would have spotted it right where it's being built: far out in Flushing Meadows in the Borough of Queens.

During the long ride from Manhattan, from The Bronx and from Brooklyn, visitors can be interested in your exhibit, told your story, sold your goods. Day and night, seven days a week, Transportation Advertising will be on the job. No matter how many times Fair visitors go, the dominant, lighted cards will travel out with them, ride around the grounds with them, accompany them on the way back.

For millions of guests the City itself will be a never-before-seen Wonder-World. On sight-seeing side trips they will travel again and again in the company of Transportation Advertising. Impressions gained on these trips will be carried back home, discussed with friends and long remembered.

How about *resident* New Yorkers? *They'll be riding in the same buses, subways, els and trains!*

The advertising cards displayed in these transit systems provide the ONE SURE WAY of drawing the attention of practically ALL Fair-goers, colorfully, continuously, at economical cost. Space is limited. First come first served.

Act Now!

You FURNISH THE MESSAGE
We'll FURNISH THE AUDIENCE

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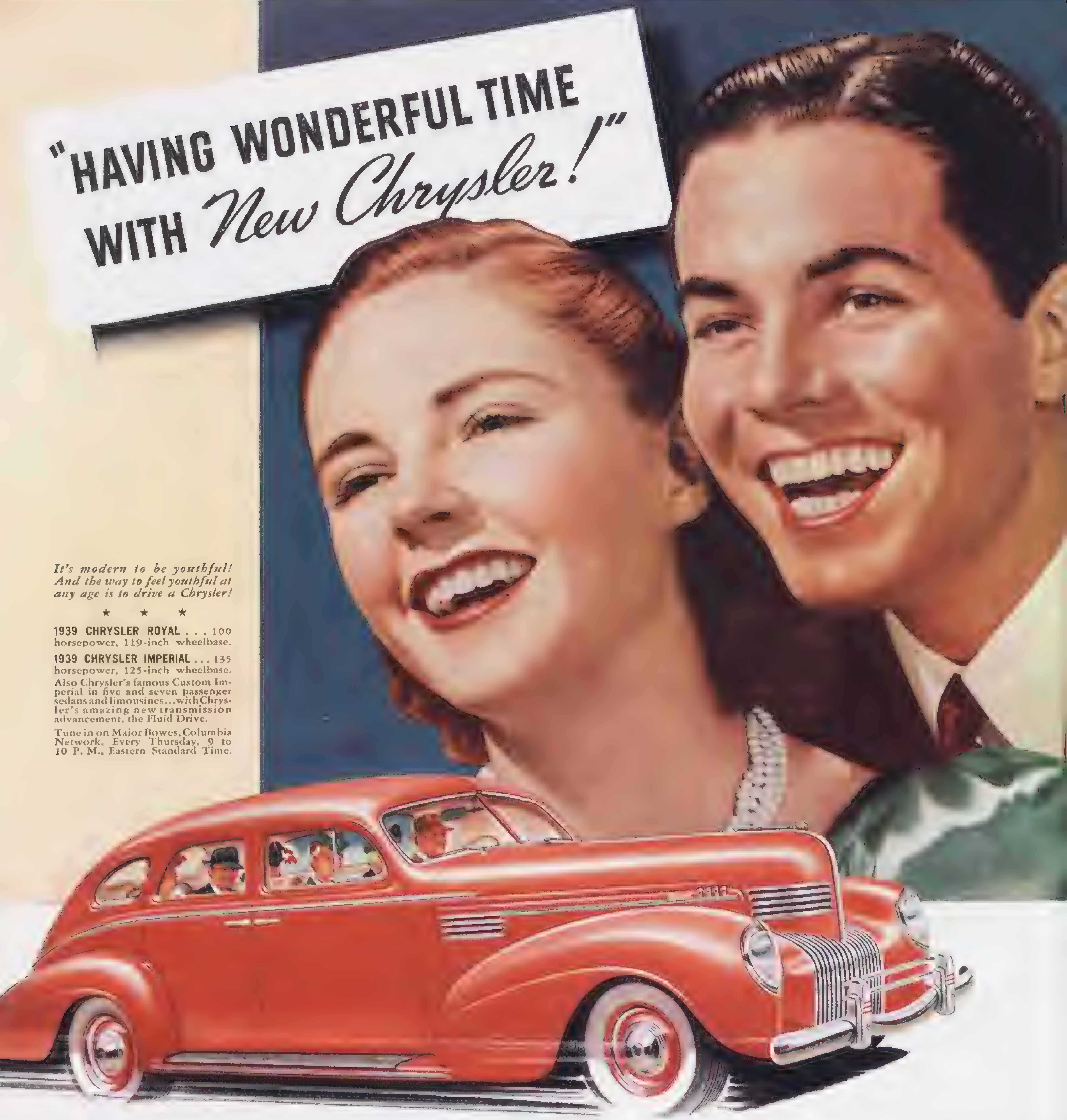

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Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

SHE . . . "As one front-seat driver to another . . . this new Chrysler is a *woman's* car. It's perfectly thrilling to own such a gorgeous-looking . . . such a *modern*-looking car. It's such a compliment to see people turn around and admire it! And driving is always a new delight . . . it's all so natural and easy. For the first time in my life, I feel at home behind the wheel . . . knowing how easy it is to steer, shift gears, stop and park. The steering wheel gear-shift is a revelation . . ."

HE . . . "Pardon the interruption . . . but Chrysler's a *man'* car. Men have an eye for beauty, too. But that swift, silen get-away . . . that never-say-die power . . . that romping eager, mounting speed . . . were put there for the sterner sex And a man's got room for his legs and his elbows . . . anc room to relax in this he-man car. Of course, I can under stand why women like the Chrysler, too. The point is, we'r *both* right. This very modern Chrysler is everybody's car!'

BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

Night Before Battle

The third in the series of new war stories centering in and around Chicote's bar in Madrid

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

• FICTION •

At this time we were working in a shell smashed house that overlooked the Casa del Campo in Madrid. Below us a battle was being fought. You could see it spread out below you and over the hills, could smell it, could taste the dust of it, and the noise of it was one great slithering sheet of rifle and automatic rifle fire rising and dropping, and in it came the crack of the guns and the bubbly rumbling of the outgoing shells fired from the batteries behind us, the thud of their bursts, and then the rolling yellow clouds of dust. But it was just too far to film well. We had tried working closer but they kept sniping at the camera and you could not work.

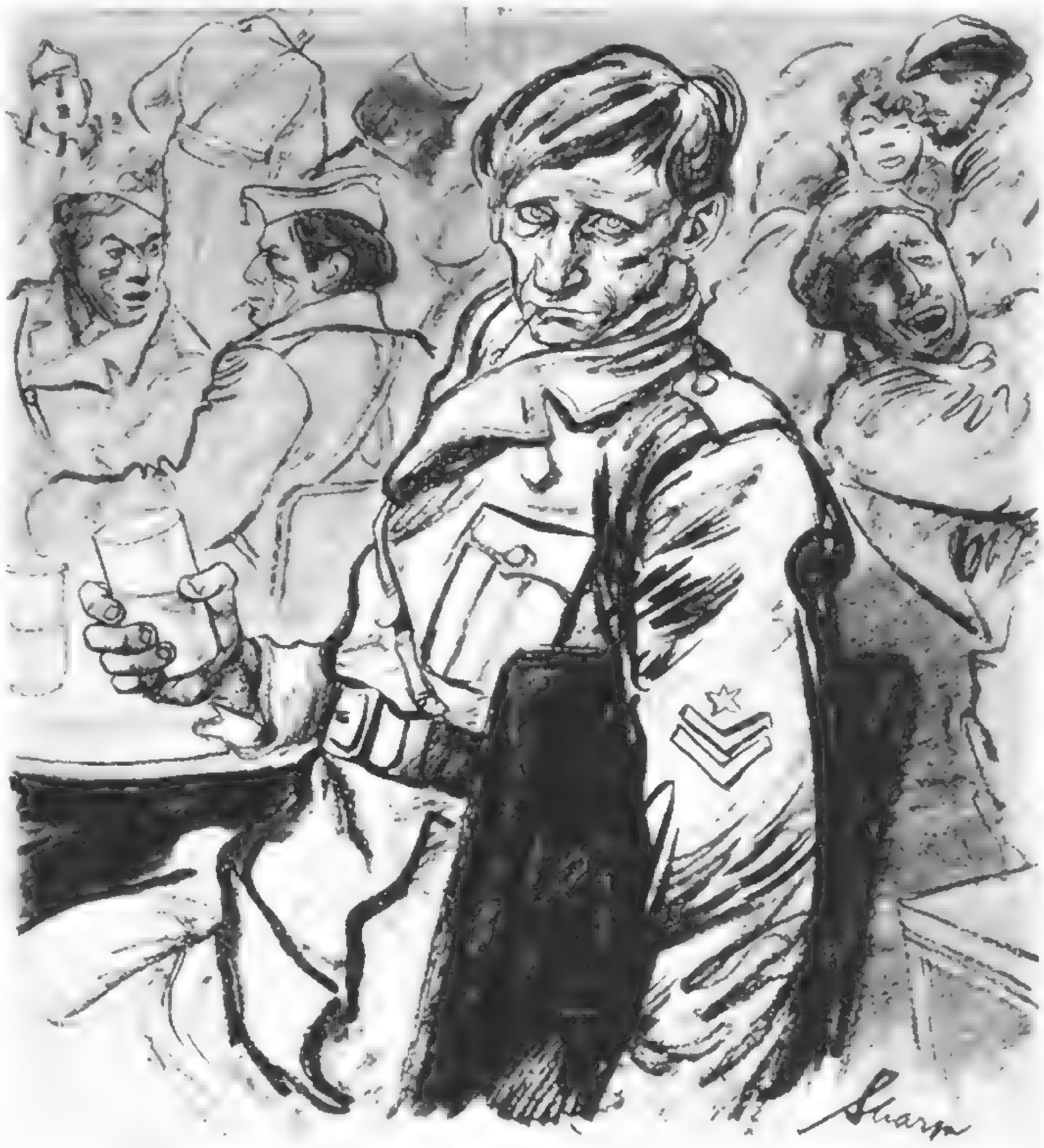
The big camera was the most expensive thing we had and if it was smashed we were through. We were making the film on almost nothing and all the money was in the cans of film and the cameras. We could not afford to waste film and you had to be awfully careful of the cameras.

The day before we had been sniped out of a good place to film from and I had to crawl back holding the small camera to my belly, trying to keep my head lower than my shoulders, hitching along on my elbows, the bullets whocking into the brick wall over my back and twice spurting dirt over me.

Our heaviest attacks were made in the afternoon, God knows why, as the fascists then had the sun at their backs, and it shone on the camera lenses and made them blink like a helio and the Moors would open up on the flash. They knew all about helios and officers' glasses, from the Riff and if you wanted to be properly sniped, all you had to do was use a pair of glasses without shading them adequately. They could shoot too, and they had kept my mouth dry all day.

In the afternoon we moved up into the house. It was a fine place to work and we made a sort of a blind for the camera on a balcony with the broken latticed curtains; but, as I said, it was too far.

It was not too far to get the pine studded hillside, the lake and the outline of the stone farm buildings that disappeared in the sudden smashes of stone dust from the hits by high explosive shells, nor was it too far to get the clouds of smoke and dirt that thundered up on the hill crest as the bombers droned over. But at eight hundred to a thousand yards the tanks looked like small mud-colored beetles bustling in the trees and spitting tiny flashes and the men behind them were toy men who lay flat, then crouched and ran, and then dropped to run again, or to stay where they lay, spotting the hillside as the tanks moved on. Still we hoped to get the shape of the battle. We had many close shots and would get others with luck and if we could get the sudden fountainings of earth, the puffs of shrapnel, the rolling clouds of smoke and dust lit by the yellow flash and white blossoming of grenades that is the very shape of battle we would have something that we needed.



So when the light failed we carried the big camera down the stairs, took off the tripod, made three loads, and then one at a time, sprinted across the fire-swept corner of the Paseo Rosales into the lee of the stone wall of the stables of the old Montana Barracks. We knew we had a good place to work and we felt cheerful. But we were kidding ourselves plenty that it was not too far.

"Come on let's go to Chicote's," I said when we had come up the hill to the Hotel Florida.

But they had to repair a camera, to change film and seal up what we had made so I went alone. You were never alone in Spain and it felt good for a change.

As I started to walk down the Gran Via to Chicote's in the April twilight I felt happy, cheerful and excited. We had worked hard, and I thought well. But walking down the street alone, all my elation died. Now that I was alone and there was no excitement, I knew we had been too far away and any fool could see the offensive was a failure. I had known it all day but you are often deceived by hope and optimism. But remembering how it looked now, I knew this was just another blood bath like the Somme. The people's army was on the offensive finally. But it was attacking in a way that could do only one thing: destroy itself. And as I put together now what I had seen all day and what I had heard, I felt plenty bad.

I knew in the smoke and din of Chicote's that the offensive was a failure and I knew it even stronger when I took my first drink at the crowded bar. When things are all right and it is you that is feeling low a drink can make you feel better. But when things are really bad and you are all right, a drink just makes it clearer. Now, in Chicote's it was so crowded that you had to make room with your elbows to get your drink to your mouth. I had one good long swallow and then someone jostled me so that I spilled part of the glass of whisky and soda. I looked around angrily and the man who had jostled me laughed.

"Hello fish face," he said.

"Hello you goat."

"Let's get a table," he said. "You certainly looked sore when I bumped you."

"Where did you come from?" I asked. His leather coat was dirty and greasy, his eyes were hollow and he needed a shave. He had the big Colt automatic that had belonged to three other men that I had known of, and that we were always trying to get shells for, strapped to his leg. He was very tall and his face was smoke darkened and grease smudged. He had a leather helmet with a heavy leather padded ridge longitudinally over the top and a heavily padded leather rim.

"Where'd you come from?"

"Casa del Campo," he said, pronouncing it in a sing-song mocking way we had heard a page boy use in calling in the lobby of a hotel in New Orleans one time and still kept as a private joke.

"There's a table," I said as two soldiers and two girls got up to go. "Let's get it."

We sat at this table in the middle of the

Continued on page 28

room and I watched him raise his glass. His hands were greasy and the forks of both thumbs black as graphite from the back spit of the machine gun. The hand holding the drink was shaking.

"Look at them," he put out the other hand. It was shaking too. "Both the same," he said in that same comic lilt. Then, seriously, "You been down there?"

"We're making a picture of it."

"Photograph well?"

"Not too."

"See us?"

"Where?"

"Attack on the farm. Three twenty-five this afternoon."

"Oh, yes."

"Like it?"

"Nope."

"Me either," he said. "Listen the whole thing is just as crazy as a bedbug. Why do they want to make a frontal attack against positions like those? Who in hell thought it up?"

"An S. O. B. named Largo Caballero," said a short man with thick glasses who was sitting at the table when we came over to it. "The first time they let him look through a pair of field glasses he became a general. This is his masterpiece."

We both looked at the man who spoke. Al Wagner, the tank man, looked at me and raised what had been his eyebrows before they were burnt off. The little man smiled at us.

"If anyone around here speaks English you're liable to get shot Comrade," Al said to him.

"No," said the little short man. "Largo Caballero is liable to be shot. He ought to be shot."

"Listen Comrade," said Al. "Just speak a little quieter will you? Somebody might overhear you and think we were with you."

"I know what I'm talking about," said the short man with the very thick glasses. I looked at him carefully. He gave you a certain feeling that he did.

"Just the same it isn't always a good thing to say what you know," I said. "Have a drink?"

"Certainly," he said. "It's all right to talk to you. I know you. You're all right."

"I'm not *that* all right," I said. "And this is a public bar."

"A public bar is the only private place there is. Nobody can hear what we say here. What is your unit, Comrade?"

"I've got some tanks about eight minutes from here on foot," Al told him. "We are through for the day and I have the early part of this evening off."

"Why don't you ever get washed?" I said.

"I plan to," said Al. "In your room. When we leave here. Have you got any mechanic's soap?"

"No."

"That's all right," he said. "I've got a little here with me in my pocket that I've been saving."

The little man with the thick lensed glasses was looking at Al intently.

"Are you a party member, Comrade?" he asked.

"Sure," said Al.

"I know Comrade Henry here is not," the little man said.

"I wouldn't trust him then," Al said. "I never do."

"You bastid," I said. "Want to go?"

"No," Al said. "I need another drink very badly."

"I know all about Comrade Henry," the little man said. "Now let me tell you something more about Largo Caballero."

"Do we have to hear it?" Al asked. "Remember I'm in the people's army. You don't think it will discourage me do you?"

"You know his head is swelled so badly now he's getting sort of mad. He is Prime Minister and War Minister and nobody can even talk to him anymore. You know he's just a good honest trade union leader somewhere between the late Sam Gompers and John L. Lewis but this man Araquistain who invented him?"

"Take it easy," said Al. "I don't follow."

"Oh Araquistain invented him. Araquistain who is Ambassador in Paris now. He made him up you know. He called him the Spanish Lenin and then the poor man tried to live up to it and somebody let him look through a pair of field glasses and he thought he was Clausewitz."

"You said that before," Al told him coldly. "What do you base it on?"

"Why three days ago in the Cabinet meeting he was talking military affairs. They were talking about this business we've got now and Jesus Hernandez, just ribbing him you know, asked him what was the difference between tactics and strategy. Do you know what the old boy said?"

"No," Al said. I could see this new Comrade was getting a little on his nerves.

"He said, 'In tactics you attack the enemy from in front. In strategy you take him from the sides.' Now isn't that something?"

"You better run along, Comrade," Al said. "You're getting so awfully discouraged."

"But we'll get rid of Largo Caballero," the short Comrade said. "We'll get rid of him right after his offensive. This last piece of stupidity will be the end of him."

"O. K. Comrade," Al told him. "But I've got to attack in the morning."

"Oh you are going to attack again?"

"Listen Comrade. You can tell me any sort of crap you want because it's interesting and I'm grown up enough to sort things out. But don't ask me any questions, see? Because you'll be in trouble."

"I just meant it personally. Not as information."

"We don't know each other well enough to ask personal questions, Comrade," Al said. "Why don't you just go to another table and let Comrade Henry and me talk. I want to ask him some things."

"Salud Comrade," the little man said, standing up. "We'll meet another time."

"Good," said Al. "Another time."

We watched him go over to another table. He excused himself, some soldiers made room for him, and as we watched we could see him starting to talk. They all looked interested.

"What do you make of that little guy?" Al asked.

"I don't know."

"Me either," Al said. "He certainly had this offensive sized up." He took a drink and showed his hand. "See? It's all right now. I'm not any rummy either. I never take a drink before an attack."

"How was it today?"

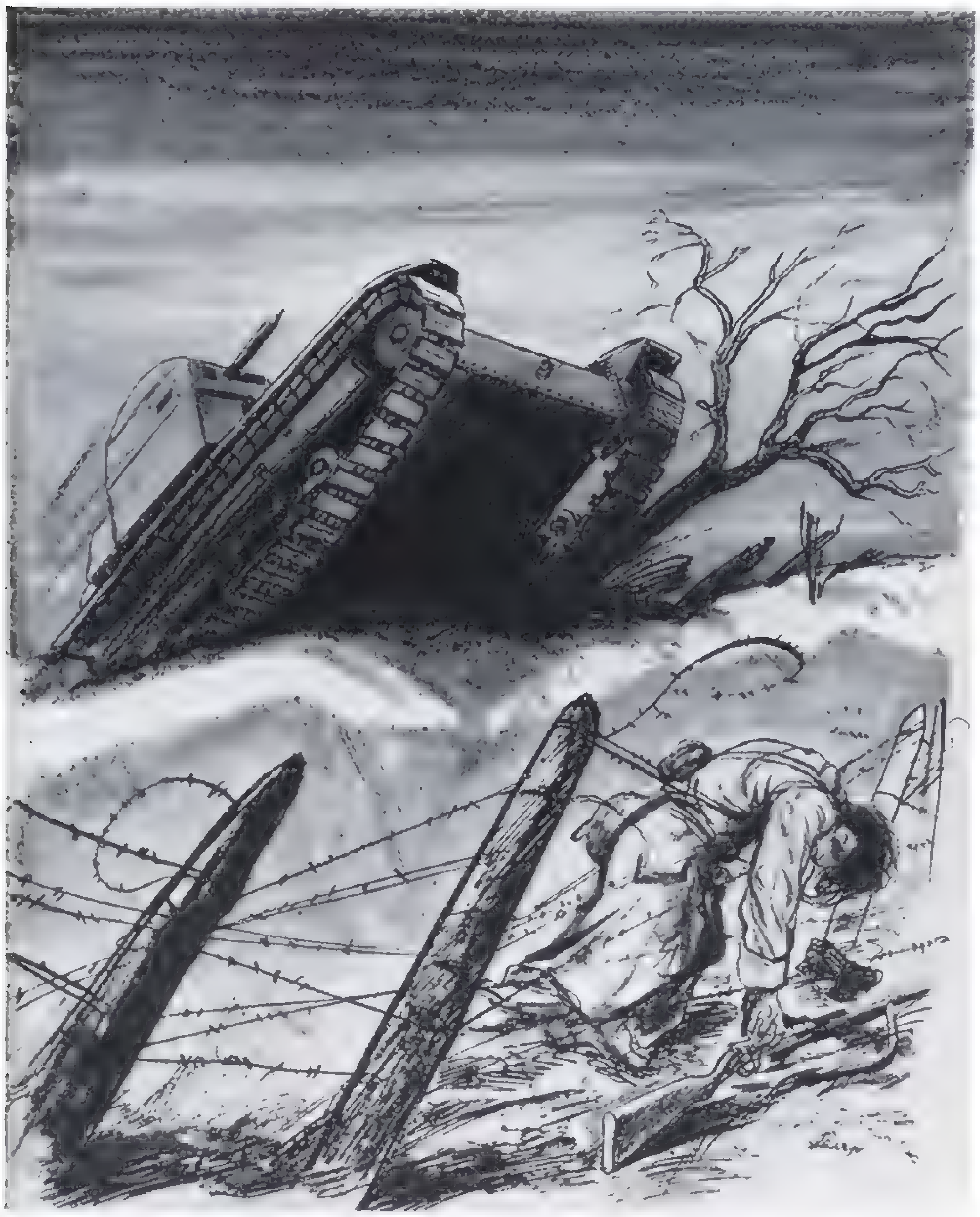
"You saw it. How did it look?"

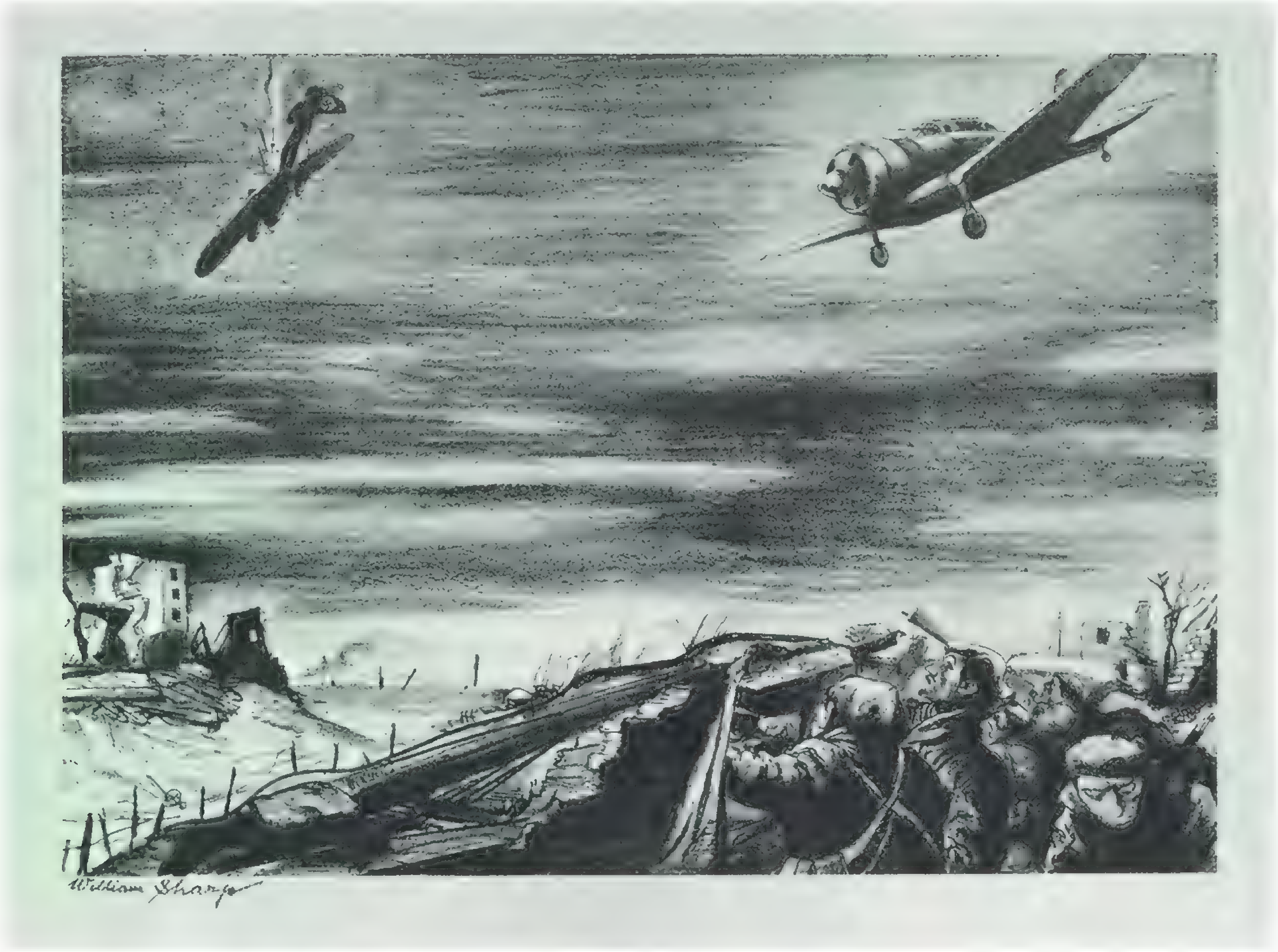
"Terrible."

"That's it. That's the word for it all right. It was terrible. I guess he's using strategy and tactics both now because we are attacking from straight in front and from both sides. How's the rest of it going?"

"Duran took the new race track. The *hipodromo*. We've narrowed down on the corridor that runs up into University City. Up above we crossed the Coruna road. And we're stopped at the Cerro de Aguilar since yesterday morning. We were up that way this morning. Duran lost over half his brigade, I heard. How is it with you?"

"Tomorrow we're going to try those farm houses and the church again. The church on the hill, the one they call the hermit, is the objective. The whole hillside is cut by those gullies and it's all enfiladed at least three ways by machine gun posts. They're dug deep all through there and it's well done. We haven't got enough artillery to give any kind of real covering fire to keep them down and we haven't heavy artillery to blow them out. They've got anti-tanks in those three houses





LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

and an anti-tank battery by the church. It's going to be murder."

"When's it for?"

"Don't ask me. I've got no right to tell you that."

"If we have to film it, I meant," I said. "The money from the film all goes for ambulances. We've got the Twelfth Brigade in the counter-attack at the Arganda Bridge. And we've got the Twelfth again in that attack last week by Pingarrón. We got some good tank shots there."

"The tanks were no good there," Al said.

"I know," I said, "but they photographed very well. What about tomorrow?"

"Just get out early and wait," he said. "Not too early."

"How you feel now?"

"I'm awfully tired," he said. "And I've got a bad headache. But I feel a lot better. Let's have another one and then go up to your place and get a bath."

"Maybe we ought to eat first."

"I'm too dirty to eat. You can hold a place and I'll go get a bath and join you at the Gran Via."

"I'll go up with you."

"No. It's better to hold a place and I'll join you." He leaned his head forward on the table. "Boy I got a headache. It's the noise in those buckets. I never hear it any more but it does something to your ears just the same."

"Why don't you go to bed?"

"No. I'd rather stay up with you for a while and then sleep when I got back down there. I don't want to wake up twice."

"You haven't got the horrors, have you?"

"No," he said. "I'm fine. Listen, Hank. I don't want to talk a lot of crap but I think I'm going to get killed tomorrow."

I touched the table three times with my finger tips.

"Everybody feels like that. I've felt like that plenty of times."

"No," he said. "It's not natural with me. But where we've got to go tomorrow doesn't make sense. I don't even know that I can get them up there. You can't make them move if they won't go. You can shoot them afterwards. But at the time if they won't go they won't go. If you shoot them they still won't go."

"Maybe it's better, if it's like it looks, if they don't."

"No. We've got good infantry tomorrow. They'll go anyway. Not like those yellow bastids we had the first day."

"Maybe it will be all right."

"No," he said. "It won't be all right. But it will be just exactly as good as I can make it. I can make them start all right and I can take them up to where they will have to quit one at a time. Maybe they can make it. I've got three I can rely on. If only one of the good ones doesn't get knocked out at the start."

"Who are your good ones?"

"I've got a big Greek from Chicago that will go anywhere. He's just as good as they come. I've got a Frenchman from Marseilles that's got his left shoulder in a cast with two wounds still draining that asked to come out of the hospital in the Palace Hotel for this show and has to be strapped in and I don't know how he can do it. Just technically I mean. He'd break your bloody heart. He used to be a taxi driver." He stopped. "I'm talking too much. Stop me if I talk too much."

"Who's the third one?" I asked.

"The third one? Did I say I had a third one?"

"Sure."

"Oh yes," he said. "That's me."

"What about the others?"

"They're mechanics, but they couldn't learn to soldier. They can't size up what's happening. And they're all afraid to die. I tried to get them over it," he said. "But it comes back on them every attack. They look like tank men when you see them by the tanks with the helmets on. They look like tank men when they get in. But when they shut the traps down there's really nothing inside. They aren't tank men. And so far we haven't had time to make new ones."

"Do you want to take the bath?"

"Let's sit here a little while longer," he said. "It's nice here."

"It's funny all right, with a war right down the end of the street so you can walk to it, and then leave it and come here."

"And then walk back to it," Al said.

"What about a girl? There's two American girls at the Florida. Newspaper correspondents. Maybe you could make one."

"I don't want to have to talk to them. I'm too tired."

"There's the two Moor girls from Ceuta at that corner table."

He looked over at them. They were both dark and bushy headed. One was large and one was small and they certainly both looked strong and active.

"No," said Al. "I'm going to see plenty Moors tomorrow without having to fool with them tonight."

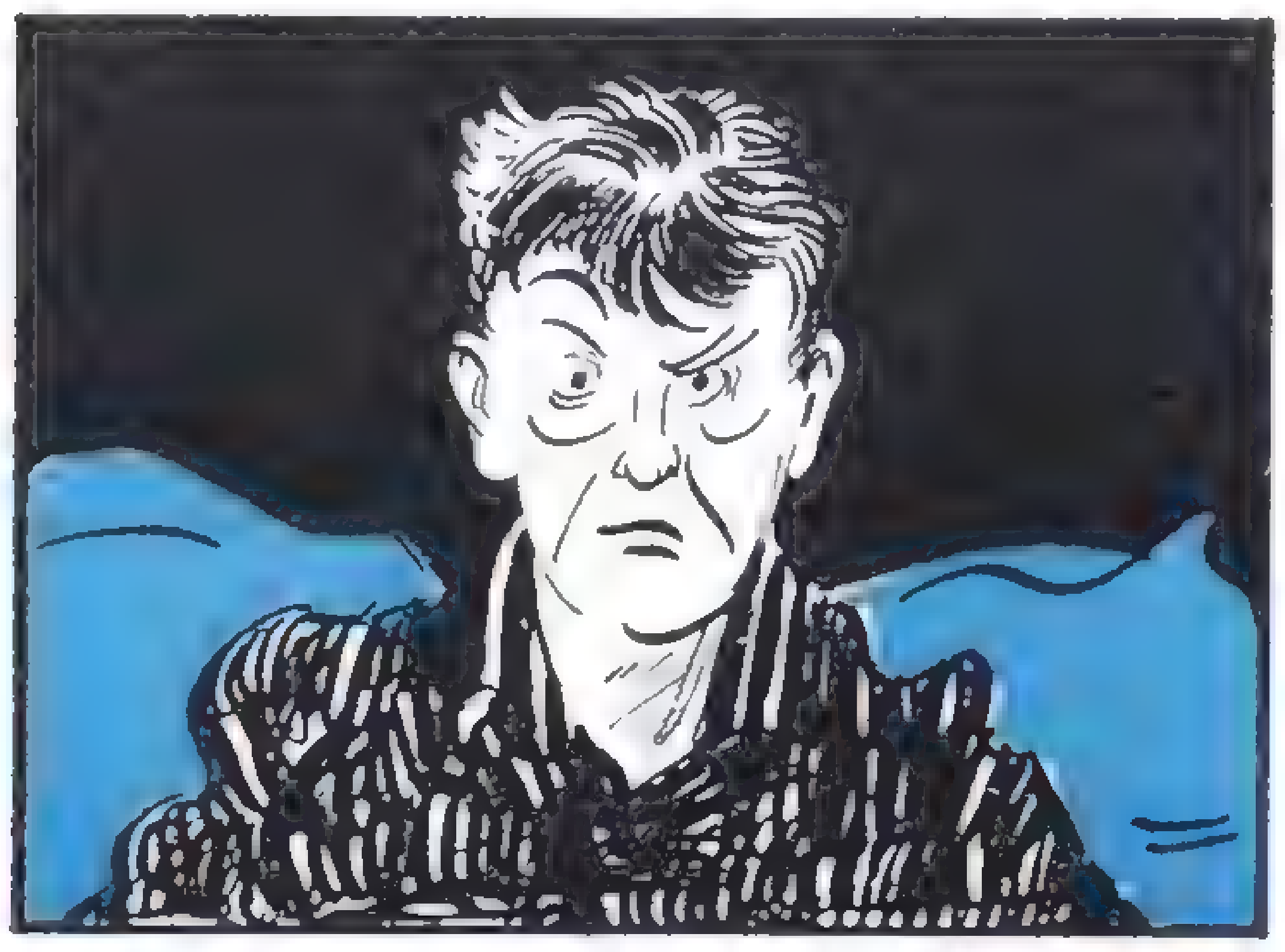
"There's plenty of girls," I said. "Manolita's at the Florida. That Seguridad bird she lives with has gone to Valencia and she's being

Continued on page 91

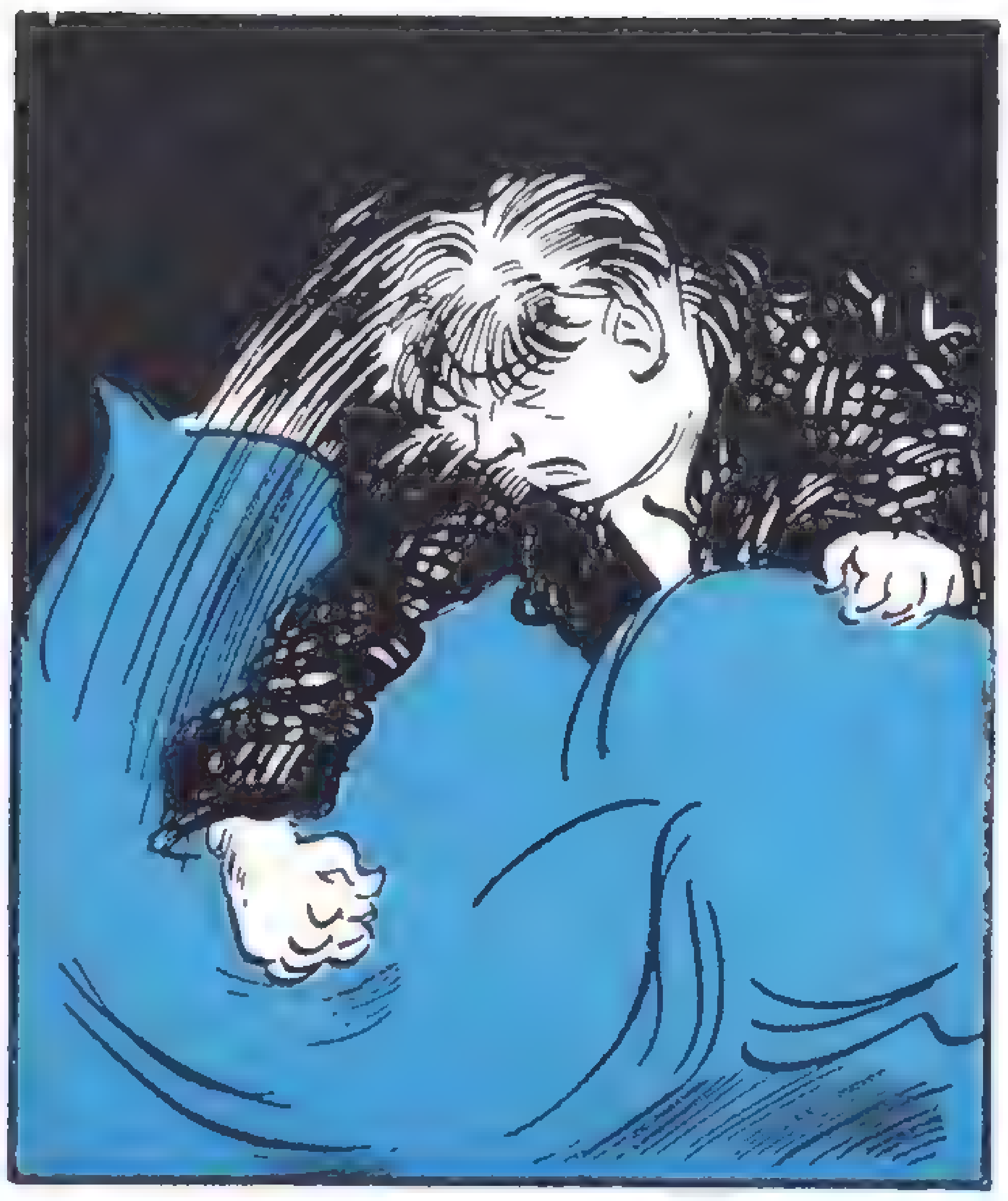
Insomniac's Lament

Drawings and Text

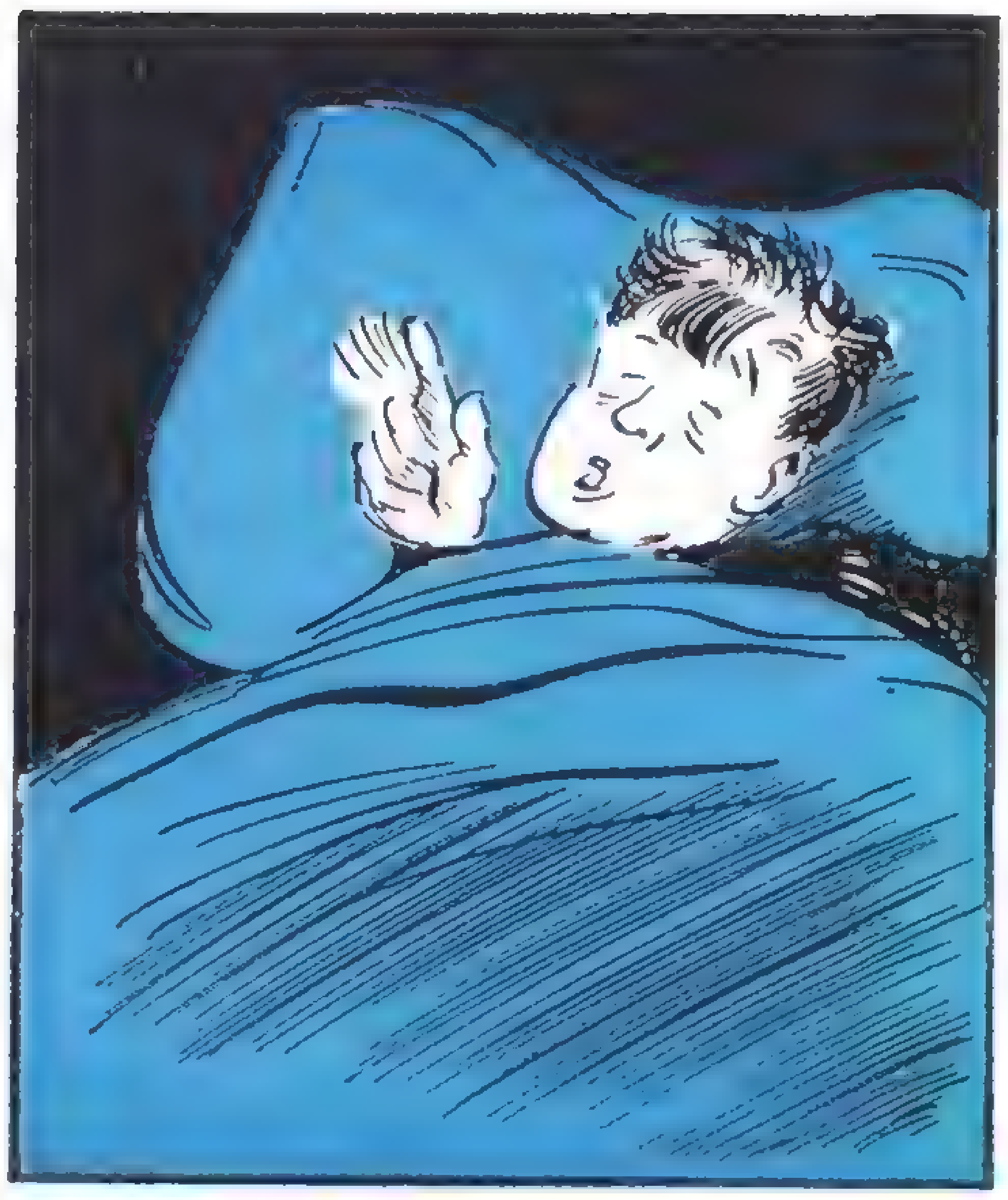
by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



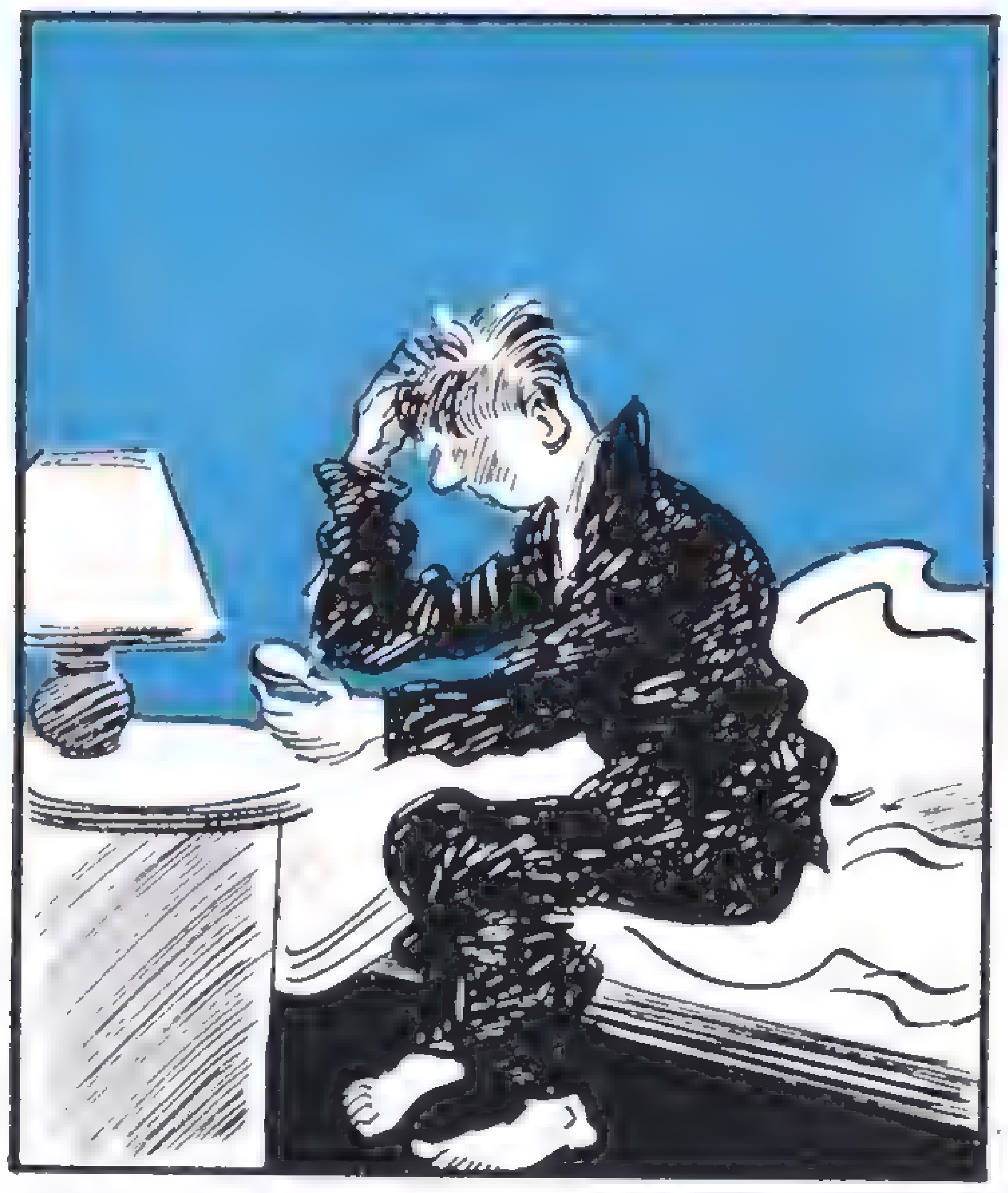
When for no apparent reason, in the middle of the night
You find that sleep is simply not for you.



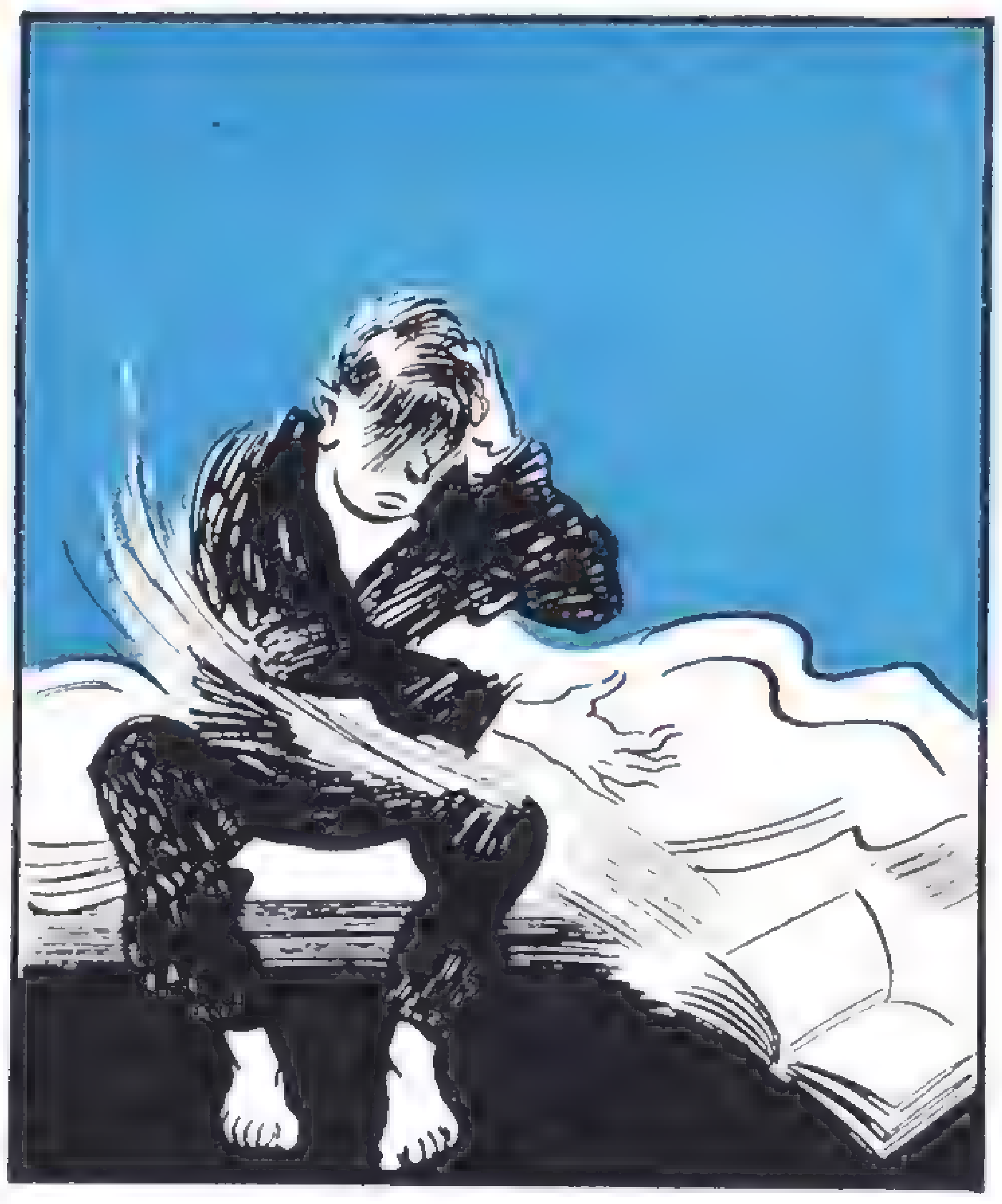
Do you rearrange the pillows, slam them down with all your might,
Then proceed to toss, and turn, and fret? I do.



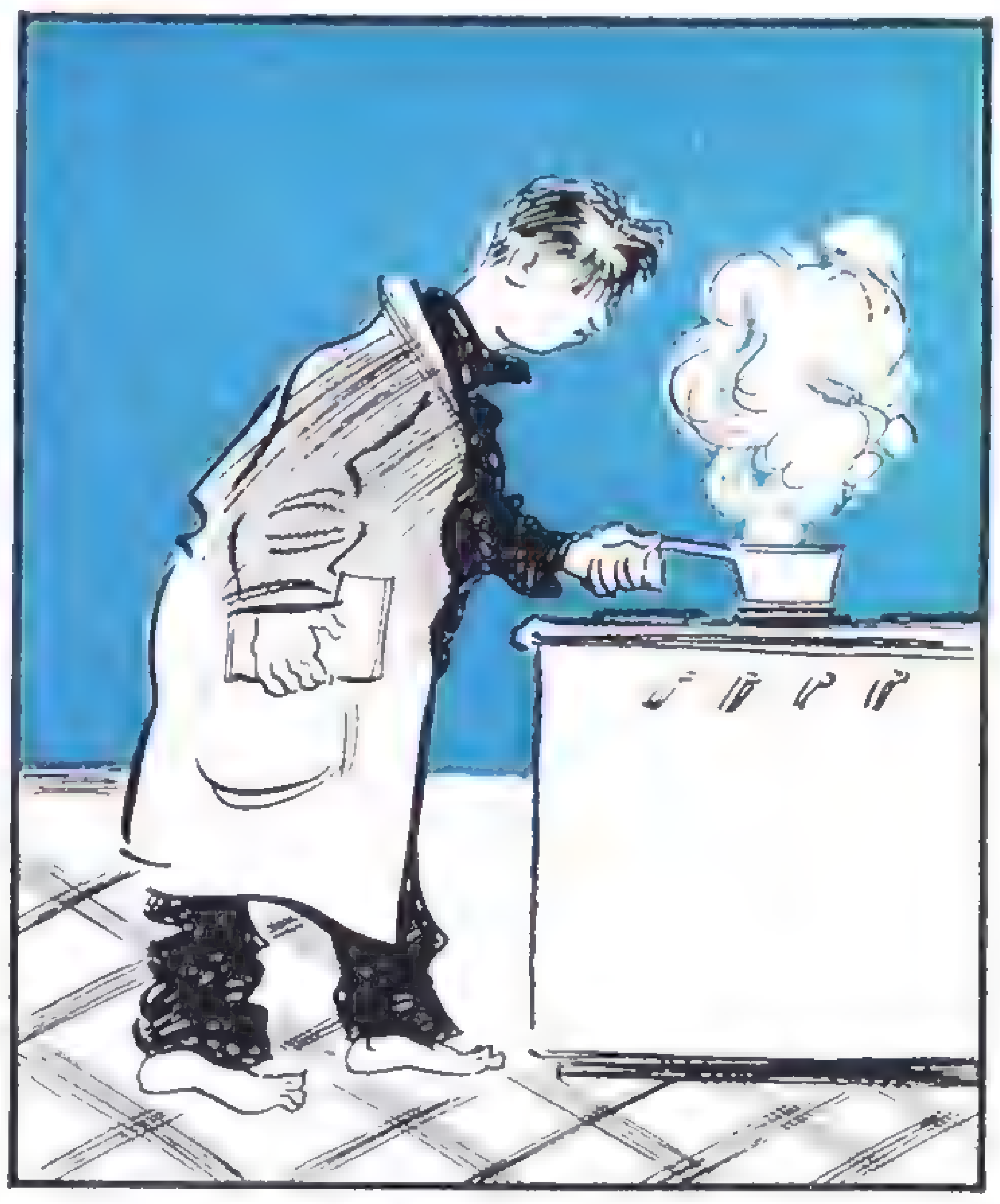
Do you count the endless sheep or remember inane verse,
Keep repeating stanzas while you toss in bed,



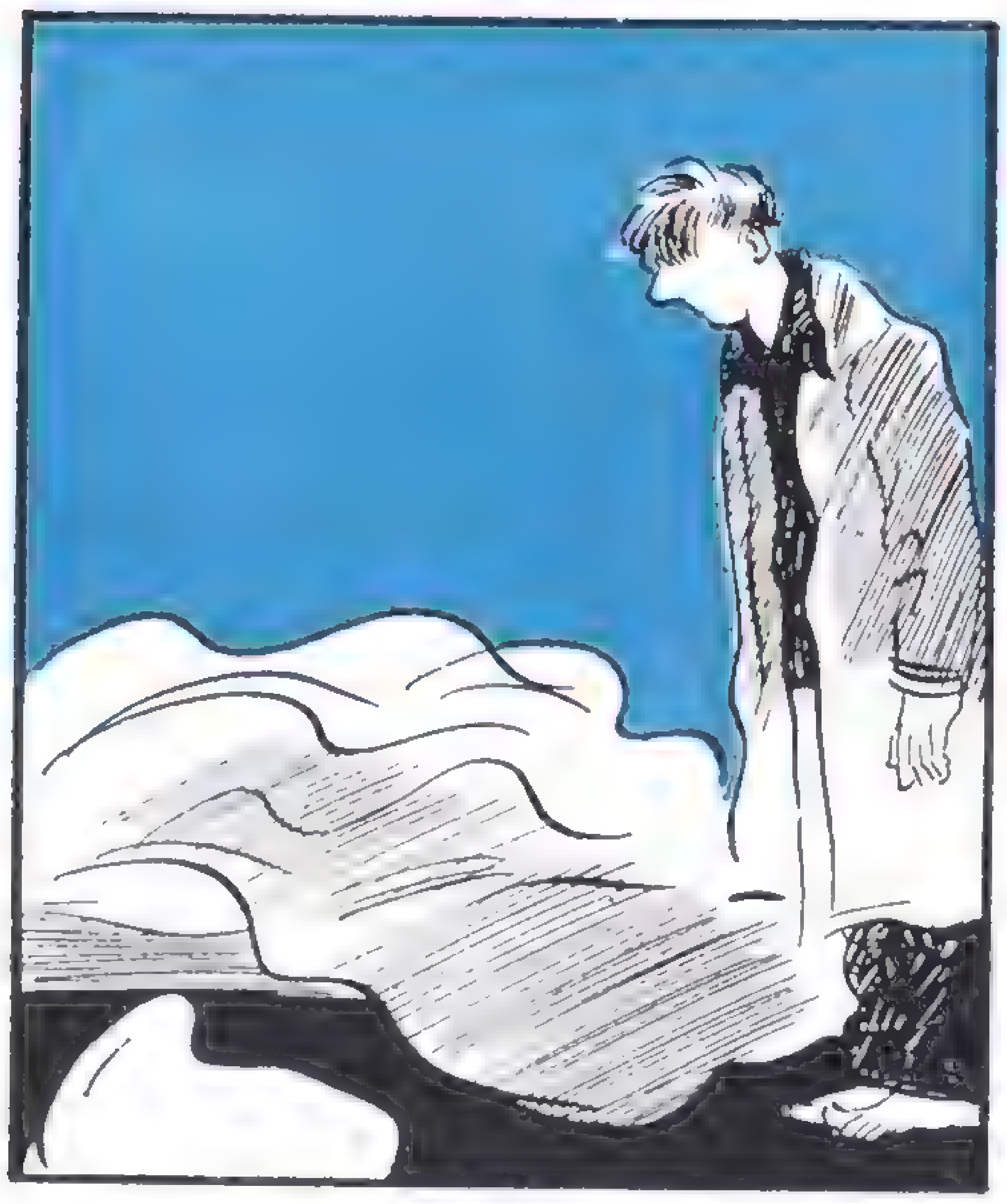
Do you get up in disgust, turn on the light, look at the hour,
Get a book or magazine to pass the time?



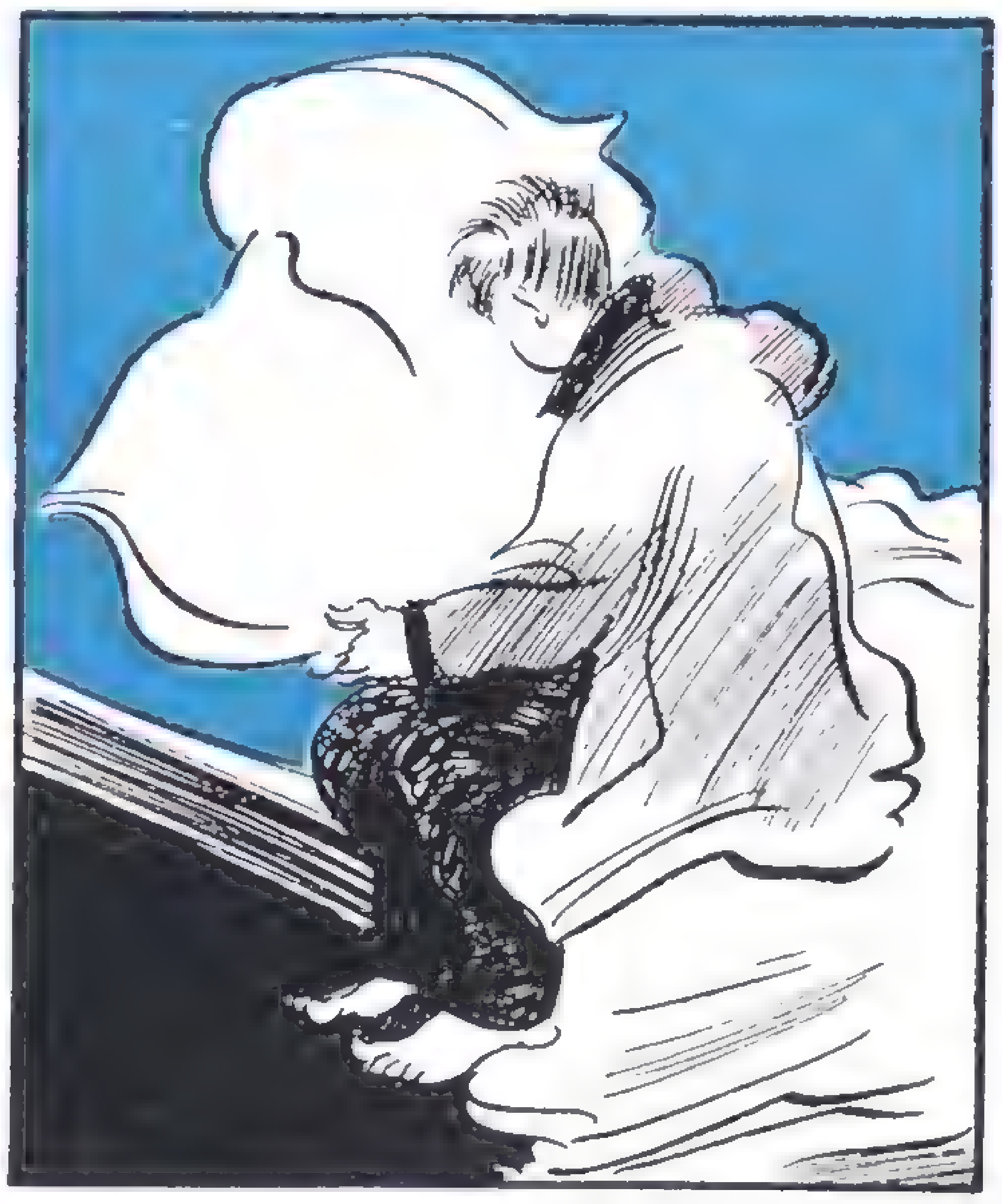
Find the words all run together and the stories pretty sour;
They won't penetrate the blankness in your mind.



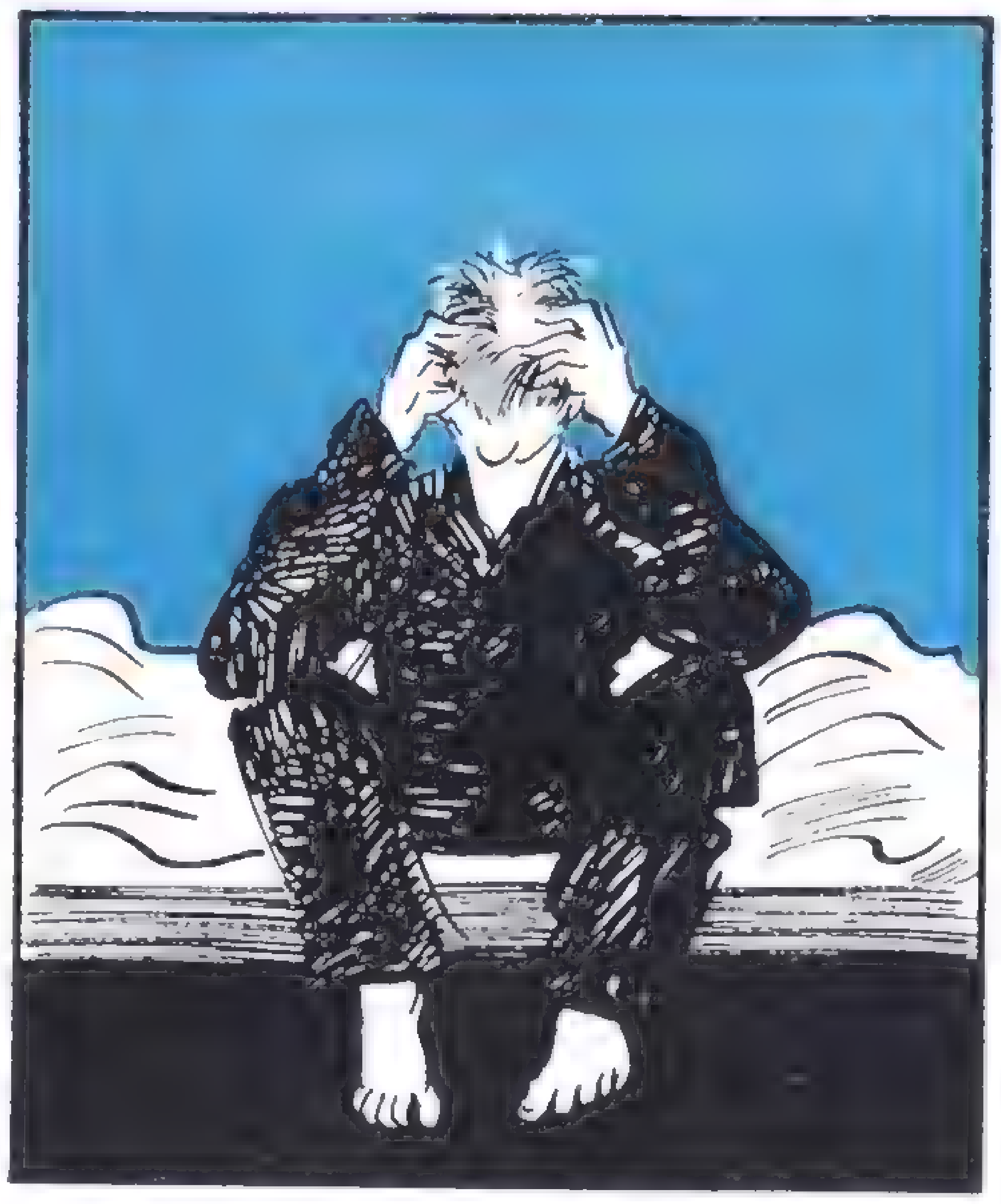
Do you wander to the bathroom, to the kitchen, to the pantry,
Book in hand, you boil some milk that's much too hot.



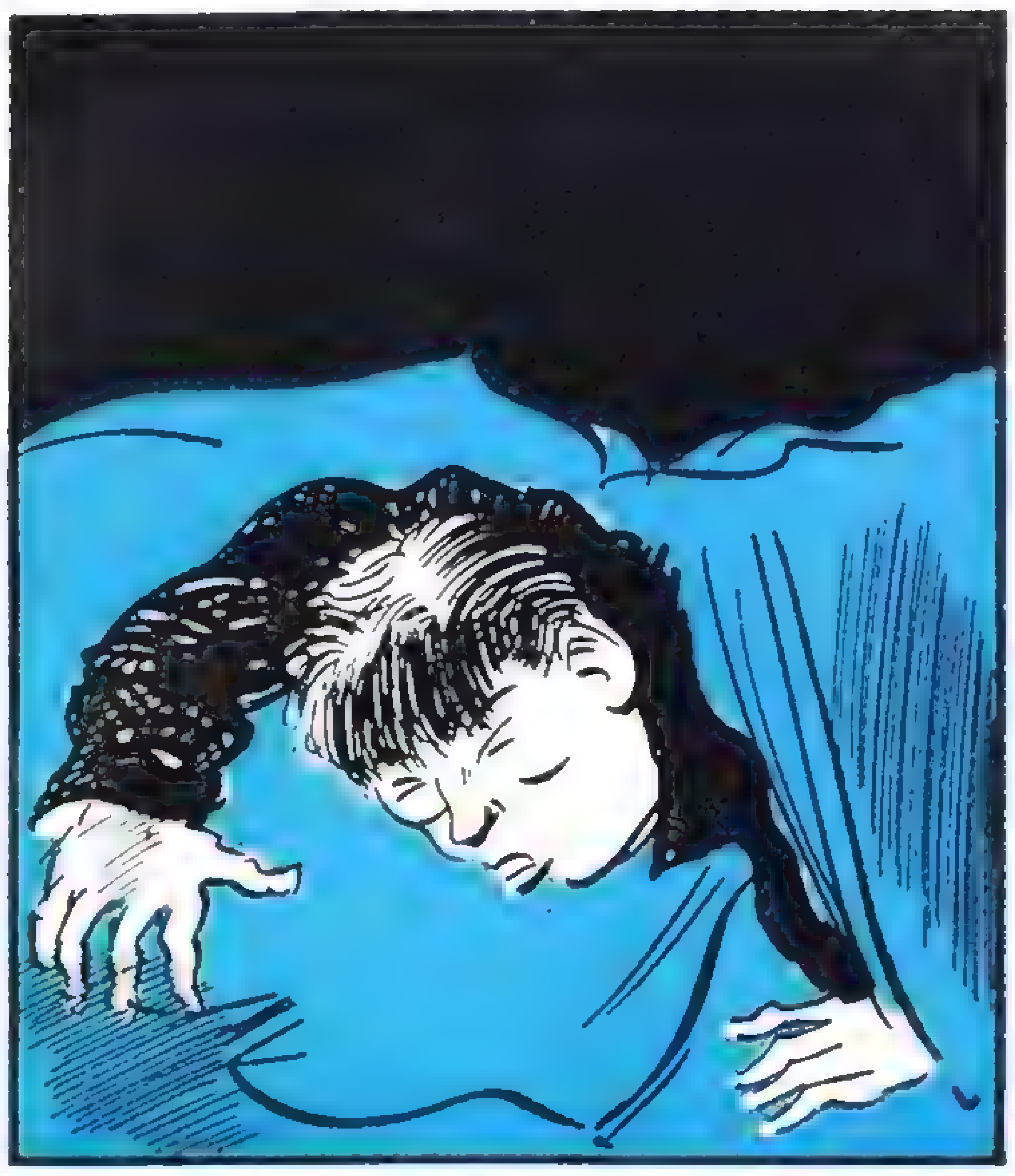
Just the same, with all their brilliance, working hard while others snoozed,
Isn't any consolation to this sleep-starved soul of mine.



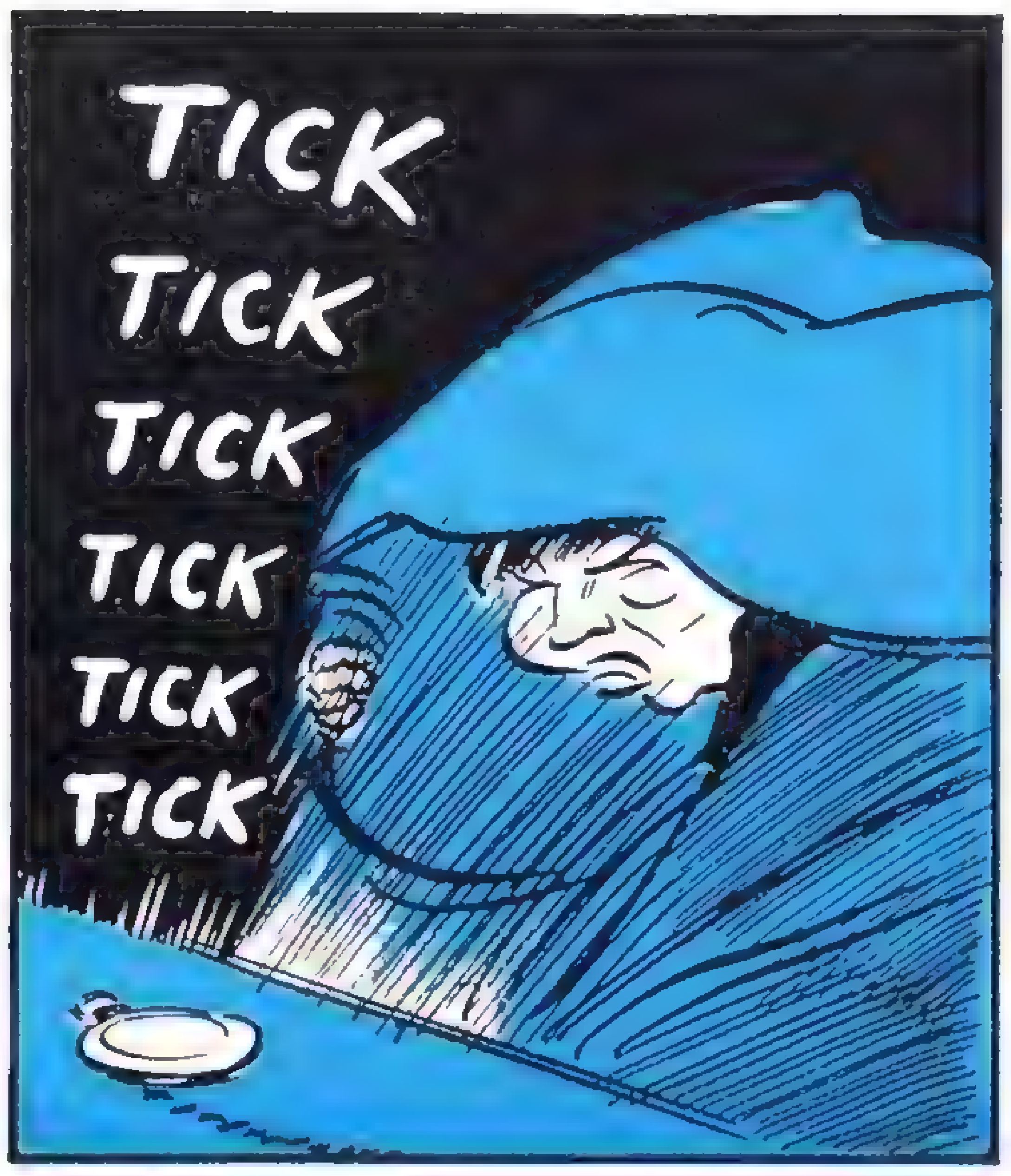
Just because they burned up energy is no longer any news,
All the great men worked themselves into their graves before their time.



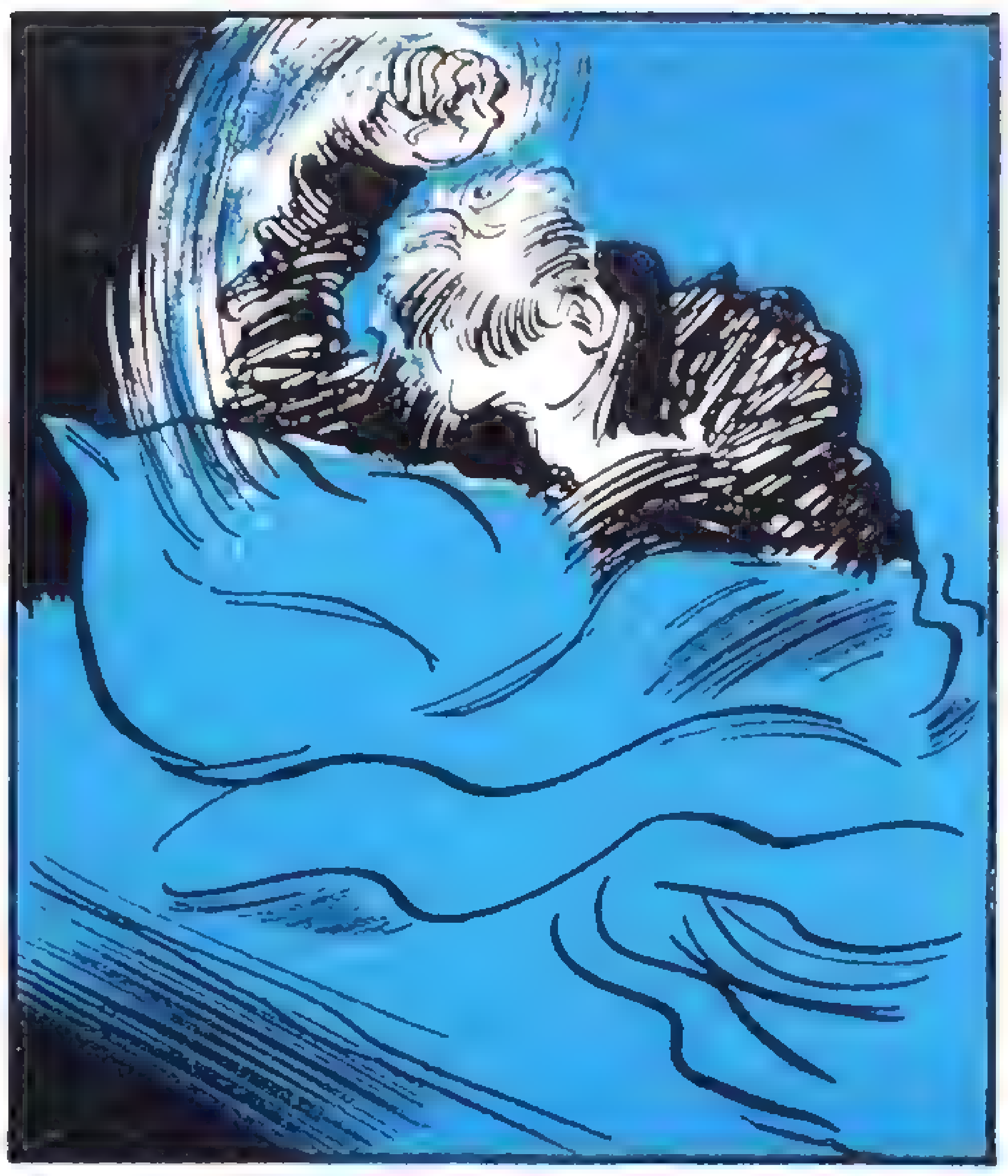
I don't want to write a book, invent, or win a Nobel prize.
All my wants are just the plain and simple kind:



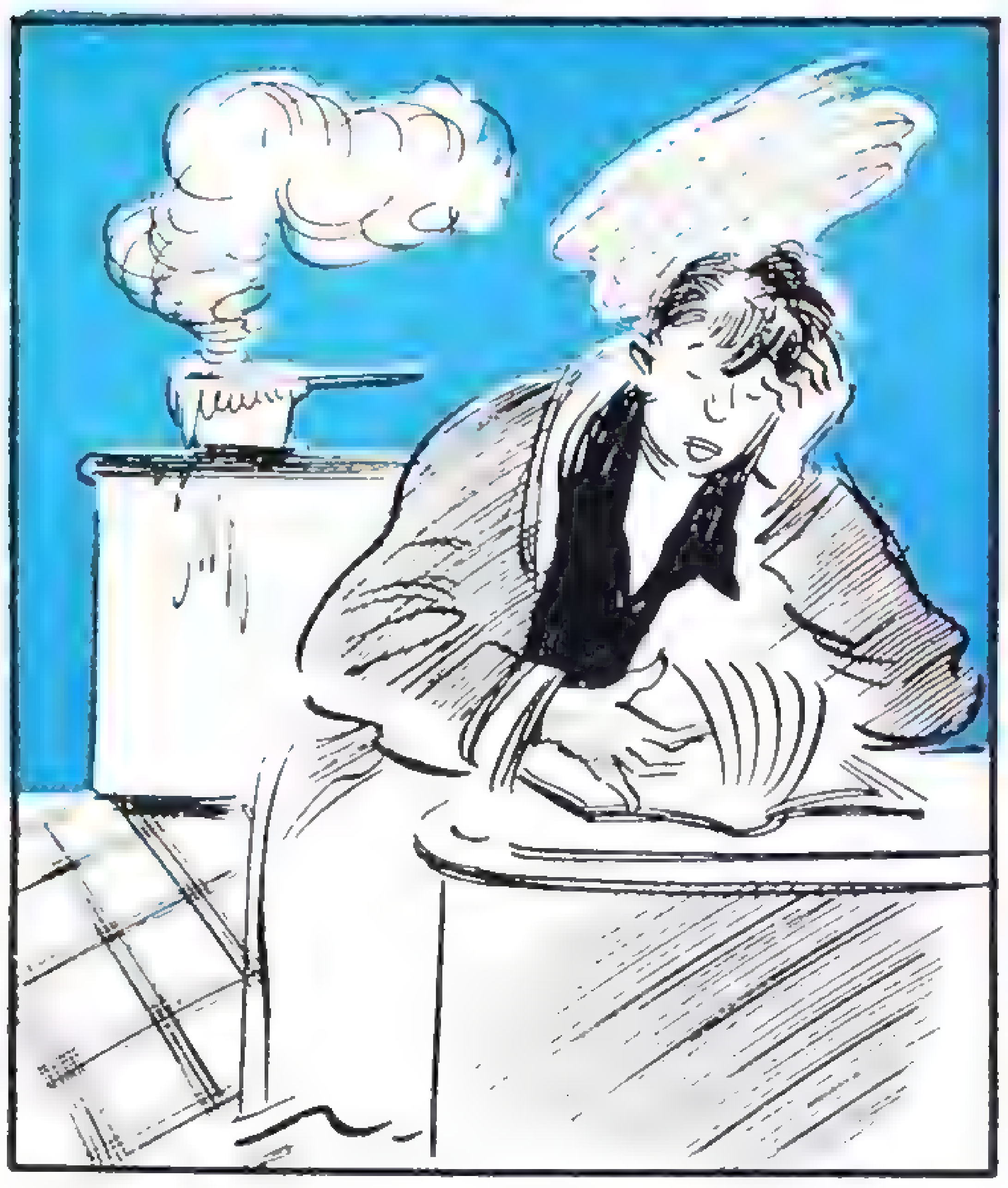
As you ball up all the lines and you go from bad to worse
With the "Walrus and the Carpenter," just what was it that they said?



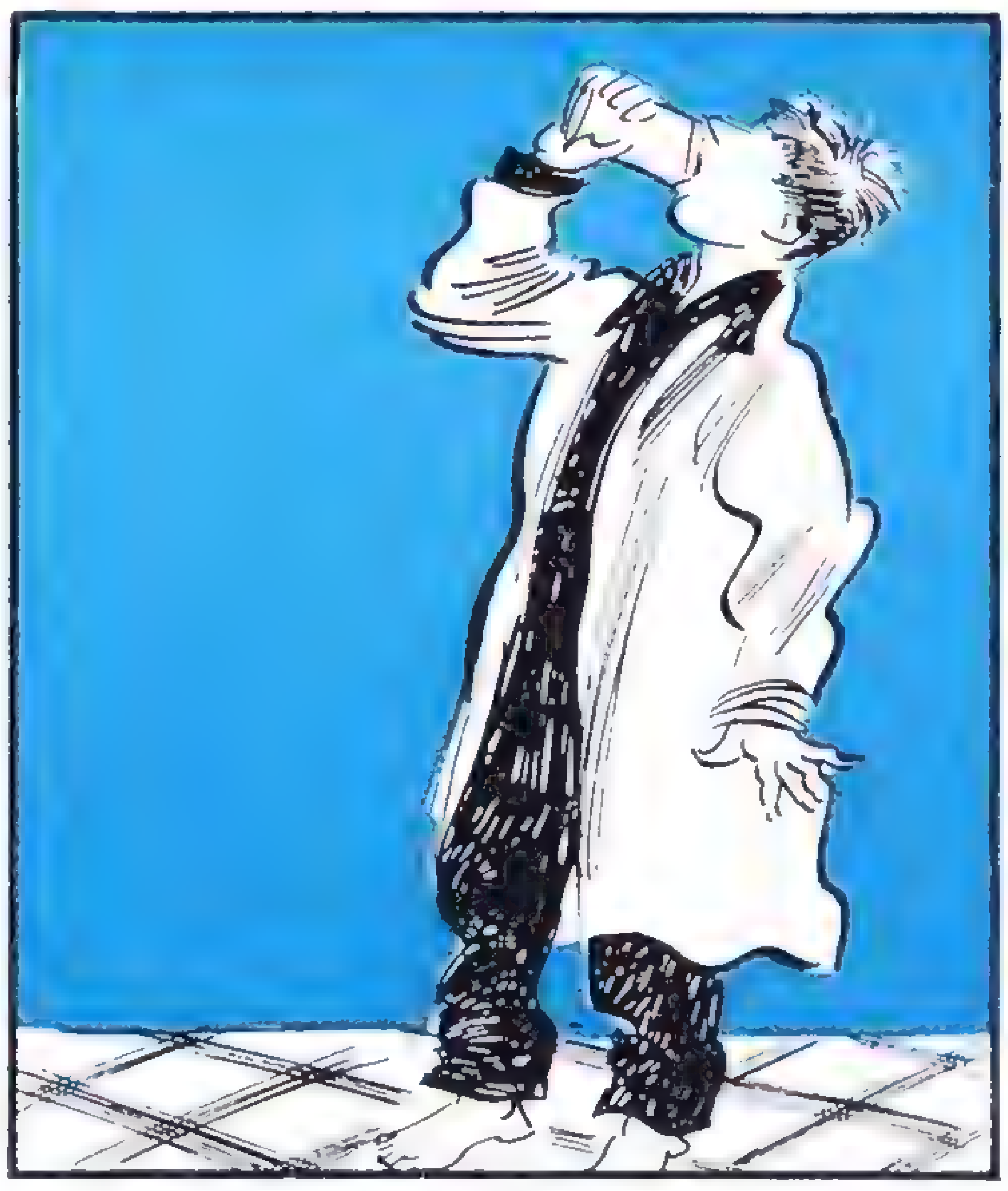
Do you try to think it's mental, Dr. Coué wasn't wrong,
While your watch ticks off each second like Big Ben,



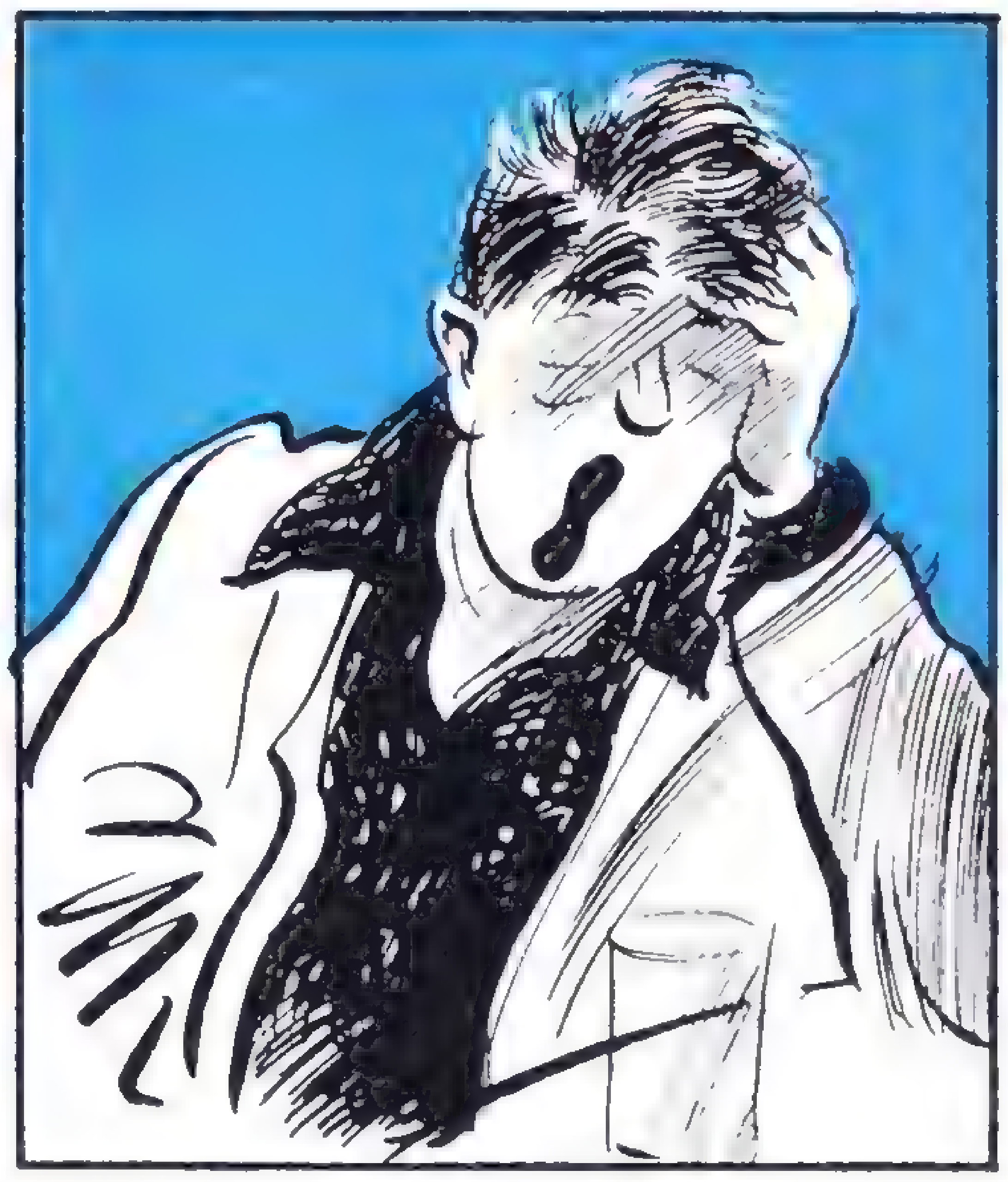
And your faculties get keener as each second ticks along,
Then the pillow-smoothing act starts off again.



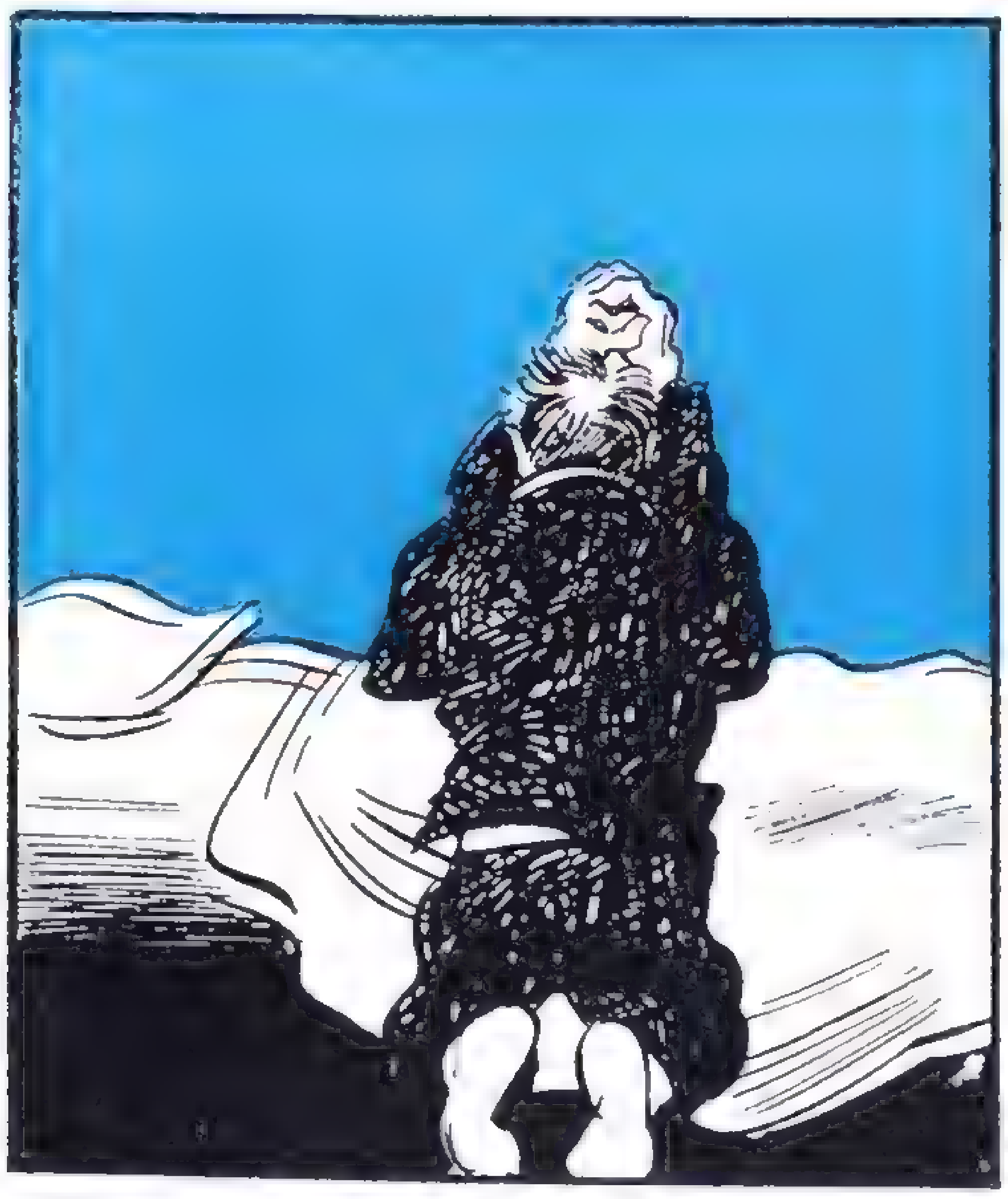
While it cools, you try to read. "Why, this book is Elmer Gantry!
Why the hell did Sinclair Lewis write such rot!"



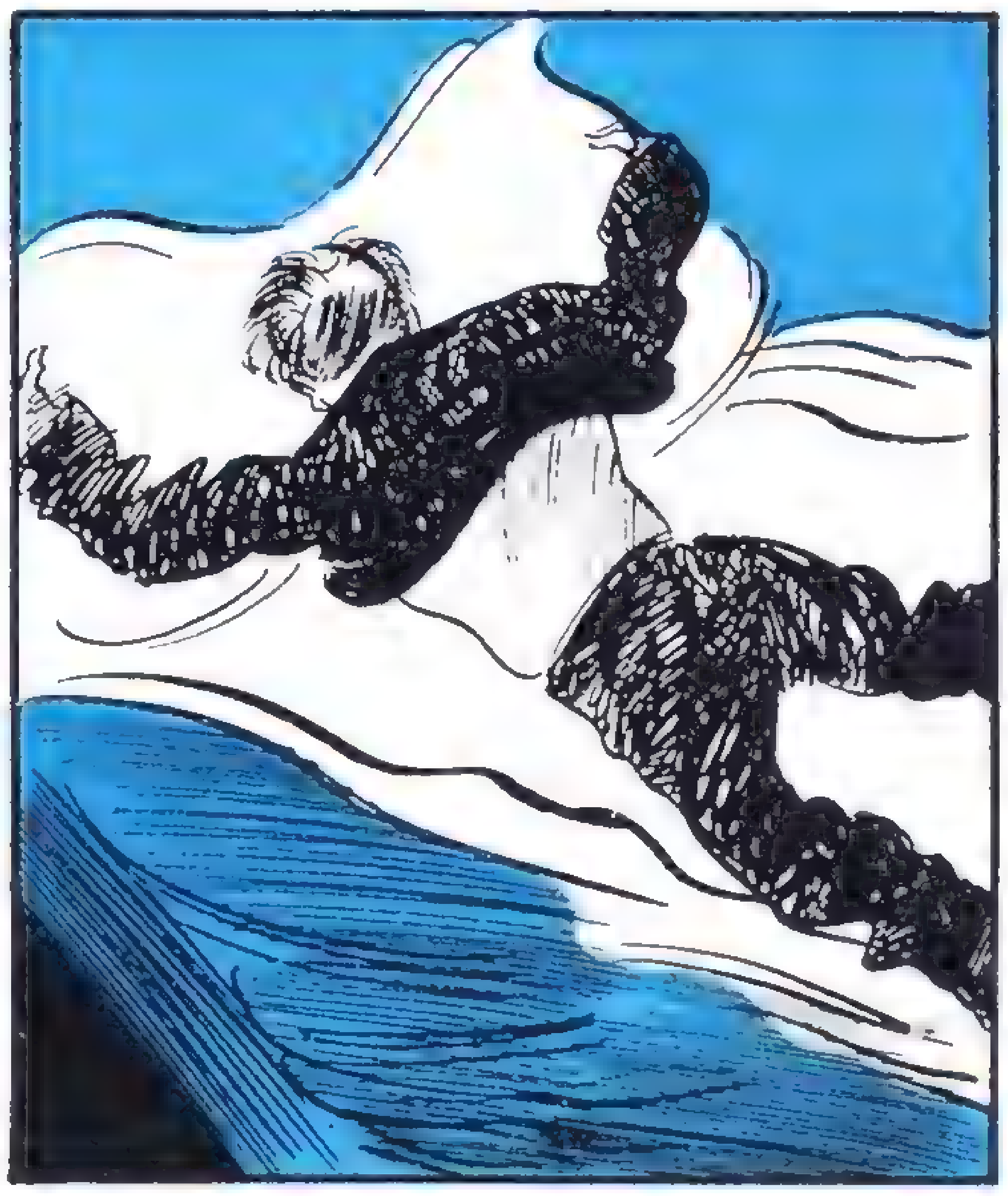
As you down the milk and ponder about life, and facts, and men,
Is it true that too much sleep dulls the facets of the mind?



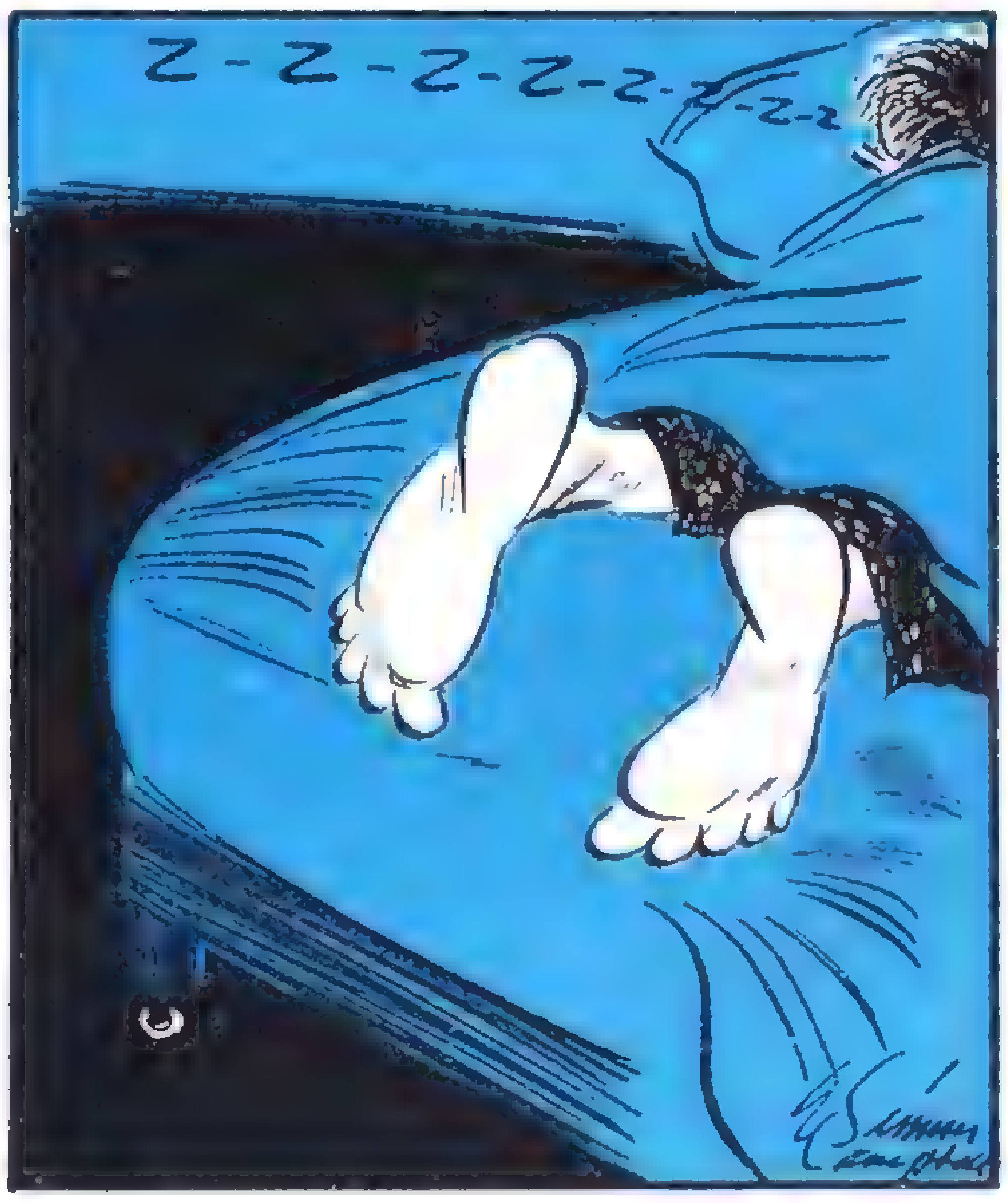
Was it Poe who couldn't sleep? No, he drank. Who was it then?
It was Edison who never went to bed at any time.



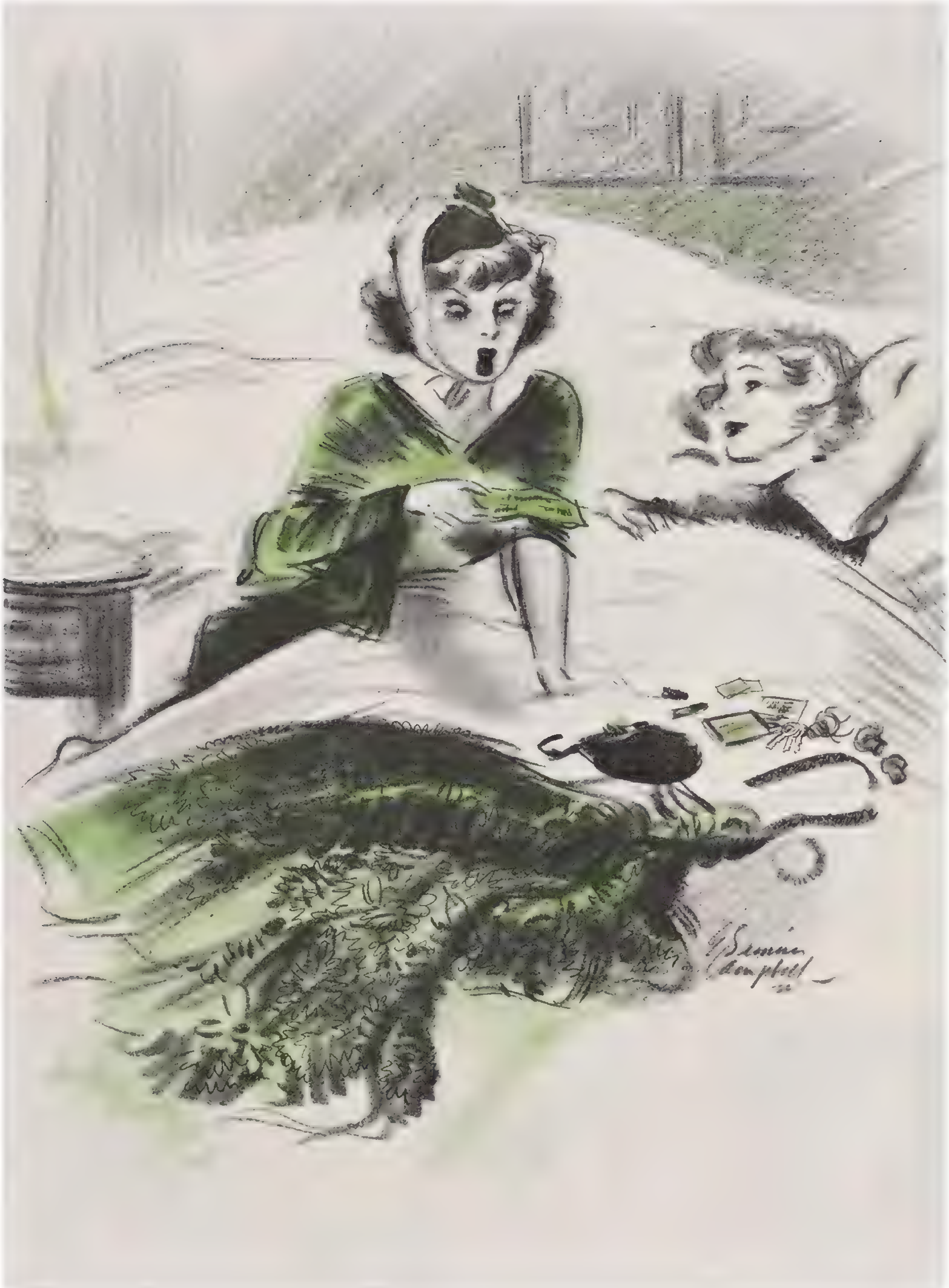
When I get into my bed and I start to close my eyes,
Let me sleep and not be bothered making rhymes;



Let my pajamas twist and creep up to my ears, around my head;
Let the sheets and pillows go in disarray;



Let my feet push out the mattress from the bottom of the bed;
Let me sleep like Rip Van Winkle every time I hit the hay!


E. Simms Campbell

"A check for five hundred dollars from Mr. Garrett! What did I do last night!"

Business Is Terrible

Her escort of the moment scarcely noticed when suddenly she folded and fell headlong on the parquet

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

On the high stool in front of the bar a gorgeous young girl was sitting. She couldn't have been more than nineteen. The glow of youth shone on her hair and on her smooth skin. Sparse, elegantly distributed flesh made her even more desirable. Her hands, her feet were beautiful. The most minute detail about her was beautiful. Even her nostrils, which were pink like the inside of a shell. And this magnificent creature, in addition to everything else, was well dressed. Her clothes, her shoes, her stockings, her perfume were all perfection. It was very becoming to her style that she wore no jewelry. As a matter of fact, she couldn't have worn jewelry anyway, because she had none. She was only a little "champagne cat" in her apprenticeship in the fashionable night club. Beside the girl a bald but otherwise hairy, bespectacled and tuxedoed chimpanzee was leaning against the bar. The chimpanzee was drunk; sang English songs, poured champagne into the girl and pinched her now and then.

The girl said to the waiter:

"Some almonds please."

The chimpanzee waved the waiter away.

"No almonds. I hate the things."

The girl meowed:

"But I would so like some."

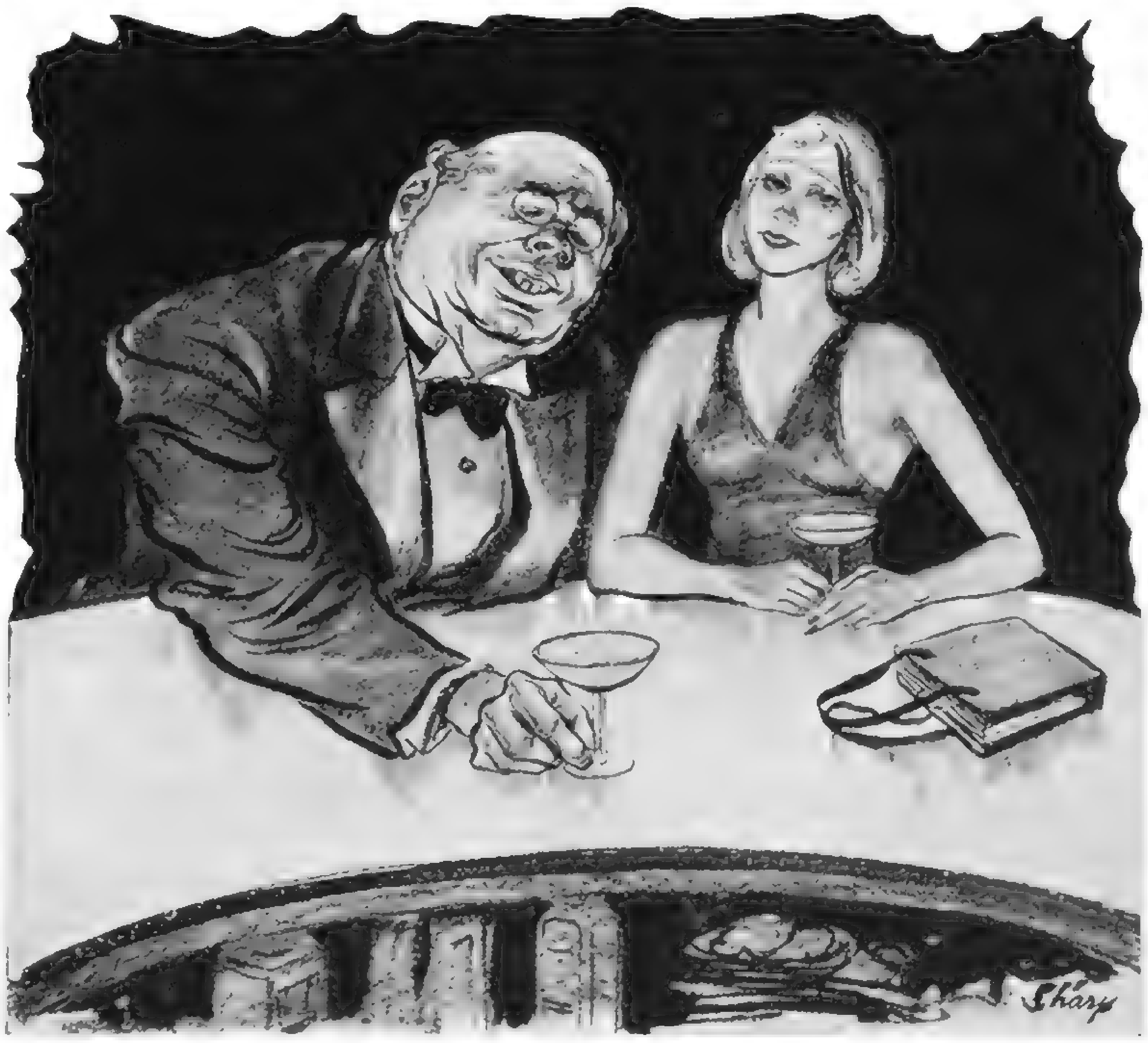
The chimpanzee stormed at the gorgeous little bird of paradise:

"No feeding here—just drinking. Drink!"

What could she do? He who has the money gives the commands.

The girl suppressed a sigh and obediently reached for her glass. She was just stirring her champagne with the little glass stick, to chase the carbon out of it, when suddenly she paled. She became as white as the wall. Not only her face, but even her neck. But the chimpanzee paid no attention to such details. He was only moderately interested when the girl folded up and, together with her chair, pitched headlong to the parquet. There was a tumult. The illuminated drum stopped for a second and the saxophone hiccuped, but the dancers and the couples who were basking in the scarlet darkness of the boxes hardly saw anything of the incident.

But everything was taken care of very quickly. The waiters carried the unconscious girl into the office and carefully laid her on the narrow oilcloth covered divan, which still smelt of carbolic acid from the last visit of the bedbug exterminator.



The alcohol suddenly evaporated from the chimpanzee's head and he took to flight lest he should be swept into some scandal.

The manager inquired:

"What happened to her? Did she get drunk?"

"She was dead sober," said the headwaiter seriously.

Among the patrons they found a physician who was willing to examine the unconscious girl.

It was not a difficult case. In five minutes the girl regained consciousness. And after a quarter of an hour, having made a penitent confession of her condition, she sat on the edge of the divan crying. The doctor called out to a waiter:

"Fix her some scrambled eggs and give her a big piece of bread and butter."

The magnificent little wench had fainted from hunger. She had not eaten for three days. That is, only two rolls in three days. So she had asked for almonds to put something solid into her stomach. No almonds. On an empty stomach the champagne went home.

The bread and butter and the eggs cured the girl at once, and she reluctantly revealed her horrible poverty to the nocturnal sages—the wise waiters, hideous hangers-on, parquet dancers, and used-up women gathered in the office. She had already been thrown out of her flat on account of overdue rent, and the landlady had kept her things. She was now living in a cheap little hotel. During the day she could not go out on the street because the only dress she had was the one she was wearing: work clothes. Silver lamé, the *décolletage* down to the waist in the back. When she put it on she looked as if she had just taken it off. In such a dress one cannot go to the movies or to a restaurant. She was a captive of the night and of the dive. Her credit had run out with all those friends from whom she had been accustomed to solicit small loans. In the night café where the entertainers go after work she had had a fight with the headwaiter. Her boyfriend, a poor reporter, was lying in the hospital following an appendectomy. She was lucky that she could save her perfume, her toilet articles, and a shift of underwear from the crash. She had to wash her own lingerie and stockings so that at eleven o'clock at night she could appear fresh and clean at her place of employment, where champagne flowed but where people laughed at anyone who wanted to eat.

Mr. Barna, the experienced manager of the dive, summed up his criticism in two words:

"Damn fool," he said roughly to the girl.

But the bird of paradise didn't feel at all insulted. She knew that she was right; that all this trouble didn't befall her because of any stupidity or any neglect of her own, but quite independently of her because of a long series of small misfortunes which were born in the long run from the world-wide depression of circumstances.

If there had been in the office some creature who earned his bread in broad daylight, he probably would have thought that this gorgeous little creature in her silver lamé gown, just putting rouge on her ravishing lips after the scrambled egg treatment, was innocent. He would have recognized the popular fairy-tale motif: A pure flower grows on the dunghill.

Yes, there was no doubt she was innocent, pure, moral; she could not have sold herself in this debased carnal fair. Her chastity withstood all temptations. She was the white lamb of purity; otherwise how could it have been possible for her to starve in this place where sin has such a high price?

But the man from the daylight would have been mistaken. This sweet little girl had lost her innocence so long ago that she couldn't even remember when it had been otherwise. She had been platinum blonde, Titian, and brunette. This time it was only through sheer caprice that she wore her own chestnut color. The

Continued at top of page 129

Scum of the Jungles

No one could destroy that enormous crocodile but the father of a virgin he'd eaten just before her marriage

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

Horrible in form, the dirtiest of living creatures and one of the most evil smelling, the crocodile is vicious, subtle, hypocritical, as yellow in temperament as he is in skin.

"Jungle's Scum," is the kindest name he rates among the African tribes whose hunters are not too frightened of him.

Other natives, defenseless against the calamities he brings them, make him a sort of evil god, both in the vague hope of placating him and for the unconscious need of finding an excuse for their own helplessness.

For what can mortal man do against the inexorable demands of an adverse divinity?

The most striking example of this passive attitude can be found near the borders of Belgian Congo proper and the Belgian Mandate Territory of Urundi, where the muddy, polluted waters of the Ruzizi River lose themselves in the blue immensity of the Lake Tanganyika.

The Wakapaga, who live around there, are the most miserable human beings one can imagine. The Belgians, since they first took over this country at the end of the World War, have poured in millions of francs and miracles of organization trying, to start with, to save these poor creatures from the sleeping sickness which during generations and generations has undermined the whole race.

But it takes more than a score of years to regenerate the Wakapaga. For they are not only the hereditary victims of one of the most terrible of tropical maladies, they are the descendants of discards as well—of the remnant of undersized, starving, crippled and sickly men and women disdained by the Arab slave traders throughout the periodical raids with which they afflicted the shores of the lake for centuries to keep the market of Zanzibar well supplied with black ivory.

And a cruel fate, not satisfied with the persecutions already lavished upon these poor underdogs of the Dark Continent, unleashed upon them yet another scourge. The mud and sand transported by the Ruzizi having accumulated at its estuary to form a big sand bar framed in pestilential swamps, the ideal home was created for the crocodiles. There they established themselves and multiplied, practically undisturbed. For what could the small, fearful, short-lived Wakapaga do against such a gang of monsters, each one fifteen or twenty feet and two or three tons of concentrated cunning and ferocity?

Lacking the stamina to fight their new enemies, the Wakapaga, with the passing of time, came to consider "the Great Ones" as some sort of implacable gods whom it was much safer to leave alone, except in very desperate circumstances. And they passively submitted themselves to the toll of virgins, children and cattle regularly taken, as a granted right, from the watering places that dotted the villages.

A more depressing atmosphere of moral desolation and human misery it would be difficult to find, and I felt it keenly from our first arrival in the country. An infectious sense of general oppression seemed to dominate everything and everybody, including myself. And I decided to make a short sojourn near the village of Kapaga only because I had some researches to make, and not with the hope of anything exciting. And yet, just in that dreary land, I stumbled upon an unexpected thrill.

My expedition was camped near the huts of a witch doctor with whom I had become quite friendly. For a week or so I had exchanged with him very elaborate compliments, some little presents and several visits, always hoping to see for myself the accomplishment of one of those "miracles" for which he was famed for a hundred miles around.

Usually, when I went to see him I found him in grave session with a particularly unobtrusive little man of indefinite age and timid appearance who, at my approach, would at once get up, salute me and efface himself in the darkest corner of the hut.

My curiosity having been aroused, one day I presented the wise man with a blanket I knew he wanted very much. Then, taking an indifferent expression, I asked him about this patient of his.

The old man smiled.

"This," he said, beckoning the little man to approach, "this is Naguka-guka, the father of the handsomest virgin our tribe has ever beheld. She was tall, *Bwana*, strong, big, fat, all round. A beauty! Such a beauty that a chief on the other side of the lake offered ten cows, all of ten cows, *Bwana*, to have her for his wife."

Naguka-guka modestly confirmed these statements by vigorous nods of his little head.

Then the old man went on with the story at great length. Briefly, about two months before our arrival and a week before her marriage, the girl had gone down to the river to fetch water. But she had never come back.

I could not understand how or why they knew it, but everybody in the village was certain that she had been devoured by "The Malignant One," an enormous crocodile which had lived for years in a near-by swamp, and which came out from it only now and then to appear suddenly at the watering place, snatch a choice morsel and vanish again, until the next good occasion.

"For," explained the witch doctor, "The Malignant One knows everything, sees everything. He is the greatest, oldest, most feared, of all the crocodiles of the Ruzizi. And he takes his prey only when he knows he can do so without danger for himself."

A thoughtful pause, then: "You see, *Bwana*, he is an invulnerable god whom no one can kill. Except, of course, the father of a virgin that he has eaten just before her marriage."

Instinctively my eyes turned to Naguka-guka, for the allusion was clear enough, and the little man must certainly be frightened to death only at the idea.

But the little man was still gravely nodding his head in approval. I couldn't hide my surprise.

"Do you mean to say that Naguka-guka is planning to kill the big croc himself? Has he got a rifle?"

"He alone, *Bwana*, can kill The Malignant One. *With his own hands*. Only thus will he free his daughter's spirit, so that it can find peace."

And that was all I could get out of him, for the time being.

A few days passed; the long talks between the witch doctor and his patient continued, and all I was able to obtain from the former was the promise that he would let me see what was to come. On the clear condition, however, that I would not interfere with the events, and his magic, whatever might happen.

Then one morning the sorcerer came to our camp.

"The time has come," he said very solemn-

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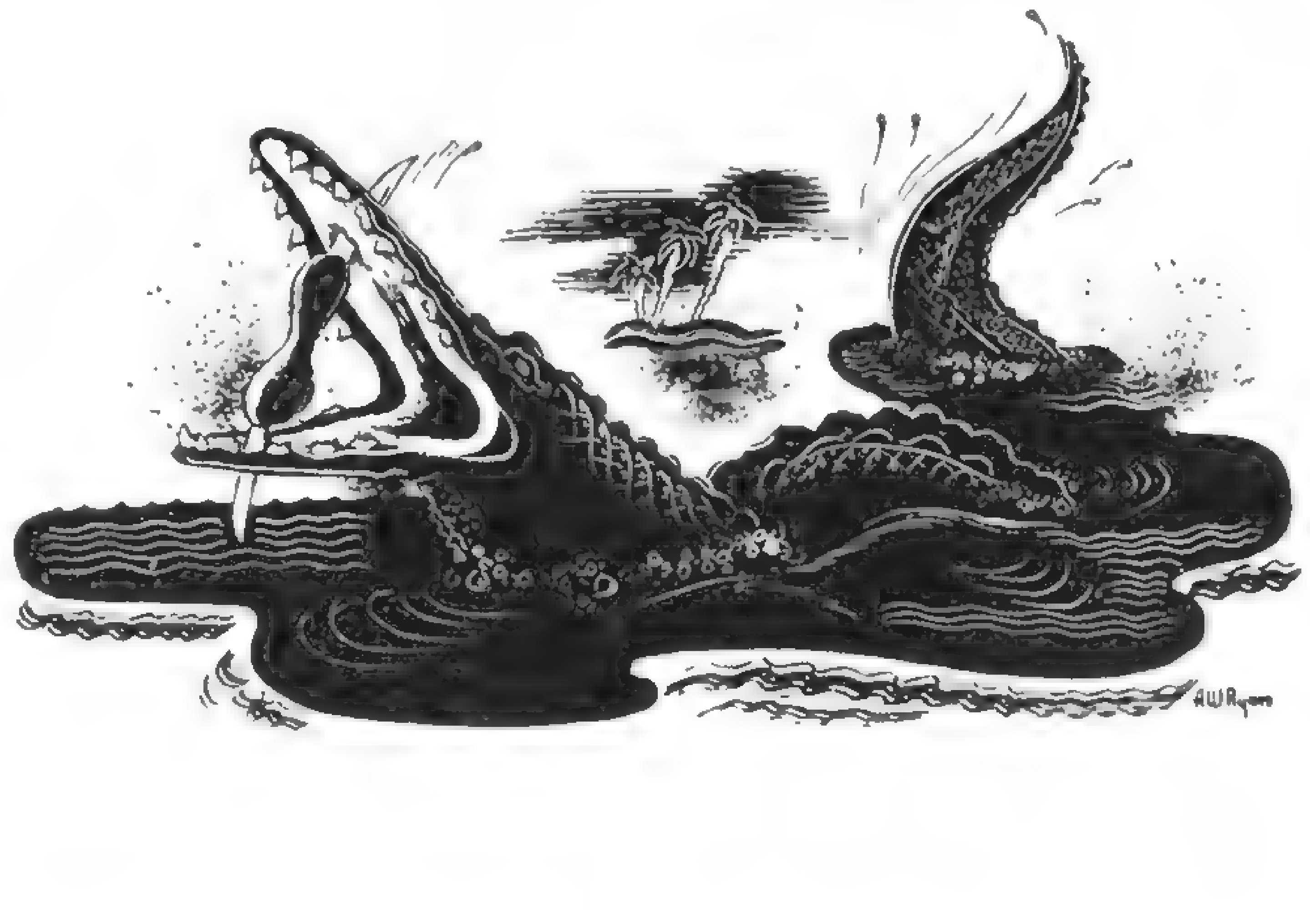
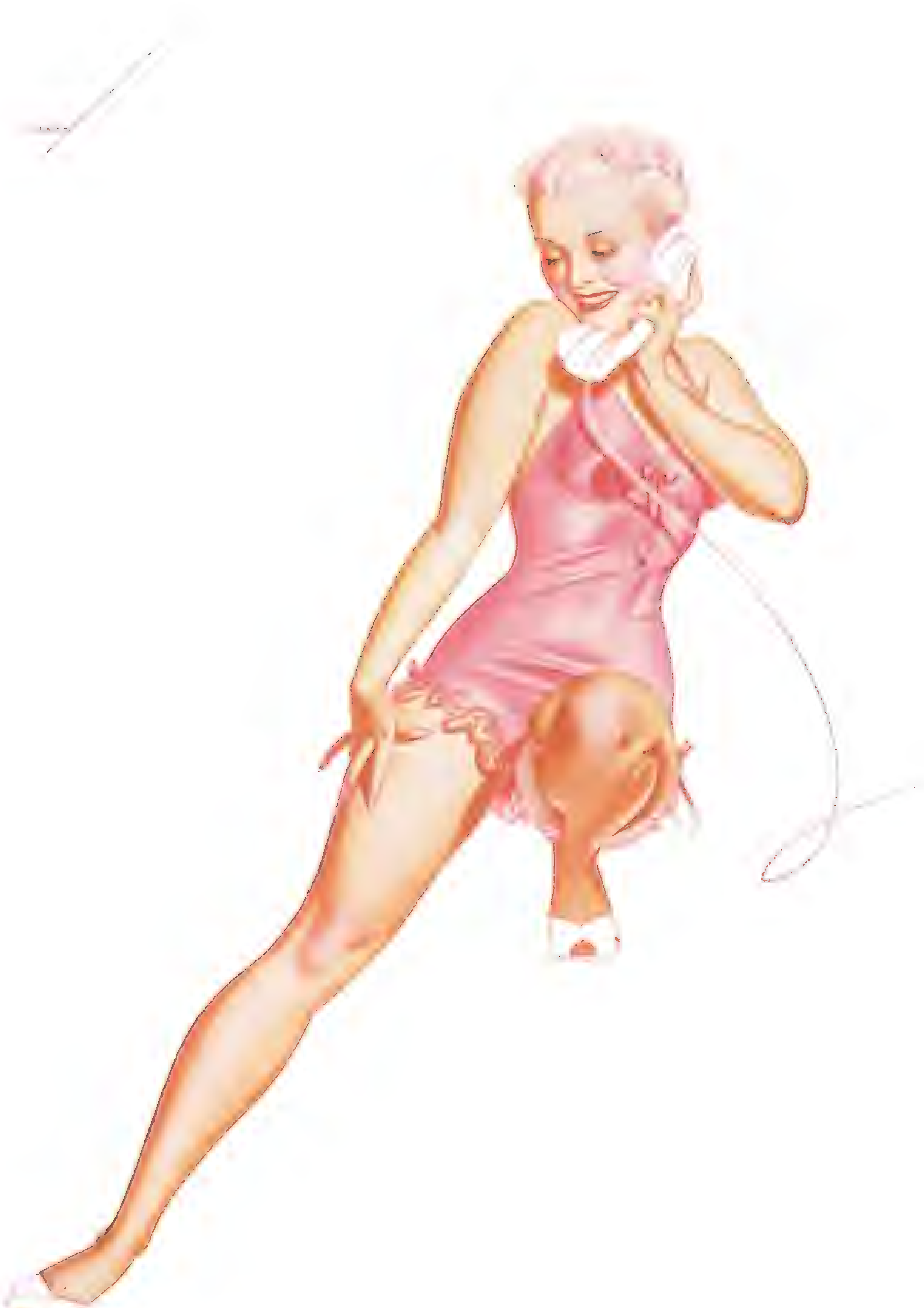
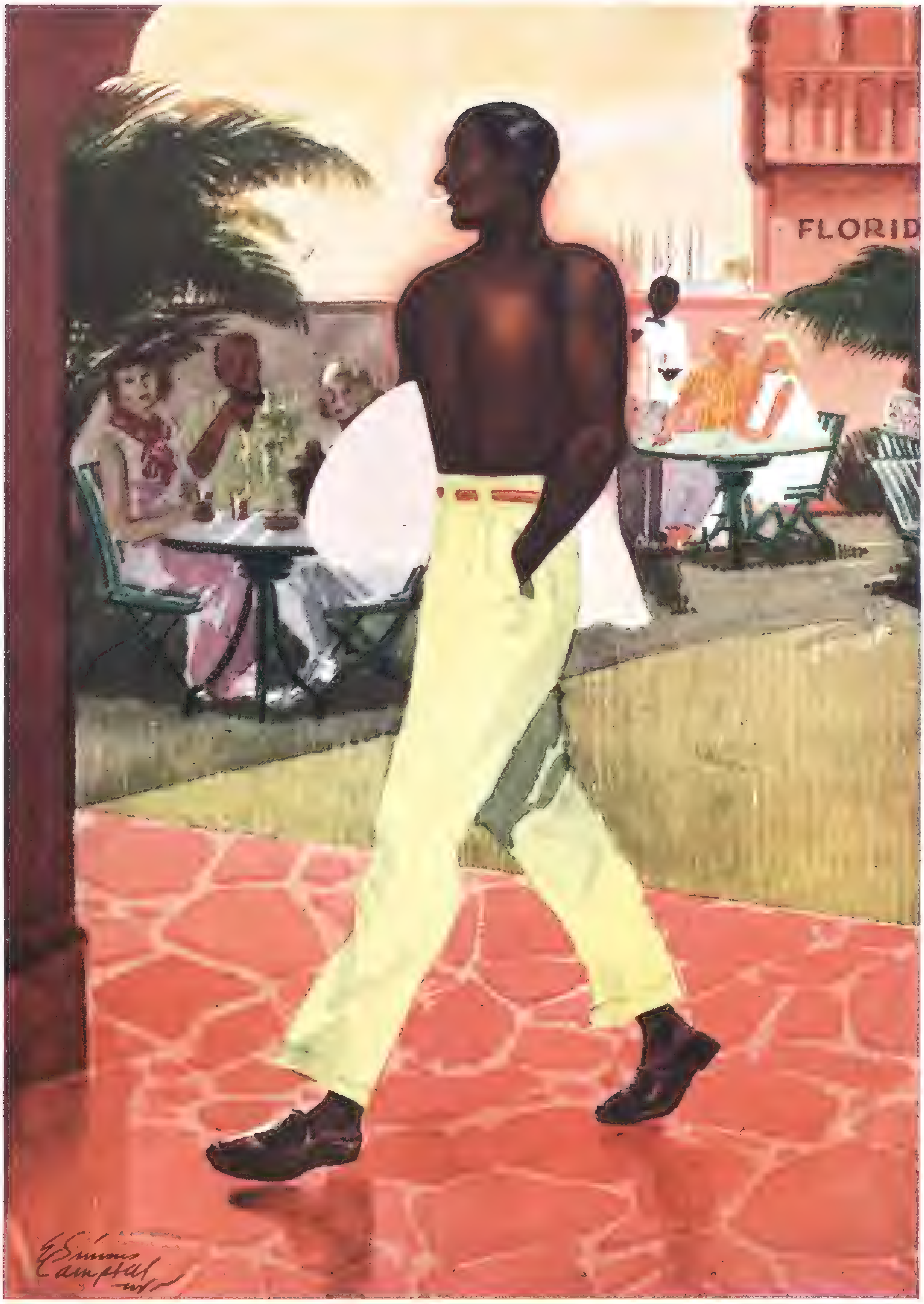




"Talk about ingratitude!—he never says a word about the times he hasn't found other men here!"


FLORID
E. Simms Campbell

"It's young Wooster—he overdoes everything!"

The King Is Not Dead

As unrest increases and countries have need of some unifying power, monarchs are coming into their own

by the ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF

• ARTICLE •

IT WILL be something of a surprise to most Americans to learn that on this modern whirling globe of ours nearly one-half of the world's inhabitants—more than seven hundred sixty-five million people, to be exact—still live under the monarchical form of government.

In fact, the pendulum seems to be swinging in the direction of more rather than fewer kings.

There has been a definite reaction from the post-war hysteria during which frenzied and confused peoples, having no other focal point on which to wreak vengeance for their suffering, took it out on their kings by chasing them and their families beyond the frontiers.

Twenty years have rolled by since Central Europe's war-weary nations dispossessed themselves of their monarchs. Those twenty years have culminated in a realization that there can be much worse disaster for a nation than any attributable to hereditary rule by monarchy.

In the grim present-day war between violently clashing political ideologies rocking the world in general and the internal affairs of many nations in particular, kings are coming into new glory as the mainsprings of stability and the balance wheels of patriotism.

Our current crop of kings is composed for the most part of modern, enlightened monarchs whose administrations have been streamlined to the 20th century needs of their countries. I have met many of these reigning sovereigns personally.

To some of them I am related by blood. I have been behind the scenes of a sufficient number of the world's remaining monarchies to observe intimately how they operate under the conditions of today.

Tony Palazzo

Far from being vestiges of a "dead era," these kings with few exceptions occupy positions of the utmost significance even in the modern scheme of things. In almost every instance, they are the unifying forces around which national pride and patriotic traditions are rallied.

Most of the present monarchs have lived through perilous times and experienced hardships that have linked them spiritually to the people they rule. Nearly all of them have been trained meticulously for their tasks—drilled from early youth to dedicate their lives to the welfare of their subjects. Many are quite young—definitely of this generation—and those that are old have geared themselves to the modern tempo of life. An average of the ages of the world's principal monarchs is forty-three. Kings are really in a strategic position to visualize and pursue the broadest welfare of their people.

A king can remain aloof from the whims of partisan politics and yet keep opposing groups in line by providing a stable continuity of government that owes its existence not to this or that particular party but to a unified system predicated on political impartiality and a keen sensitivity to the public will.

It is often argued that the hereditary regimes of royal dynasties constitute a recurrent gamble on the character and integrity of future heirs to the throne. But is this actually any more of a gamble than yanking this or that politician out of the grab bag of a general election that is more often than not dominated by machine politics?

Certainly the victor in popular elections has not always proved a satisfactory choice. Even though the victor be honest and sincere, he is usually so bound up with political promises and partisan pledges that his effectiveness as an administrator is seriously hampered if not destroyed.

Let no reader suspect that I am in any way hinting that the way for America to settle any problems she may have is to find herself a king and place him on a golden throne in Washington.

The democratic traditions of the United States are quite safe from the effect of anything I may write in this article. In fact, your president has much more actual power in his own country than most reigning European monarchs.

King Haakon VII of Norway once told the American ambassador at Oslo by way of a royal jest:

"I'm afraid you Americans think us too democratic; your president is a king for four years, while I am only a constitutional president for life."

I may be accused as a member of royalty of seeking to present a biased argument in behalf of monarchy, but let me hasten to explain here and now that I write as one who has seen both sides of the question; one who has toiled with his own hands and made a living by the sweat of his brow as an ordinary factory worker among other workers, during the lean years of my family's exile from our native land.

The fact that I am of royal blood did not shield me from the suffering and privation of the post-war years and for that I am thankful because it has given me a broader insight into the ways of men and governments.

It is pretty safe to predict that as one outcome of Spain's bloody civil war a monarchy will be set up again in Madrid probably with Don Juan—youngest of King Alfonso's three sons- on the throne. I have lived most of my years of exile in Spain and I am sure the Spanish people are beginning to realize that they were much happier under the monarchy than they have been since the upheaval as a result of which the so-called Republic came into being.

In near-by Portugal too there is a rising tide of sentiment for the restoration of the traditional Portuguese monarchy under the rule of twenty-nine-year-old Dom Duarte, the handsome athletic duke of Braganza, heir to the throne vacated by former King Manuel II of Portugal when he was driven out in 1910.

France, torn by internal unrest and industrial strife, is nurturing a powerful monarchist movement with more than three million adherents who hope to see the young Count de Paris restored to the throne of his ancestors. The French Royalists believe such a restoration would prove the political salvation of the country by providing a central authority over France's bitterly opposed po-

Continued in center of page 148

Jacob Smiles on Fortune

They kept telling Jacob that a black boy has a future the same as anyone else if he stays put and works hard

by HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

• FICTION •

This boy came from somewhere in the Transkei, where the great rounded hills billow up toward the heavens, and the white clouds billow down toward the round hills until there seems little space between. He came barefoot and in tatters, with a smile on his black face and a wide-eyed curiosity which at times approached the supreme inflection of wonder. In this innocence of good nature and this immensity of speculation there must have been the kindling of destiny, for of all the thousands of black boys in the lofty territories across the Great Kei, this one child of fortune walked directly and without effort into an identity in the white man's world.

"You, boy, take that shovel and lend a hand!" said the landlord of the Royal Hotel.

The landlord's name was Harry Guinn, and he was a man with drooping cheeks, watery eyes, and skin a shade too red from the habit of drink. He had just come into a small legacy and was having the public water "laid on" in the hotel. The black boy from the hills did lend a hand, and when the work was finished he remained as an outdoor man of rough labor. Soon he was wearing a heavy blue coat with shreds of old black braid dangling from the front. The buttons were gone, but he girded it around the waist with rope and allowed the tails to drag about his ankles. Besides the coat, Mr. Guinn had given him a name. He was Jacob.

The place where this christening occurred is marked by the issuance of a muddy South African river into the sea, between two vast rocky portals which the stream grooved deeply long ago. Out of the rising bluffs the tree trunks grow from precarious holds, twisting and reaching upward like gray sinews elementally dissected and put on public show. Above the crests the green takes hold in tropical profusion, and it spreads also along the river banks. In this way the majesty of nature provides for the eye of the European vacationer the distinctly European reward known as a view.

Under the escarpments at the river mouth the white people had built their hotel and their cluster of dwellings, all the color of cream or terra cotta.

Some were large, with terraces and lawns, like the seaside residence of Colonel Horatio Waterman which stood on the first rise under the southerly bluff. Others were smaller and less neat. But all these buildings had one thing in common: their roofs, whether of galvanized iron or tile, were bright red, so that the settlement gleamed like a gay flag when one looked down from the heights above. Thus Jacob had peered over the knife-edges of rock, and the color in the sunlight had trolled him to his career.

Mr. Harry Guinn leaned over his public bar at eleven in the morning, regarding the patch of sunlight outside with a slow gaze of satisfaction. Across this trail of outer heat and glare flew a large fly, and Mr. Guinn's eye dwelt upon it with much the same slow contentment with which it fell a moment later upon Jacob as he passed the doorway wheeling a barrow.

The fly was nothing more than a natural accessory of the world, and so was the black boy. Mr. Guinn drew his cigar in and out between his lips, and it crossed his mind that Jacob was well-settled in life and that this was the way to handle the native problem. Give them something to do, and let them improve themselves. He could see Jacob advancing in the course of years to inside porter and perhaps then to waiter, affording a model for other black boys who might come down from the hills after him.

Just now the inner door of the bar opened, and the big farmer who had been recuperating at the Royal for a few days shoved himself in with his long legs. Atlee Hinton had shaggy eyebrows and deep eyes, and he peered at Mr. Guinn. The Hintons were almost the only guests of the hotel, for it was the rainy season on the coast.

"We'll be pushing on after lunch," said Mr. Hinton. "I wish you'd have a boy strap my luggage on the rear rack of the car."

"I'll attend to it," said Mr. Guinn.

Then Mr. Hinton ordered a lager, and the two men leaned over the bar. They saw Jacob pass the doorway again in the full sunlight, against a background of road which had just been made wet-tawny instead of dry-tawny by a sudden shower. The boy's face was shiny with the heat, but his great coat was wrapped tightly around his slender body. He was smiling.

"That's the same boy we saw here last year," observed Mr. Hinton.

"Yes," said Mr. Guinn. "He's been with me fourteen months now."

"Then I suppose he knows he's well off. I wish my boys did. Most of these boys, in spite of all you can do for them, won't get out of the habit of trekking. When they have most to gain by staying put, up they rise and start away."

"Not this boy," said Mr. Guinn. "Not Jacob. I've talked to Jacob, oh several times, for his own good. I've explained it to him that he has a place here, with a future. He knows what it is to be ambitious, Jacob does. He'll be getting on."

"Good you've made him see," said Mr. Hinton, and went out.

As the hour of two approached, the landlord went to the back door to yell for Jacob. At first there was no response, but soon the clumsy blue coat approached from around the corner of a galvanized iron garage. Only Mr. Guinn's instinct for observing strange details made him notice that the boy in the coat was not Jacob. He roared out questions in a mixture of English and Kaffir words, but the answers of the changeling black boy were not informative.

The new boy did not know where Jacob might be. He was willing to do the bidding of the baas, but this was a secondary concern. The essence of the matter was that Jacob had traded him the blue coat, and it just happened that the blue coat carried with it the less tangible consideration of a job at the Royal Hotel.

Disgruntled as he found himself, Mr. Guinn accepted the situation and watched the new boy awkwardly strap the Hinton luggage in place. When the tall farmer and his wife came down they noticed the great coat, but not until they drove away did Mrs. Hinton observe the boy's face.

"Why that's not the same boy. That's a new one," she said.

"Oh no, it's the same one. Been here fourteen months," said Mr. Hinton.

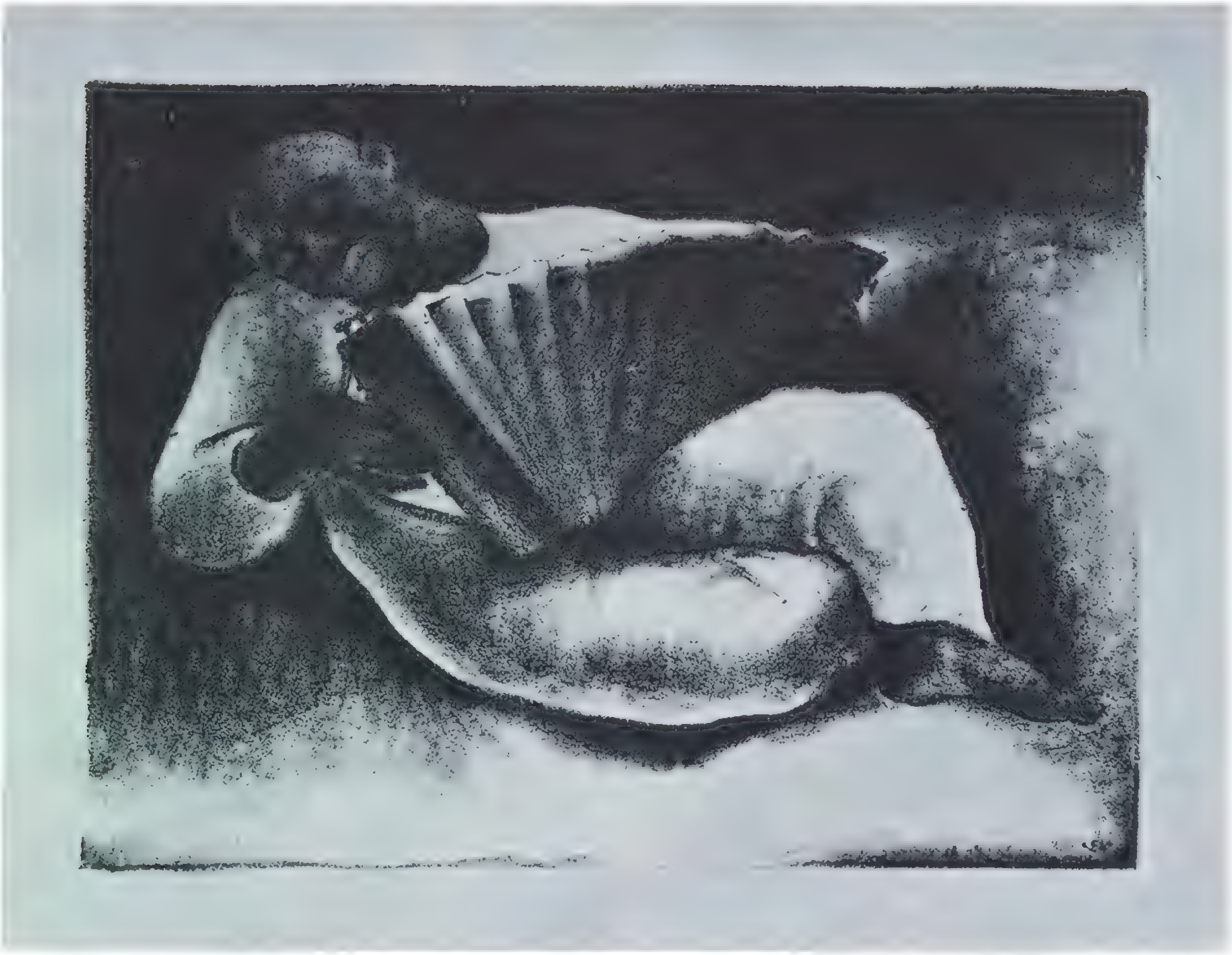
"But I'm sure . . ." began Mrs. Hinton.

"Knows natives, Guinn does," said her husband.

At that moment Jacob was climbing a long and twisting road into the hills, a road that was notched along the edges of deep green valleys and about the round tops of green summits. The native cattle lumbered out of his way, and naked black children ran at his heels as long as they could keep up. Between his two hands Jacob carried a concertina trimmed with red tassels. The concertina was not new, but time and weather had hurt it little. As he walked he made music which was like the wind and the rain, the sunlight and the moonlight, the feeling of a fair day in the hills, and like the longing and fulfillment which struggled in the heart.

There was a smile on Jacob's face. He was barefoot and in tatters. Back into the hills he trekked, and there was no such thing as distance. There was only the music, there was only the place to which he came, there was only the day in which he lived. He went far and was gone a long time, but no one asked about his wanderings, and when he was next seen by white men he had appeared at Lukisiki, which is a trading village consisting of a few houses, a store, a hotel with a bar, and much bare red earth which endlessly bleeds out its burning color until it hurts the eyes.

The concertina, wet with rain and faded with sunlight, was also broken beyond repair. Jacob was wearing the tassels which had been red, and one of his trouser legs



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

was rolled up to display a nickel ankle ring.

At Lukisiki Jacob found a white man enlisting natives for work in the pits of Kimberley. This man told many things which Jacob had heard before from Mr. Guinn: how any black boy could make his way in the world, and own property, and how he ought to work hard in one place. The man also told of the good things there would be to eat in Kimberley. It happened that Jacob was hungry, having lived for a long time on mealie meal and a little grease. Soon, therefore, he was a recruit for the mines, and over his rags he was wearing a brown blanket with stripes. At one corner was a label with the words, "Pondoland Special—Made in Italy."

The railway carriage Jacob was in blossomed with clusters of smiling black faces protruding from the windows. When so many piled off the train at a station, to stretch their legs and chatter, Jacob got off the wrong side and in the confusion did not get on again at all. After the train had left, to his surprise, he started off over the veld as if nothing had happened. Where he went and how much time passed he did not notice. The days on the grassland, passing flat-topped kopjes under limitless domes of blue sky, were as one day only; the chilly nights were as one night.

One day Atlee Hinton, the farmer, said to his wife that the boy they had noticed at Guinn's hotel had turned up. Mr. Hinton was among the new farmers who took the native problem seriously. He built stone houses for his boys, with three rooms and fireplaces. But the boys stuffed up the chimneys and built fires in the middle of the largest room, and asked to tear down the partitions so that they could live Kaffir fashion.

At this time Jacob had no new brown blanket, but he did have a small donkey with a white nose. His clothes were rags, but in his ears were shiny brass rings and he had three bright spoons hanging around his neck on a red scarf. Also he wore a leather dispatch case with two broken straps.

Mr. Hinton saw Jacob as part of the native problem, and kept him on. The donkey grazed with other donkeys on the veld. Almost every day Mr. Hinton talked seriously to Jacob and urged him to sell the donkey, for it is well known that native boys keep donkeys only so that some day they may trek. This was only a small, gentle animal, but it was a symbol of unrest. At last Jacob did as Mr. Hinton advised.

After that, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton felt better. They told one another that Jacob would stay and do well, and occupy one of the stone houses. He seemed to learn rapidly, and could now speak English with a precise Colonial accent, saying "you see" and "jolly good" with the right manner.

But a time came when there was a tingling of a strange bell, and Jacob sped along the red farm road in a cloud of dust and a purr of speed. In exchange for all that he had saved, he had acquired a Japanese bicycle, and the bell was loud, the tires were smooth, and the nickel work was dazzling to the eye. Mr. Hinton knew now why he had parted with the donkey. As long ago as that, Jacob had envisioned the glory of the bicycle; so long it had been foreordained that against all reason and all promise of fortune, he would trek. And now Jacob trekked. Across the veld they saw him go, and a cloud of dust was visible long after the sound of the bell had gone with Jacob into the unknown.

Where he went and how much time passed Jacob had no way of knowing. The nights were all one, and the days were all one. But in due course these twin unities were wrapped in a shroud of their own, and were gone. The bicycle was wrecked beyond hope of repair. Jacob had ridden it in sun and in rain. He had taken dizzy coasts and run into rocks, bogs, trees, brush, sand, water and cows. He had bumped over long miles of road so corrugated that it made his teeth chatter and lamed his joints. The bicycle and the adventure were spent.

Barefoot and in tatters the black boy walked the hills, and at length he came again to the knife edges of rock and looked down upon the red roofs of the settlement by the river mouth. He looked and was drawn to a new descent. Hungry and tired he sat under a tree and waited, but nothing happened. Many other black boys passed him by.

Jacob did not speak to Mr. Guinn at the Royal Hotel, but he watched the guests come and go. The resort season was at its peak, and the hotel was crowded. The dining room stood apart, in a separate building at the end of a covered passage which was embowered in flowering vines. The sides of this small

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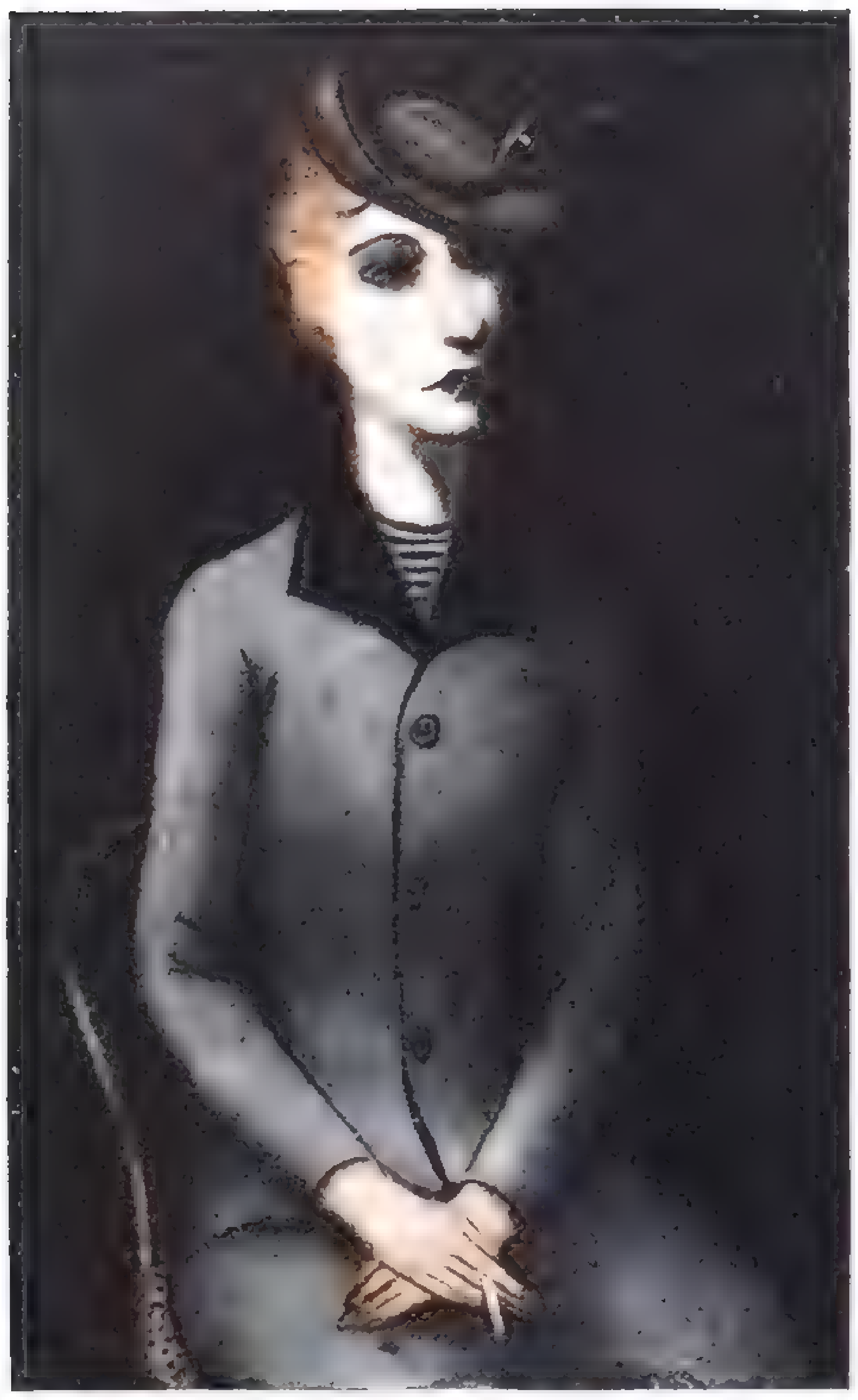
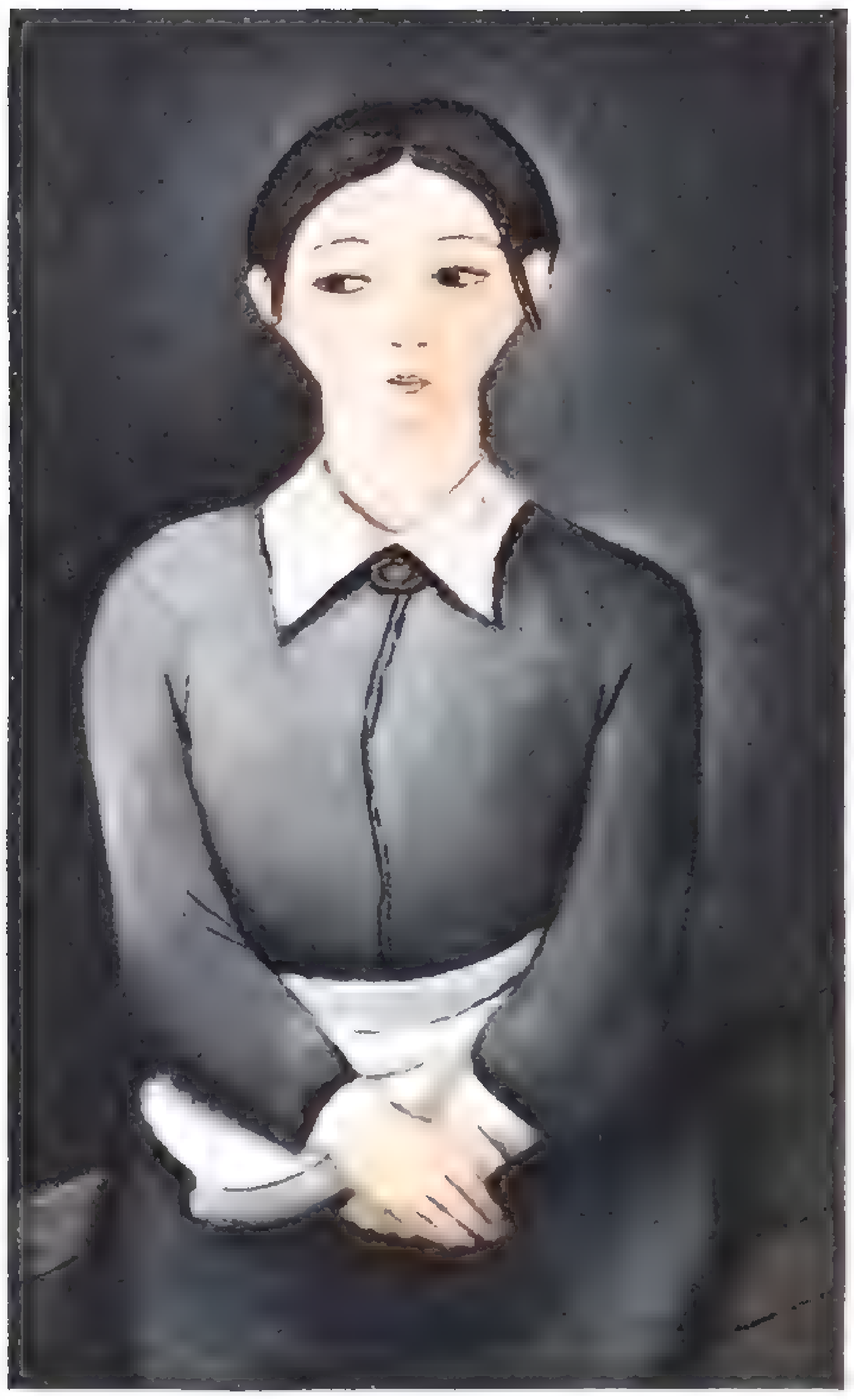




Four Poems

by JESSE STUART

TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

City Girl

She would not go with me to better clay.
I left her standing on the cold-stone street.
I turn the loam and breathe clean wind today,
The wind of spring, so blue and clean and sweet.
Had she but come with me I think she would
Have soon found consolation in the hills,
The music of the blue creeks pouring floods
And spring-beginning songs of whippoorwills.
I thought she would have loved the wild rose bloom
And little snow-white banks of young percoon;
Surely she would have loved this spacious room,
The windy skies, the high-blue afternoon.
It's shameful she is there and I am here
And she is missing all this pretty weather,
And little shack that I've prepared for her
Where we'd be lonely but content together.

Defense of Serpent

I am a snake: if I could speak I'd say:
"Why do you call your fellow man 'a snake'
When he has wronged you in some sort of way
And nearly caused your human heart to break?
We catch our living harvests same as man,
Sly in the shifting shades of evil night;
We better snakes war Copperhead's vile clan,
Our rattling tails drum music when we fight!
We snakes go through our lives each with one lover.
After we're resurrected in the spring
From different beds, we search and find no other.
Among you is it not a different thing?
Dear fellow man with habits more to blame,
It breaks our hearts to hear you proudly take
Our names in vain to elevate your name!
Few men attain the honor of 'a snake'!"

Mountain Woman

Brown as the autumn oaks her waving hair,
Her voice the same as mumbling mountain water;
She lives among Kentucky's dark hills where
Gray-bluffs of stone re-echo her clean laughter.
She was not born to walk on streets of stone,
Her strong legs carry her through mountain mud
And up the bony-ridge paths she has known.
She breathes the wind of spring from bursting bud.
I've seen the sweat stream down her sun-browned face
When she was digging with her well-worn hoe
Tall ragweeds from the fertile loamy place
Around a rotted-stump in her corn row.
So many nights we two have gone together
When the yellow mountain moon was high and full,
And all night long she'd be my dancing partner,
And we'd forget the corn and hoes and mule.

The Unforgiving

You with hair dark as winter moonless night,
Who lift your proud feet highly in the wind,
Condemning your poor sister's helpless plight;
Better for you if you had only sinned!
Better to give companionship to man
Than take your strong proud body back to earth;
The worms won't question if you're Puritan,
Or if you made Life's overtures to mirth.
Therein that lonely silent banquet hall
No silver wind can touch your handsome face;
No flowers will bloom, no lovers stop to call
And kiss your lips or hold you in embrace!
Disintegrating Time at last will bind you
Therein Earth's jail of everlasting gloom;
His tiny devastating thieves will find you
As they have found your Sister's sinful room!

The Non-Conformist

If Dr. Cole had had just a few years more he could have licked the pants off the table d'hôte

by DOUG WELCH

• SATIRE •

There must be thousands of persons still alive in the United States and Canada who never knew Dr. Angus R. Cole by name, but who even today faintly recall him as the gentleman they once saw eating a table d'hôte backward.

During the last two years of an otherwise stubbornly conventional life, it was the good doctor's practice to call first for his dessert, then work steadily backward through the salad, entree, soup and cocktail courses to the appetizer. He did this because it annoyed waiters whom he regarded as a stuffy and unimaginative lot, and because he disliked the table d'hôte *per se*, and bitterly resented the fact that a meal made up of à la carte items invariably cost more than the so-called "regular" dinner. I suppose a great many persons have felt this way about the table d'hôte, but Dr. Cole was the only one I ever knew who did something about it.

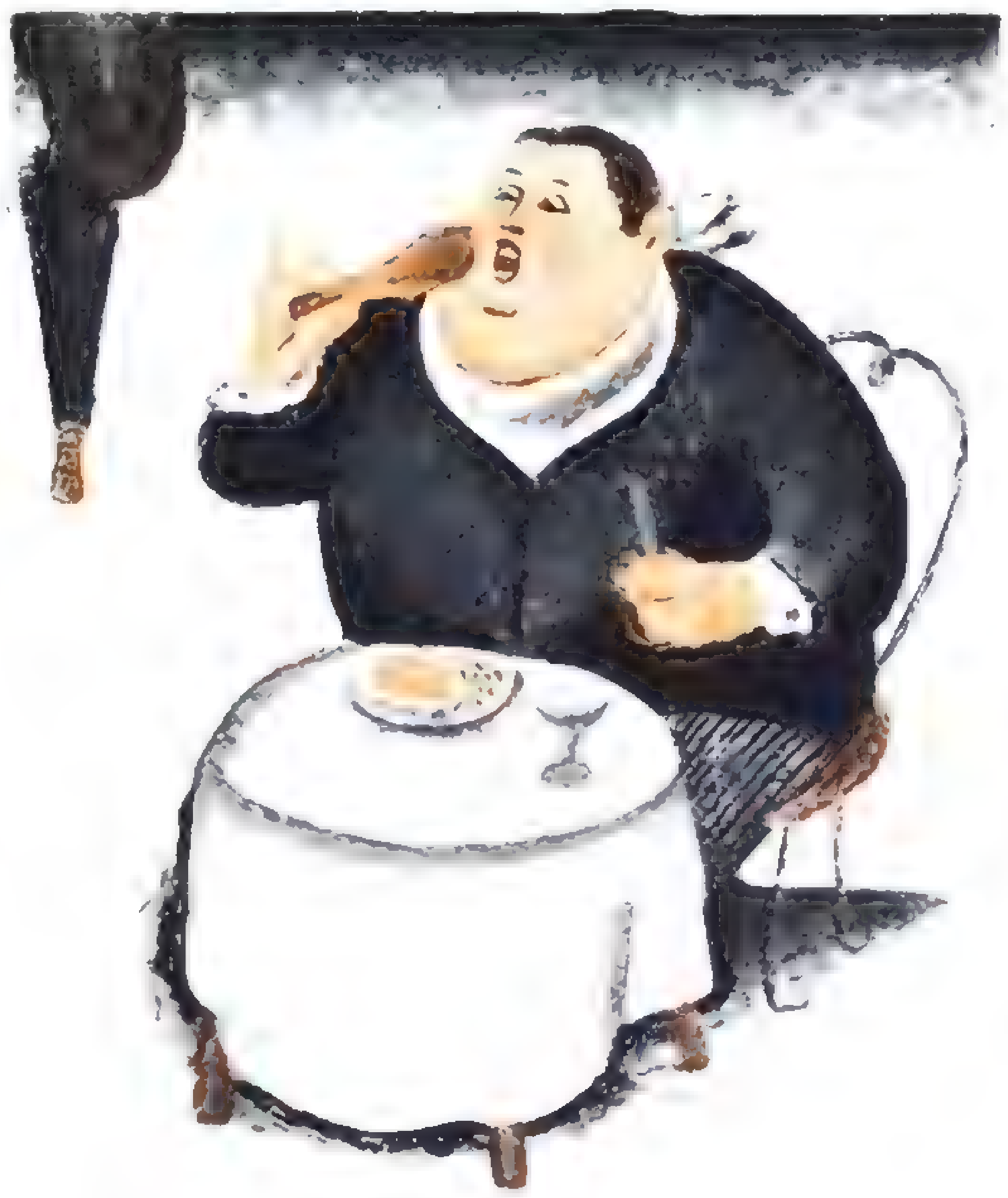
Dr. Cole, in fact, conducted such a successful one-man crusade against the table d'hôte that at least two hotel dining rooms in his home town finally flatly refused to serve him at all, and he was happily contemplating a series of nasty lawsuits at the very moment his end came. If he had lived, and if he had gained converts, I think we should have seen the passing of the table d'hôte in our generation.

The table d'hôte simply couldn't withstand much of the Cole treatment. In the larger dining rooms, where waiters are obliged to have each course checked in the kitchen and again at a cashier's desk against the order, the reversal of the process raised all hell with the bookkeeping. It not only entailed *serving* backward but also *thinking* backward, something of which few waiters are capable. Waiters, Dr. Cole early discovered, are trained from early infancy to think strictly from soup to nuts. Rare and talented, indeed, is the waiter who can think from nuts to soup.

The Cole method required the waiter to make long and necessarily involved explanations to his captain, the kitchen force and the cashier, and at the same time to offer some satisfactory proof of his own sobriety. Invariably it also involved a discreet visit by the headwaiter to the doctor's table and a brief interrogation to determine whether the doctor was only slightly touched or actually dangerous. Even in the smaller establishments, where the mechanics of serving were the more simple off-the-arm variety, the reversal of the table d'hôte produced a splendid confusion, amounting almost to chaos.

I would prefer to believe that the Cole campaign had its genesis in some heavenly inspiration, possibly as the result of a minor vision. Actually, however, it was evolved quite by accident one bitter winter day on a Canadian Pacific dining car.

Traveling on the same train with Dr. Cole were a husband, wife and two small boys. The man and woman were faddists of some sort. The two boys played about the observation car and through the sleepers without shoes and stockings, and wearing only thin English blouses and shorts. In this same fashion, and behind their warmly-clad parents, they also capered up and down the length of the train on the frozen ground outside during the long stops at divisional points. Their diet, too, was restricted to nuts, fruit and vegetables.



MONOTYPE BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Dr. Cole had strong convictions on the subject of children's dress, and he had the courage of his convictions, too. Had he been a younger man, he often said, he would have given the parents their choice of clothing the boys according to accepted standards or of submitting to being undressed themselves right then and there by Dr. Cole. As it was, the doctor contented himself merely with rebuking the father one morning in the observation car, within the delighted hearing of a dozen other passengers.

"Well," said Dr. Cole loudly, after making an elaborate examination of what his fellow traveler wore, "I see *you* have *your* shoes and stockings on today!"

That noon Dr. Cole found himself seated across the aisle from the faddists in the dining car. Father and mother immediately began talking loudly and pointedly about people who are always sticking their noses into other people's business. The doctor had ordered only pie à la mode and coffee, but rather than give the enemy any false sense of triumph by an early departure, he decided to prolong the meal. He summoned his waiter and ordered an entree.

"You mean," the waiter said, appalled, "that you want to eat some meat and potatoes after that pie and ice cream?"

"That's exactly what I mean," said the doctor testily, "and after that you may bring me a bowl of soup."

At once the doctor found himself even a greater curiosity than the faddists. As he recalled it, a hush fell over the dining car, and the dining car steward took a station near by and watched the whole proceeding with clear apprehension. Dr. Cole was so pleased by the response that he repeated the experiment the next evening in the fashionable main dining room of the King Edward Hotel in Toronto. A dismayed waiter promptly fled to the captain, and the latter came to the doctor's table.

"There seems to be some little misunderstanding about your order," he said coldly.

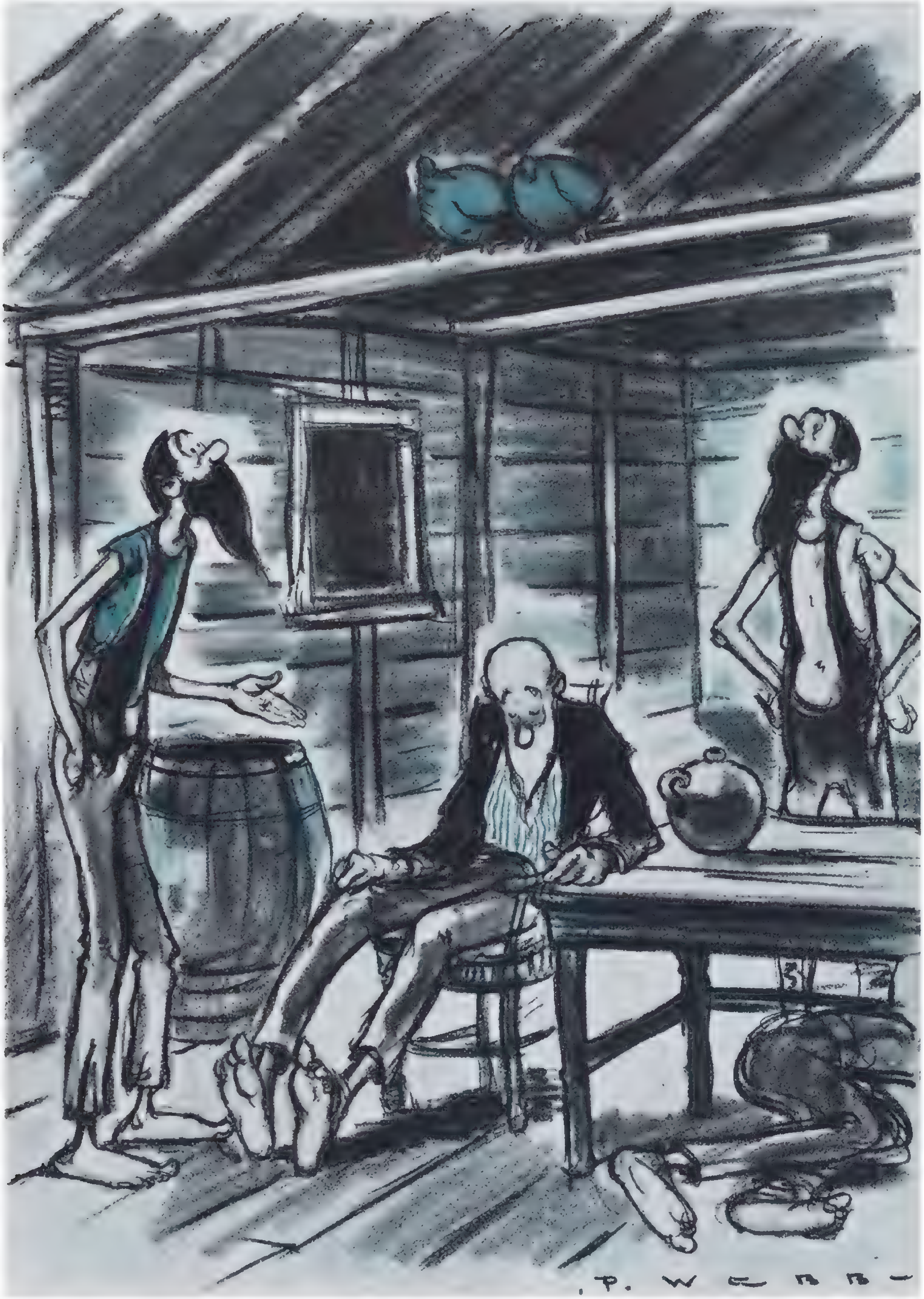
"There is no misunderstanding whatever," the doctor replied. "The waiter knows well enough what I want and how I want it."

As he ate, the doctor had the immense satisfaction of knowing that other waiters were slyly pointing him out to near-by guests, and that his own waiter, a bundle of nerves, stood self-conscious and miserable behind him. After that, I am afraid, eating table d'hôte luncheons and dinners became something of an obsession with Dr. Cole. In a very little while his wife refused to dine with him anywhere except at home. She was not amused, and although she did her desperate best to discourage him, she was too late. The thing was in his blood.

So for two years Dr. Cole celebrated his retirement from active practice by traveling almost constantly in this country and Canada, baiting waiters, confounding the table d'hôte. He died many miles from home of a heart attack brought about by acute indigestion.

I am sorry he could not have been spared a few more years. When he had finally licked the table d'hôte, Dr. Cole had planned to do something about Boston cream pie and pie à la mode. He was going to undertake a campaign to have Boston cream pie called Boston cream *cake*, and he was going to try putting pie on *top* of ice cream.

Pie à la mode, as we know it, wouldn't have lasted a week.#



"Looks like them hens is goin' to roost up thar all night—reckon we better put Paw under the table with Luke"

The Royal Road to Wrestling

It was no alibi when Levinsky calmly dismissed his defeats, for he really considered himself a champion boxer

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

IT WAS inevitable that sooner or later King Levinsky would become a wrestler. The principal mystery is how he managed as long as he did to keep his colorful personality out of the mob of bearded hillbillies, Indian chiefs, Hindu princes and the other curiosities who now make up what is facetiously referred to as the "sport" of wrestling.

His delay, perhaps, in joining the grunt and groan ranks might have been occasioned by the fact that until he was blown over one sultry summer evening in Chicago by the wind from Joe Louis' left glove he was able to outdraw almost any heavyweight boxer in the business. That night—probably the only time in his twenty-seven years he was afraid of anyone or anything—saw him sitting on the ropes before sixteen thousand astounded spectators and pleading with the referee:

"Please don't let him hit me no more!"

Others who have faced the Brown Bomber may have felt the same way about it, but it remained for the King to declare himself in public—and the public, having paid up to $10.50 per seat, thought he should have waited longer than two minutes before making his speech. As a result, not even the Duke of Windsor's address of abdication separated him from a throne as effectively as Levinsky's eight-word oration cut him loose from the Chicago sector of his admiring subjects.

If you think, however, that a little thing like this could stop the erstwhile Clown Prince of Fistiana, you don't know Levinsky. He went West, engaged in a few more bouts, was knocked out again and then decided to quit the ring forever. Before he could carry out his threat, he heard the call of England and went overseas to meet Jack Doyle, the Irish thrush, who also could do almost everything well except fight.

British newspapermen found the King a ray of sunshine in their fog-bound lives. One wouldn't say that he actually bewildered the staid sports writing gentry of Fleet Street, but he certainly had them up against the ropes a couple of times. There was the occasion of a press luncheon in London, for instance. The chairman raised his glass and said:

"Gentlemen, the King!"

Levinsky took a bow. He thought they were drinking a toast to him.

Doyle beat him and he came home. His defeat, he explained, was due to the climate.

"The fog made my arms just like lead," he declared. "Besides I didn't like those Britishers. All you hear is 'cheerio' and 'how d'ya do.' And besides, it's tea, tea, tea, until it begins to run out of your ears. Anyway there wasn't room over there for two kings. So I come on home."

It was a typical Levinsky interview. No one ever beat him in the ring because he was a better man. Even when Max Baer knocked him kicking in the second round of a four-round exhibition in Chicago, he had a logical and reasonable excuse.

"Yeah, it was an accident," he explained. "I was coming off the ropes when my foot slipped. Max hit me at the same time. A lucky punch, that's all."

Alibi? Not a bit of it. King Levinsky was just built that way. He came in swinging and went out the same way—unless they carried him out. Not much of a boxer, but an honest workman who gave everything he had. His only reason for trying to explain away defeats was that he honestly believed—and still does—that he can beat any man who ever put on gloves.

When Primo Carnera was touring the hinterlands pushing over setups on his way to a championship, it was Levinsky who played square with the public and put up ten rounds of real opposition to the big Italian, losing a narrow and disputed decision. Previously, he had brought Jack Dempsey's "comeback" tour to an abrupt end when he brutally pounded the former champion around a Chicago ring for four rounds before a crowd of 23,320—still the record paid attendance for an indoor boxing show. The turnout was as much a tribute to the King as it was to the Manassa Mauler, who gave up all thoughts of boxing any more when he pocketed his $29,000 share of the gate and looked at himself in a mirror.

Probably as grotesque a figure as the prize ring has ever known, King Levinsky was born Harris Krakow on New York's lower East Side. When a small boy, his family moved to Chicago. His education was garnered mainly on street corners, dodging in and out among pushcarts, fish stalls and sidewalk stands which make Maxwell Street a picturesque sight for visitors—and a hell hole for any youngster to grow up in.

The big, strong youngster had to fight his way and did it so thoroughly and well that he began to entertain thoughts of the ring. He took part in some amateur bouts, won them, and made up his mind to earn a living with his fists. It was easier than scaling fish. In the gymnasiums they laughed at him. "Some day you'll be fighting Dempsey," they used to tell him as he crudely sweated away at the punching bag. Dempsey was then champion of the world—the greatest fighter of all time. Levinsky was just a stumblebum, the kind you'll find by the dozen around any gymnasium where fighters train.

Well, he did fight Dempsey, didn't he? And beat him, too.

Skyrocketing into the headlines with the King was his sister Lena, another fantastic creature such as the sport world has never seen before—nor may ever see again.

Lena was his manager. They called her "Leaping Lena" and other managers and promoters were actually afraid of her. Fashionably dressed, a bit on the robust side, but still good-looking, she had a flow of language which is still a source of inspiration among fistic hangers-on, accustomed to sulphuric words and phrases.

"Hit him in the belly, King!" was her war cry from the corner when her brother was swinging away at a foe. "Kill the big bum!"

Although it was Lena's job to see that no one put anything over on the King, she had two other managers helping her cut up purses before he wound up his fistic career. Testifying for the defense three years ago in a suit against the boxer as a result of an ill-fated venture into the delicatessen business, Lena frankly avowed:

"It isn't true that I take most of his dough. He has three managers, you know. Walter Reilly gets twenty-five per cent and Harold Steinman ten per cent."

"Why only ten per cent for Steinman?" opposing counsel asked her.

"He ain't smart enough to ask for more," replied Lena with touching frankness.

"Why twenty-five per cent for Reilly?"

"He's Irish—he's too smart."

"And why only fifteen per cent for you?"

"Well, after all, I'm easy satisfied!"

The Levinsky "brain trust" was organized after a previous manager had engineered one of the weirdest financial transactions in boxing annals. It occurred at the time the King was anxious to meet a boxer named Tuffy Griffiths, then one of Chicago's prime heavyweights. A victory for Levinsky would help him tremendously up the ladder.

Griffiths asked for $25,000, which promoters were unwilling to pay. Taking advantage of the eagerness shown by Levinsky and his manager, they induced the pair to do all the

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The Gentry Eats Crabs

Joe Weiss served pompano, shrimps, kingfish and scallops, but those people who knew, ate stone crabs

by BRUCE HENRY

• ARTICLE •

When that desolate network of mangrove clumps known as the Florida Keys was part of the Spanish Main, and freebooters prowled the sea in search of loot, a certain giant half-breed buccaneer known as Black Caesar had his piratical hideout near what is now Miami.

Black Caesar had a number of weaknesses, for all his success as a free-lance plunderer of passing ships. He was, for example, a sucker for a blonde and kept several score captive tow-headed wenches on hand at all times to minister to his practically inexhaustible demands; he was addicted to a peculiarly vicious West Indies rhum which took the hair off chests of lesser men, and he couldn't go to sleep unless his official hangman had properly decorated the middle distance with swaying cadavers.

But greatest of all was Caesar's inability to restrain himself in the presence of a mess of boiled stone crabs.

Obtaining fodder for a hungry horde of 18th century sea brigands was a major problem along the Main. A captured French vessel might yield viands par excellence on Monday, but inevitably when Friday rolled around salt pork or ordinary fish was back on the menu unrelieved by any more succulent dish. Black Caesar never worried much about the gustatory reactions of his doughty warriors, but he was particular as hell about his own guts, history records, and the difficulty attendant on obtaining a regular supply of food suitable to a man of his accomplishments worried him far more than the possibility of a scurvy epidemic among his cohorts.

Thus it was a banner day in the camp of Black Caesar when, confronted as usual by a dearth of comestibles, in desperation his cooks captured some of the thousands of great-clawed, yellow and black crabs which lurked in pocket-deeps off the Keys, dunked them for a time in boiling water and set the steaming carcasses before their chocolate Colossus.

Whether Black Caesar attempted the unpleasant experiment of eating the whole of the crabs, or whether he immediately discovered that only their fat, meat-packed claws were edible, is another matter for conjecture. Be that as it may, what slight documentation on the swarthy sea falcon is available implies that from that day on out he favored the dish above any other. It would be sheer presumption to say that this addition to Black Caesar's diet had any great bearing on his subsequent astounding exploits, although dietetic chemists might be able to show that the stalk-eyed crustaceans of the genus Menippe gave the pirate's system an abundance of iodine—for stone crabs are dripping with that important element of the halogen group—thus balancing up his thyroid secretions and adding to his alertness and wile. His enormous size and masculine excesses would indicate he had abnormal glands, so that theory is as admissible as any, and Black Caesar did perform his most astonishing depredations in the latter, or stone crab, days of his career.

It was this semi-aboriginal gourmet, for example, who dreamed up a truly ingenious system for hiding his privateer ships in the low-lying keys. He caulked their decks and hatches well, fastened some ring bolts to their mainmasts, others to sturdy coral rocks on the shore, ran a rope between . . . and keeled the vessels on their sides by grunting man power. In this position their tall super-structures could not be seen from passing craft marked for attack. At the proper moment Black Caesar cut the ropes, the ships sprang upright, and before the astonished victims could recover from surprise, a yowling, murderous freebooter crew would be swarming their decks.

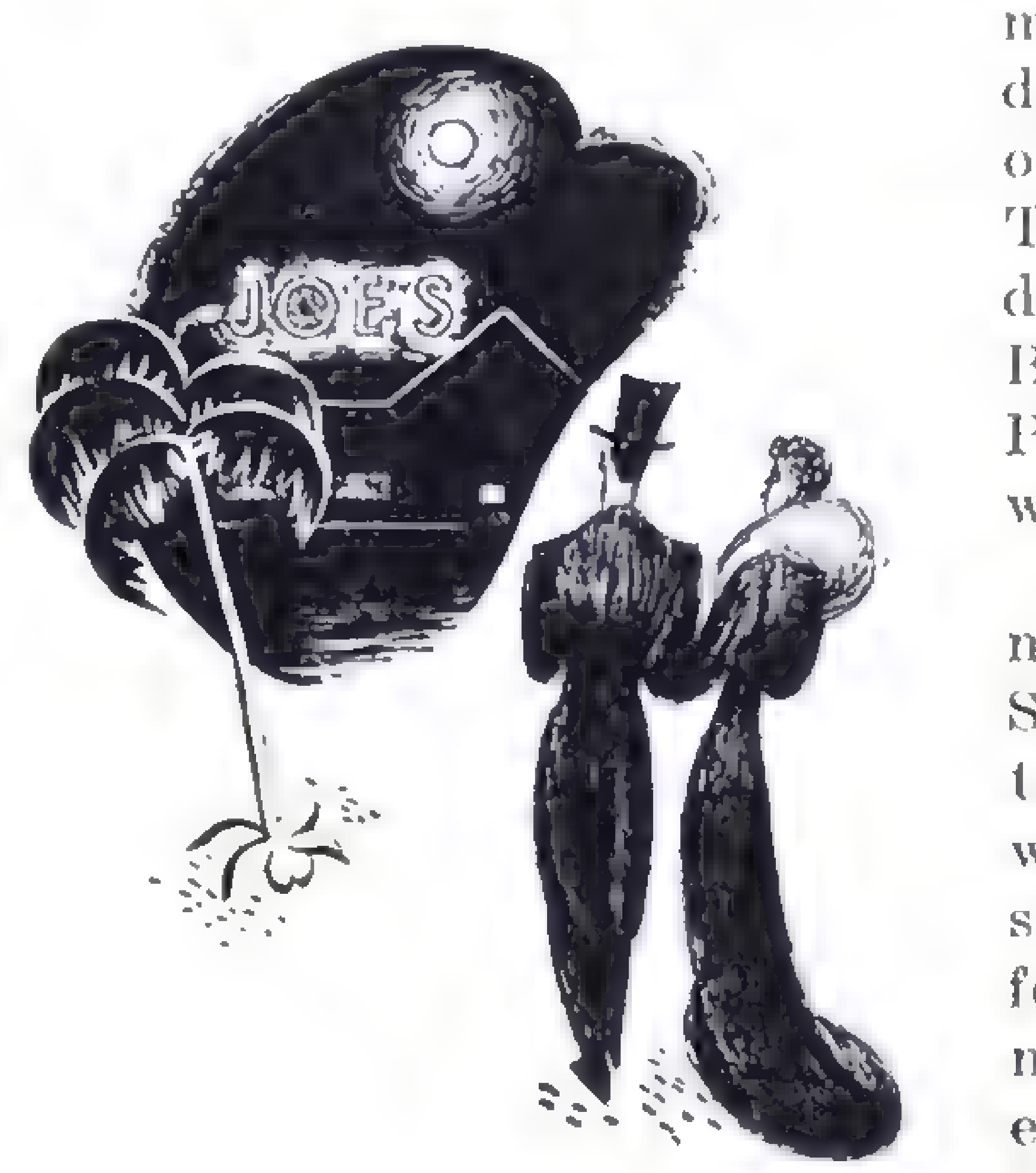
It might have been the iodine.

Chronologically, it's a long shout from Black Caesar to such present-day stone crab devotees as Sherman Billingsley, Bernard Gimbel, Gene Tunney, Heywood Broun, Gar Wood, Jack Dempsey, Col. Robert Guggenheim and others of their ilk. It's obviously only a whisper from the pirate to Al Capone, an *ex-officio* member of the modern stone crab acolytes society. But in the rarefied, Olympic air of gourmetdom there is no time element; a dish famed centuries ago may still be tops on the menu at a 1939 conclave of epicures.

So, as Jimmy Walker, Bud Fisher, Bill Corum, Sophie Tucker, Walter Winchell and several thousand other people who get about will tell you, the stone crab is unchallenged king of his ilk today, even as he was when Black Caesar experimentally hayed into a couple of hundred pounds of him.

Perhaps the difficulty of obtaining a stone crab dinner has contributed to the exclusiveness of Menippe in the halls of Lucullus. Only through the Florida Keys can he be caught in this country, and only in the Miami area can he be properly prepared for the table. True, Billingsley has an airplane shipment of claws sent to him in New York now and again, but they are marked for the palates of bosom friends, and even the most treasured customer of Sherman's New York eatery cannot bribe him to part with even a single nut-sweet pincer.

Truly, the history of the stone crab and the history of Florida and Miami are significantly entwined. As the stone crab became famous with American food fanciers, so did the lower tip of Florida become a land of fabulous accomplishment. This is no chamber of commerce brief for the alleged "Magic City," or even for its sister, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams," (*sic*) Miami Beach. Yet no panegyric to the stone crab can ignore the fact that in those communities, and there only, is Menippe plentiful. Was plentiful, rather, for the stone crab is in some danger of extinction, so ravenously has he been consumed through the years.



Which automatically brings us to the late Joe Weiss, whose name might easily summon drool to the celestial lips of Julius Fleishmann, Thomas Meighan, Andrew Mellon, Arthur Brisbane, Will Rogers and Prince Serge Mdivani, who knew him well.

Joseph Weiss was a mild-mannered, polite Semite who appeared on the Florida scene in 1916, when Miami Beach was still largely a snake-infested, mangrove-tangled morass, and Miami proper—across mud-flatted Biscayne Bay—was hardly more than a former army post. Joe came from New York, where he had made a middling success as a restaurateur, and he did not agree with the major portion of the citizenry who said certain pioneer gentlemen were crackpots for trying to develop Miami Beach into a resort. He backed up his reactionary judgment by opening a restaurant—a very modest restaurant indeed—at the south end of the dank peninsula in what was then fondly called Smith's "Casino."

The "casino," actually a jerry-built barn

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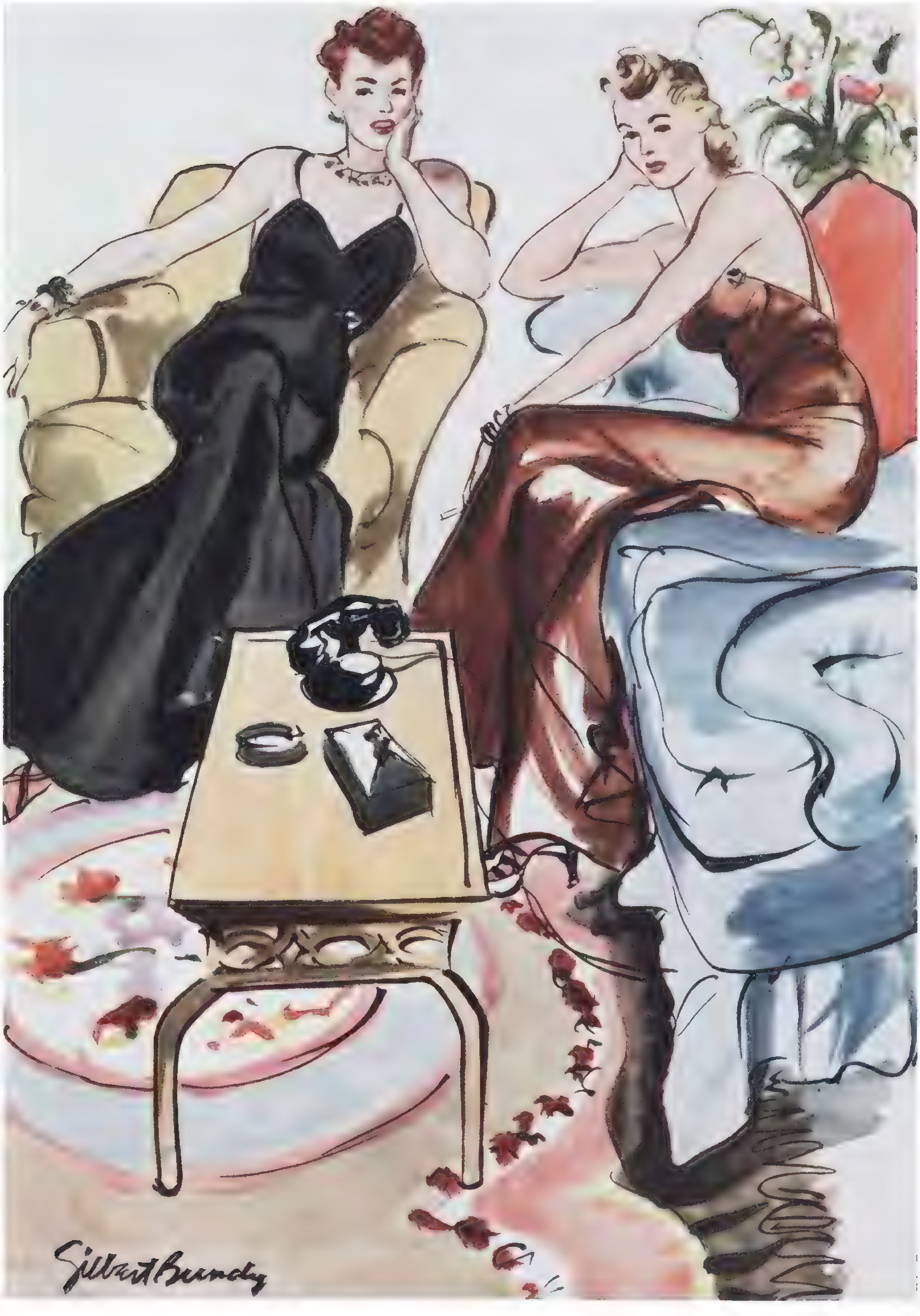
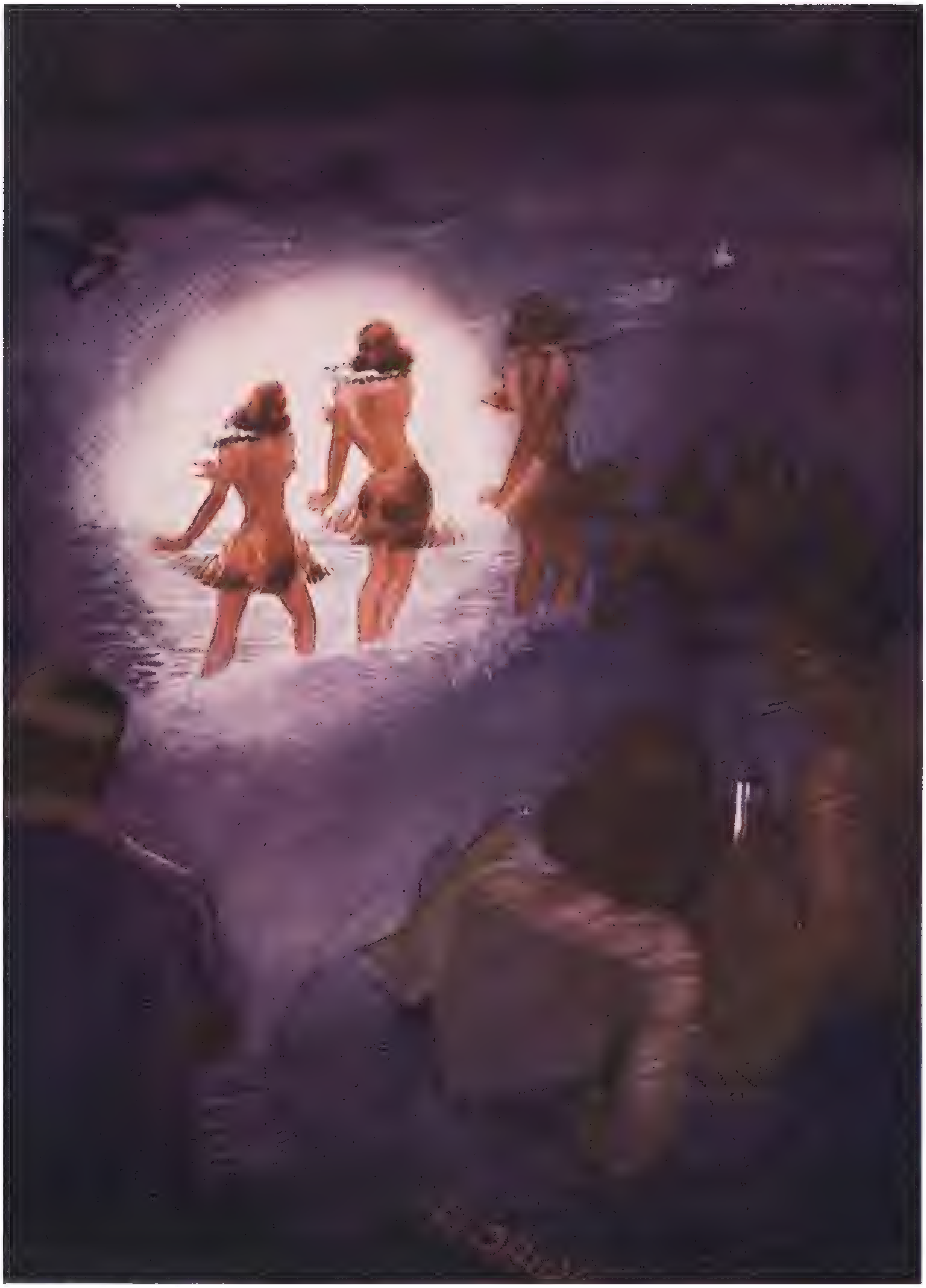

Gilbert Bundy

"We'll wait five minutes more—then if we don't get a date we'll open the sardines and eat"



"By golly—I could listen to this music all night!"

Dog Owners Are Crazy

Contending that dogs are all well and good, but what about dog hairs, dog tracks and that sort of thing

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

▪ SATIRE ▪

Dogs are charming creatures. With the exception of a half-dozen savage sheep dogs that I once encountered when I was on a walking tour in the mountains of Greece and from whom I barely escaped with my life, I have never met a dog with whom I could not instantly become friends. I am not afraid of dogs and they are not afraid of me. By some odd instinct of theirs, they know that I would much rather hurt myself than hurt them.

Yet I come to bury dogs, not to praise them. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that I do not really wish to bury any dog whatsoever: I merely wish to kill, and bury a thousand fathoms deep, certain uncivilized and boorish dog owners.

Dogs are all right; let them live: it is the selfish dog fancier who should be shot on sight and his brains should be sent at once to the nearest Pasteur Institute for bacteriological investigation.

I am not speaking of the owners of such dogs as can run free and happy in the countryside, where the trees grow and the cows grow and the girls grow. I am speaking of dogs in city houses, city streets—where the poor creatures are unhappy private slaves and abominable public nuisances.

And though it is my professional business to live a life of imagination, I am unable to imagine what adequate defence the professional dog lover will be able to put up against the broadside of eighteen-inch guns which I am about to discharge at him from my flagship. (Please counter-attack me personally: by all means don't turn your dogs onto the hard-working editor of this magazine.)

In the cities a class war is going on. It is the war of dog owner against ordinary citizen; it is the war of egotistical juveniles against the peace and dignity of the State. If you, my friend, once step into dog leavings that were deposited by some lady's poodle on the sidewalk, you will be on my side of the war forever. And you will agree with me that The Sidewalks of New York or the sidewalks of any other city are inappropriate places for use as a dogs' Comfort Station. Yet the contrary idea is firmly held by many comfortable persons who parade their dogs in the cool of the evening so that the dogs may have a nice natural time.

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

There is nothing the matter with dogs. It is the humans who are the stupid and inconsiderate brutes. I wouldn't hurt a dog—but I would boil many human beings in oil, if I had my way. The dog may be called "the friend of man," but the same compliment cannot be paid to the dog lover.

Is it civilized to keep as your private pet a dog who, at periodic intervals, barks so loudly that he keeps a dozen neighbors awake? Is it respectable to bring a dog out of the dirty street into a friend's apartment and bestow on your friend's floor an uninvited blessing of wet dog tracks? Is it kind to have so nice and sweet and affectionate a dog that the darling little thing jumps up in joy when your friend appears and leaves his caressing paw prints on your friend's freshly cleaned white trousers? We will not allude to dogs that bite or scratch, for they are so rare as to be negligible—but how about dogs that shed their hair all about, so that it takes you half a day to get your clothes neat again after you have called on a dog lover? How about . . . Oh, well, ask your own questions . . .

It is possible that the dog is the greatest friend of man; but he is also the most fatal foe of intelligent conversation. How often have we all seen a situation in which three or four rather brilliant minds were just getting started on an absorbing topic—and in comes the dog. "Oh, this is our dear Fido! Mr. Sinclair Lewis, meet Fido! Mr. Deems Taylor, meet Fido! Mr. George Santayana, meet Fido! Maestro Toscanini, meet Fido!" And so it goes—and the wise guest will presently rise and go too. For from that moment on, all conversation will be addressed to Fido. And I myself am not good at the kind of baby talk which loving dog owners address to their pets, nor does it greatly whet my intellectual powers.

I am bitter on this subject. I have seen more clean shoes and more delightful conversations ruined by dogs than by any other agency. Yet I repeat—it is not the dogs that I blame. There is nothing the matter with dogs. Nature is innocent; it is human beings who are wicked and crazy.

My friend Witter Bynner tells me that his old-time friend O. Henry used to say that "a man who is very fond of dogs is likely to beat his wife." This, in opposition to the old adage that "a man cannot be a bad man if he likes dogs." You might just as well say that a man cannot be a bad man if he likes roast turkey. Many bad men and many good men like roast turkey. But I would go one step further than O. Henry—though I shall probably be lynched for saying it. I state it as my opinion that, by and large, "Show me a man who is a real and devoted dog fancier, and I will show you a man who has been so desperately hurt by life that he loves to dominate his inferiors and is afraid to meet his equals face to face."

Not kindness, not compassion, not comprehension actuates most dog lovers. They are motivated by a desire for power. They are flattered and soothed by the fawning humility of the dog. Because their wives and their children and their friends know them to be fakers and dullards, they turn pathetically to the dog as the only friend that they will ever have in this world.

Because of this desperate human need, the great dog myth has grown up. Today it is almost as dangerous to speak unkindly of dogs as to speak unkindly of mothers on Mother's Day. The subject has become sacred; and to admit that dogs are a nuisance is as fatal to your social standing as to grant that your mother is a drunken old fool. Now, it happens in my own case that I have the great good luck to have a noble and generous mother. Perhaps you, my friend, have a noble and generous dog. I doubt it—but it is your right to think so; none of the rest of us would dream of interfering with your innocent enjoyment of the companionship of your dog. But on one condition only! You must

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Adventure in the Sea of Marmora

He had just said, "Now we are safe"—when the big, black dreadful thing came out of the water, two hundred yards away

by RAYMOND GRAM SWING

• ARTICLE •

"GALATA is full of rumors," I said, "and the latest story is that an English submarine came right up out of the Bosporus, a few hundred yards from Constantinople's shore! The crew crowded up on the little deck and sang *God Save the King*, and then the submarine dived and disappeared."

"Do you believe it?" asked the doctor.

"Believe a Galata rumor? Hardly. Do you?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I'd like to believe, in a way," I went on. "It would be such a dashing thing to do. But naturally I'd rather it weren't true."

The doctor was a round, rosy little Bavarian, but being in charge of the largest Constantinople hospital in May, 1915, he wore a Turkish uniform with a gray fez-like cap, bordered with astrakhan. He was leaning lazily over the rail of the *Nagara*, which lay at Galata pier, and we were chatting in the slow pace of men who had much time to kill. My nationality, too, was disguised by a uniform. For though I was an American newspaper correspondent, I wore the prescribed khaki, with leather puttees, like an officer, save for the absence of shoulder straps. And around my arm was a wide white band with Turkish letters on it, announcing me as a representative of the press.

The *Nagara* was to transport us to the Dardanelles, where the Allied fleet might make another effort to force the Straits, and where the trench warfare at Gallipoli was already in progress. I was promised a visit to the front at Gallipoli. The doctor—his name was Selling—had been summoned to attend Liman von Sanders, the German commanding the Turkish land forces at Gallipoli. "He probably only has a cold," the doctor grumbled. "I have to drop all my work at the hospital where hundreds need me. His Excellency commands, and I must obey."

Across the Bosporus came strains of music. The crew of the *Emden* was arriving that day, and was being received with military honors.

"Of course," I said, "it would make our little voyage much pleasanter if the story of the submarine weren't true."

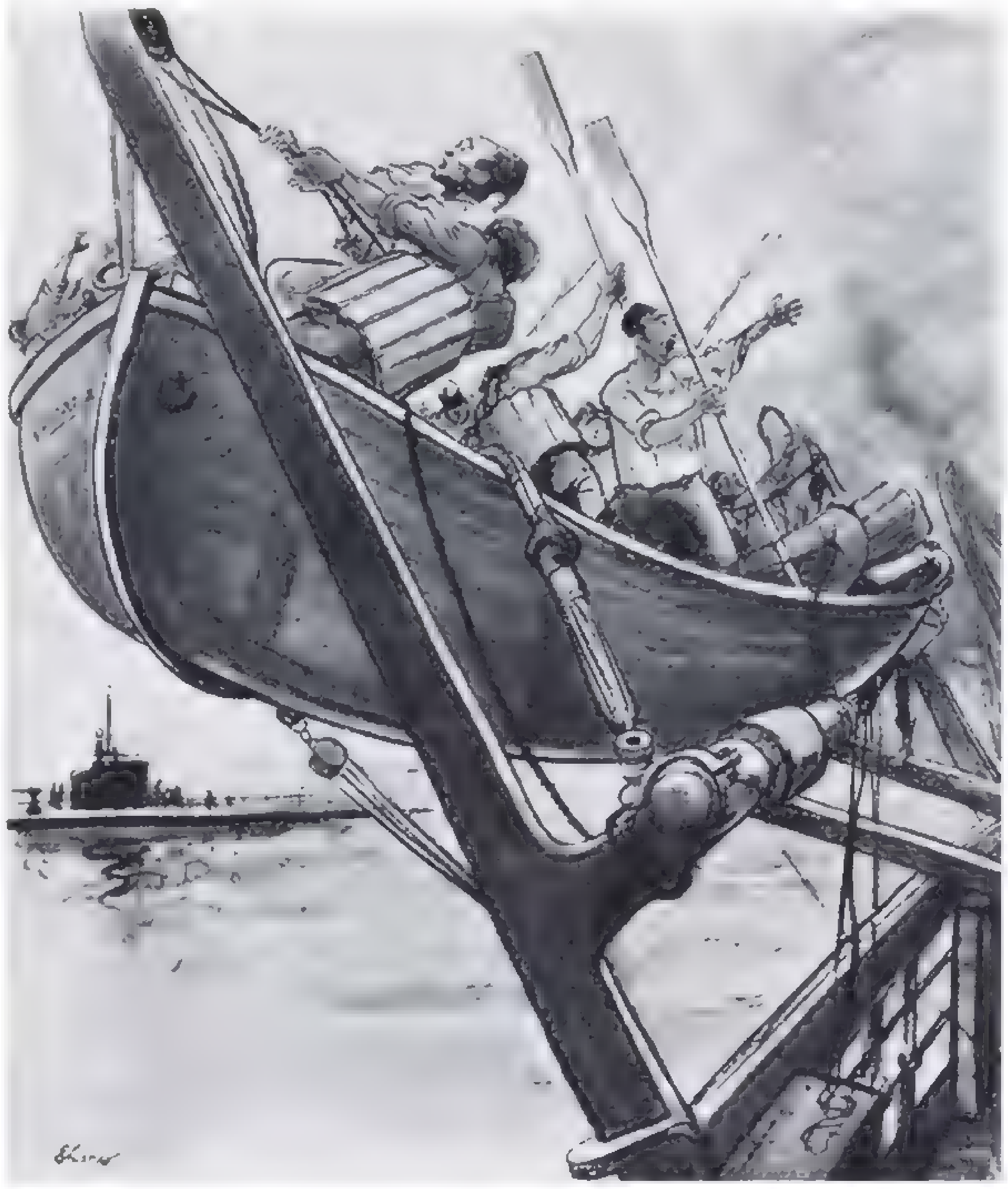
"Are you afraid?" asked the doctor without unkindness in his tone.

"No," I said, "I don't think I am. Are you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

We had been ordered to board the *Nagara* early in the morning and it was then late in the afternoon, with no intimations of departure. We had watched the loading of a long cannon onto the little ship—a six-inch gun from the German battleship *Göben*—and had seen it covered with a tarpaulin. Some crates of shells and food also had been stowed in the hold. Then the activity ended, and we waited. One always waited in Turkey.

The Galata rumor of the submarine decided me not to spend the one night of the voyage under decks. I had gone down into the *Nagara*, and been astonished by the interior dimensions of such a small vessel. One flight down was a saloon. Another long flight down came the cabins where we were supposed to sleep. I carried down my baggage—a big canvas sack of food, typewriter and a sleeping bag—and then carried it up again. That cabin would be a poor place from which to verify the reality of an English submarine.



The captain of the *Nagara* spoke only Turkish. His first mate—or rather, lieutenant, for the officers were from the Turkish navy—spoke a little English which he had learned at Ostend. The boatswain was a big dark-skinned Arab with a stutter, who spoke a little French. So Dr. Selling and I, who could converse in German, were thrown upon each other for company.

Finally came dusk, and with it some activity on and beside the *Nagara*. Ropes were thrown off, the captain was on the bridge. Engine room bells tinkled. We moved away from the pier. The English-speaking lieutenant called to us from the bridge and we went up. The stuttering Arab was handing out life belts.

"No smoke, no strike matches," commanded the lieutenant gravely. I took my life belt from the Arab, and he grinned at me.

"Y-y-you'll s-s-s-sleep in it, I s-s-supp-pose," he chaffed me in French.

"Why should I?" I remarked. But I now was sure the story of the submarine was true. I marveled at it, for to get into the Sea of Marmora, a submarine had to dive below the deep nets stretched across the narrow straits at the Dardanelles and avoid several well-planted mine fields.

I had chosen "my" lifeboat. It was to be one of two already hanging over the side ready for launching, and only a few yards from the place on the upper deck where I was going to unfold my sleeping bag.

The night was cloudy. The doctor and I, having talked all day, were glad to be rid of each other, and after watching the lights of Constantinople vanish behind us, we said good night. The doctor went below, to lie down in the saloon, where the air, he said, was better than in his cabin.

I had never owned a sleeping bag before, nor for that matter had I ever set out to be a war correspondent in a Richard Harding Davis way. At Gallipoli I should occupy a tent at Liman's headquarters. I should sleep on the ground, and provision myself from my big bag of canned foods. Naturally it was exciting, and I took a boyish delight in climbing into the sleeping bag for the first time. This was before the zipper days. The bag closed all the way down with large, stiff snaps. It took some time to shut them. But at last I lay back, snug and fairly comfortable, and composed myself to sleep.

But the thought of the submarine recurred, and I wondered if I could get out of the sleeping bag quickly if a torpedo should strike the *Nagara*. Why wonder, I thought. Try and see. So I held a private submarine drill in the dark on the upper deck. I said "Go!" and counted the seconds it took me to rip open the snaps, pull my legs out of the sleeping bag, and reach the lifeboat. I was there on the count of 11. That reassured me, and I again snapped myself in, and lay down to sleep. But first I gave myself strict instructions to wake up at the least sound during the night.

Hours later I awoke with a start. Something was happening. I ripped open the sleeping bag and rushed to the lifeboat. But once there. I could see nothing. The *Nagara* had stopped in the darkness. The engines were silent. I realized I had been wakened by the tinkle of the engine-room bell. We drifted along, the small waves gently slapping the ship. I could barely see the black water from the rail.

I groped my way to the steps of the bridge and mounted. In the gloom I could make out the Turkish lieutenant.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Nothing. We take soundings."

I groped downstairs again, chiding myself for being afraid. What could be more natural than to take soundings? I climbed into my sleeping bag, again fixed the snaps, and went back to sleep.

And not until the sun shone into my eyes, after eight in the morning, did I wake up. We were six or seven miles off shore, the sea in all directions was empty. I found the doctor, and opened some cans of food. The doctor had brought no supplies and was glad of mine. We talked of the night. The doctor, too, had waked up but had not come on deck. I explained about the soundings. The doctor said he was not so sure. He suggested that I ask the lieutenant once more. So I left my breakfast and went up to the bridge. The lieutenant was still on duty.

"What about last night?"

"Last night," he said quietly, "a submarine follow us. At two o'clock, then at four. Second time it follow us till daylight. Now we are safe."

I rushed back with the news to the doctor. He was leaning against the rail with an opened can in his hand and his jaws working on some food, his round eyes staring at me. I came to the end of the message: "And now we are safe!"

As I said these words, a big, black dreadful thing came up out of the water, directly behind the doctor's head. It was not more than two hundred yards away.

"There it is!" I shrieked, and made a dash for the upper deck to get my life belt. I slipped it over my head and ran to the lifeboat.

But the traffic on the ship was not toward lifeboats. Everyone was rushing into the deck-space under the bridge.

"Ping!"

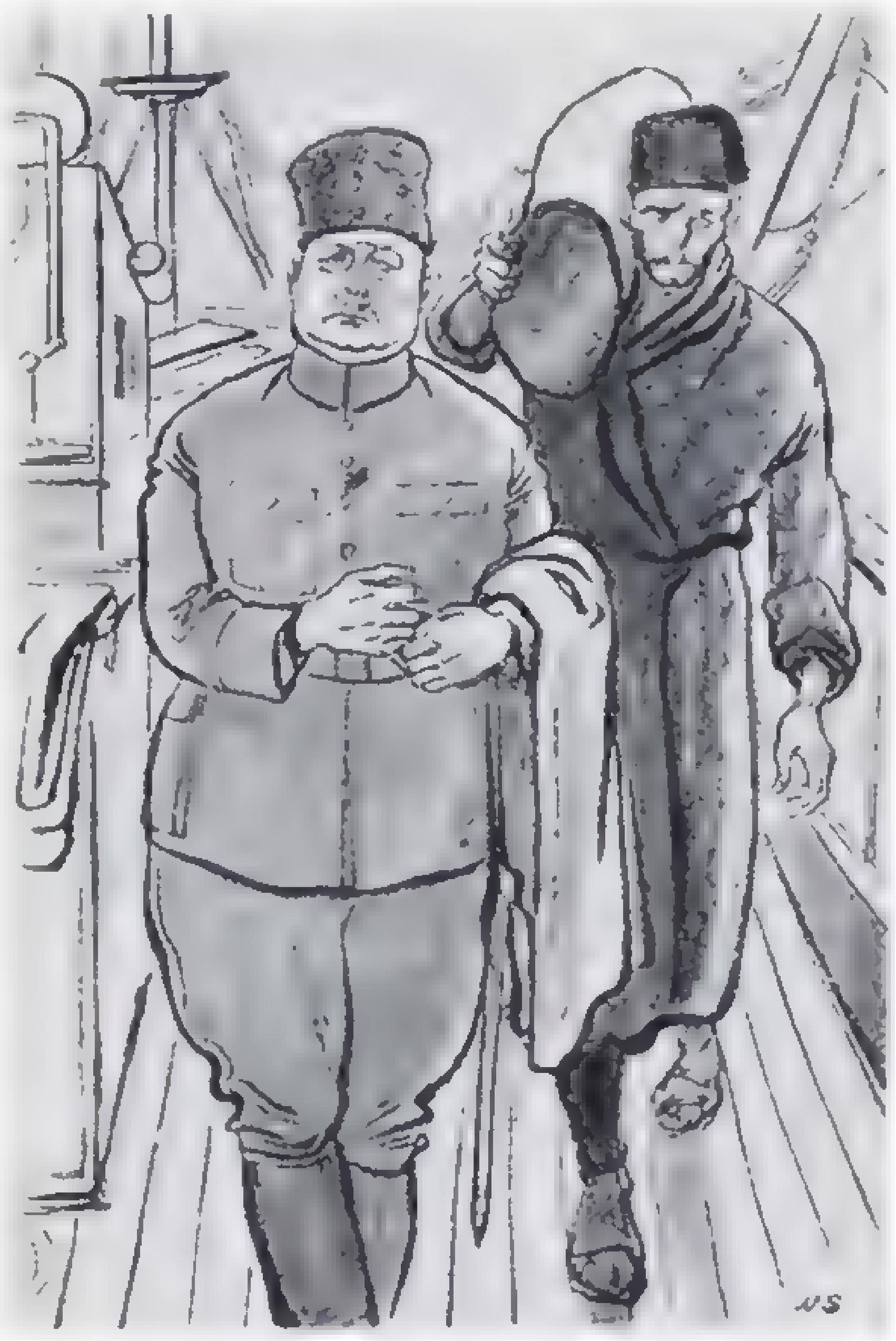
I heard the sound, but could not identify it. Around me the Turkish sailors were frantically putting on life belts. Most of them looked as pale as northerners. I took up a place beside the doctor.

"Ping!" The mysterious sound again.

"That's probably a torpedo being fired," I told the doctor. For what else could it be? I went on to myself: "Now you are to be blown up. The explosion will tear you limb from limb. You will fly through the sky in pieces. A leg, an arm, and other bits."

I looked out at the submarine, which was pursuing us. On its small upper oval deck were crowded four or five men. One, in a turtle-neck white sweater, was bent over a wheel like a steering-wheel, turning it violently. I read "E-11" on the submarine's hull.

"Ping!" Another torpedo, I thought. "Ping!" I never had been so frightened in my life. For several interminable minutes I expected to be blown up. But the torpedoes did not strike. I looked out again. The submarine was drawing closer, and I could make out a man with a rifle. He was shooting at the bridge of the *Nagara*. He was trying to make us stop. We were, as we should be, trying to escape. The rifle was responsible for the "ping."



The bell in the engine room tinkled again, and the engines stopped. The *Nagara* drifted. My fear increased, if that is possible. But suddenly it disappeared, for I became aware that the Turkish sailors were looking at me, and pointing to the bridge. I looked up. The lieutenant was talking to me.

"You speak!" he commanded, pointing to the submarine.

Having something to do takes the edge off the worst fear. I ran to the side of the ship. The submarine was 50 yards or so away. I could see a man with a megaphone on its crowded little deck and could faintly hear his voice.

My ears strained to catch his words, and they sounded like an Englishman trying to talk Turkish. I could make out no word.

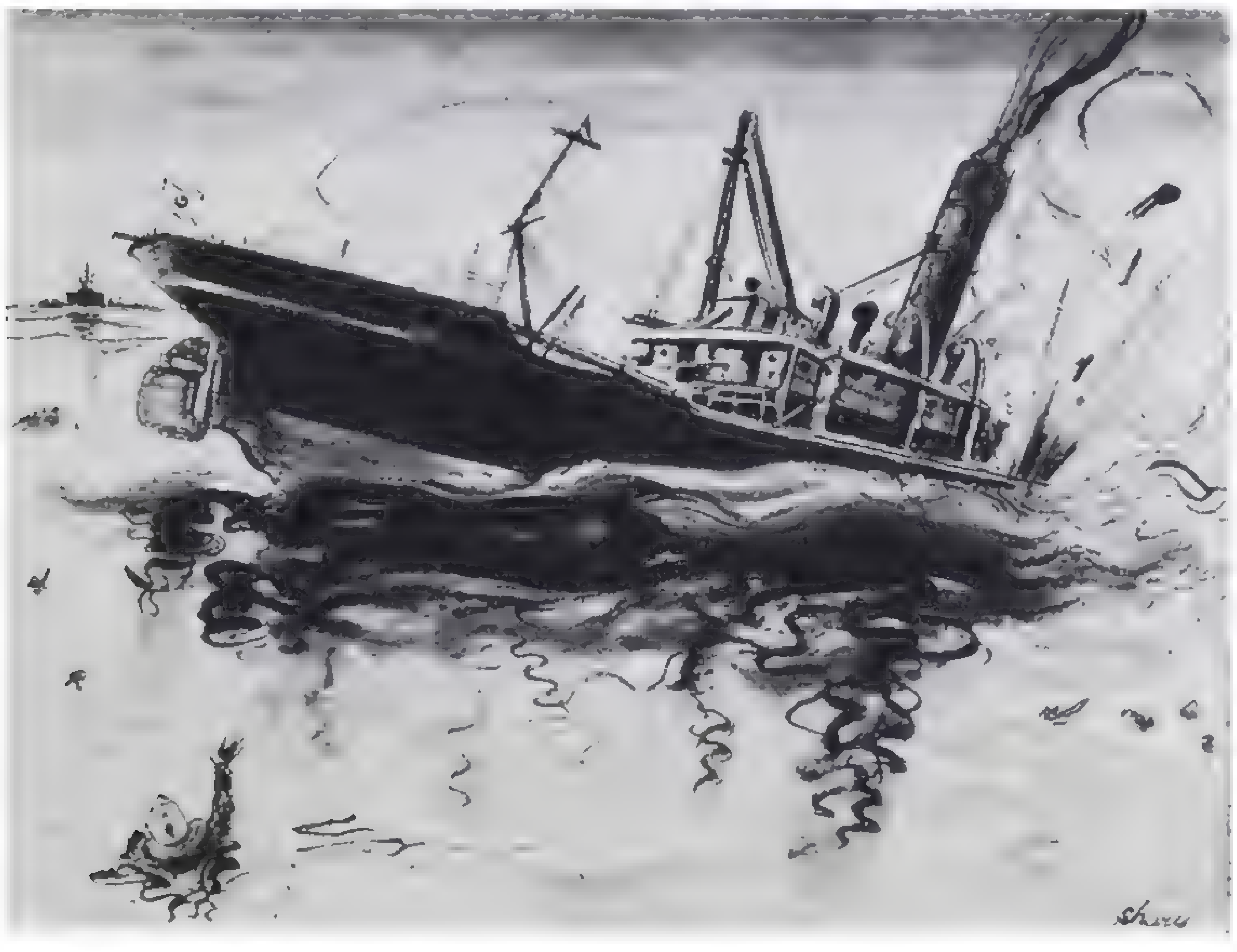
"Speak English!" I yelled, my hands cupped to my mouth. Again came a conglomeration of sound which I could not make out. I was not going to wait. I put my hands to my mouth and yelled again:

"*Will you give us time to get into the boats?*"

The reply came as clearly and as sweetly as any words I have heard in my life:

"Yes, and be domm quick about it."

Every Turk on the *Nagara* apparently understood that reply, for there was an instantaneous scramble for the stairway and the two lifeboats.



I reached my station but my boat was already gone, so I started the descent to it by rope. I had shinnied halfway down before I looked below me. My lifeboat had been dropped into the water head-first and was swamped. A half-naked sailor sat in it bailing it out with his dilapidated red fez. With agility I never had before nor since, I went up the rope, hand over hand, and clambered again on board the *Nagara*. The second boat had gone, and five sailors were working on a third boat which was stowed in the center of the upper deck.

It was going to take time to launch it, and the voice had said: "domm quick." I ran to the side, and made motions to the submarine, waving my outstretched arms up and down as a brakeman signals to his locomotive engineer. A responding signal came from a man on the little deck. I went back to the sailors, and we puffed and strained, trying to make the last lifeboat ready for launching. But it was slow work. I grew more frantic, and rushed back to the rail. I shouted to the submarine:

"Will you give us more time?"

A voice came back in a quiet dignified tone, almost a conversational tone, for the submarine was only twenty-five yards away.

"Yes, I'll give you more time. Who are you?"

"I am Raymond Swing of the *Chicago Daily News*," I answered.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Swing," said the submarine commander, quite courteously. "But what is the name of your ship?"

There it is, a bit of dialogue that was to become an often told anecdote of the war in England. The landlubber American, who didn't know the language of the sea, tells who *he* is when asked "Who *are* you?" Every maritime-minded Englishman would know his ship was being hailed, and would give the ship's name.

I *was* a landlubber. And the question seemed the most natural query a submarine commander might make under the circumstances. There I was in a small Turkish transport in the Sea of Marmora, wearing a queer uniform with a white band around my arm, and speaking English. Why shouldn't he wonder who I was? Kipling, writing the next year his story of English submarines, recorded the dialogue, only I appeared as "Silas Q. Swing of the *Chicago Sun*." Two years later, in Paris, I met a compatriot who had come from London, and saw a good deal of her. One day I happened to mention having been in Turkey, and horror spread over her face. "My God!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that *you* are Silas Q. Swing! Don't ever go to London!"

When the commander of the *E-11* said "But what is the name of your ship," I knew I had made a mistake, and replied, formally enough, "the *Nagara*."

"Where bound?" This, of course, was the standard second question.

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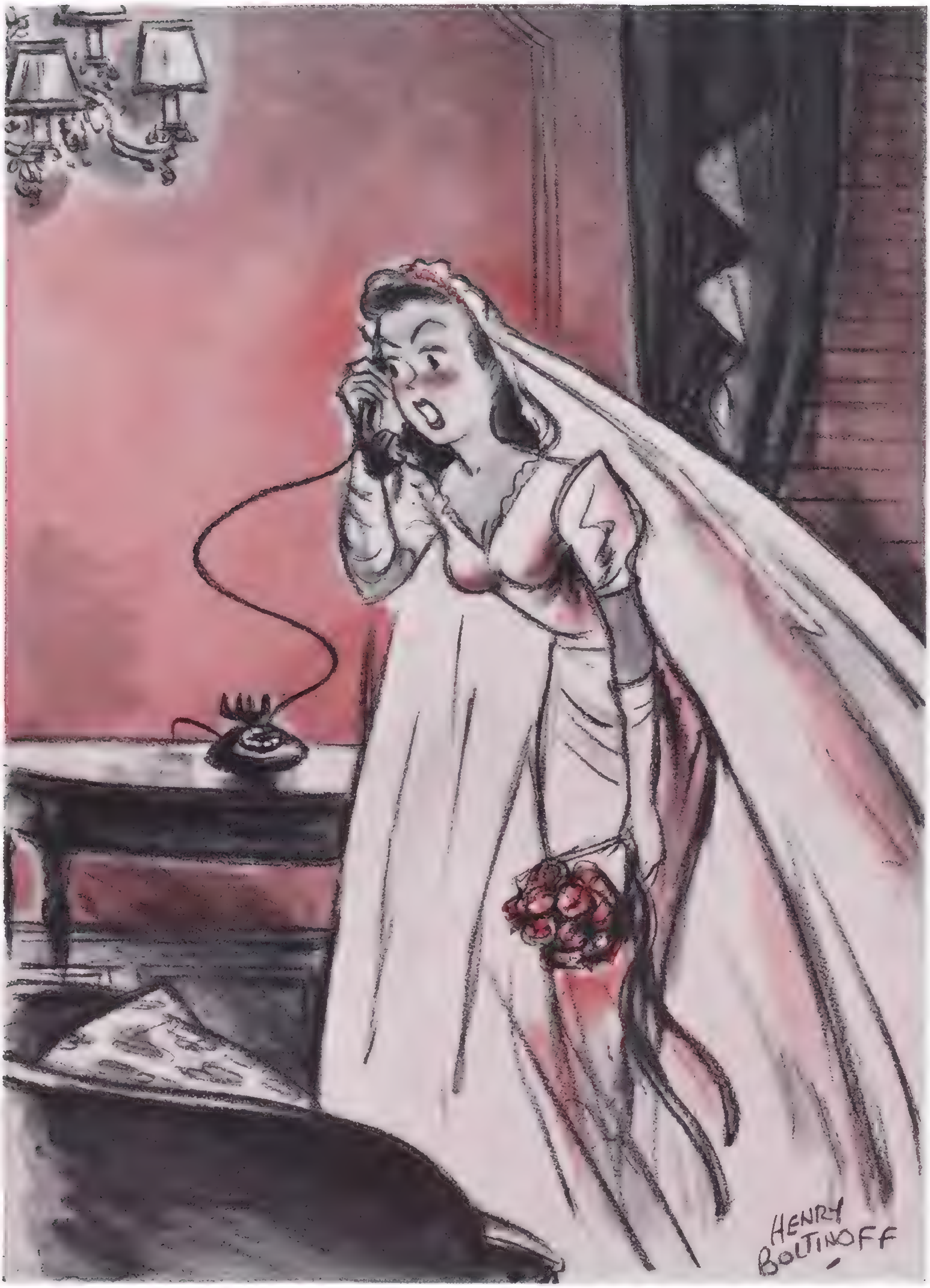

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"—when last seen was wearing a dress suit and running like hell!"

Uplift by Wireless

British radio, anxious to please the vicar and his wife, seldom indulges in anything so frivolous as pure fun

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

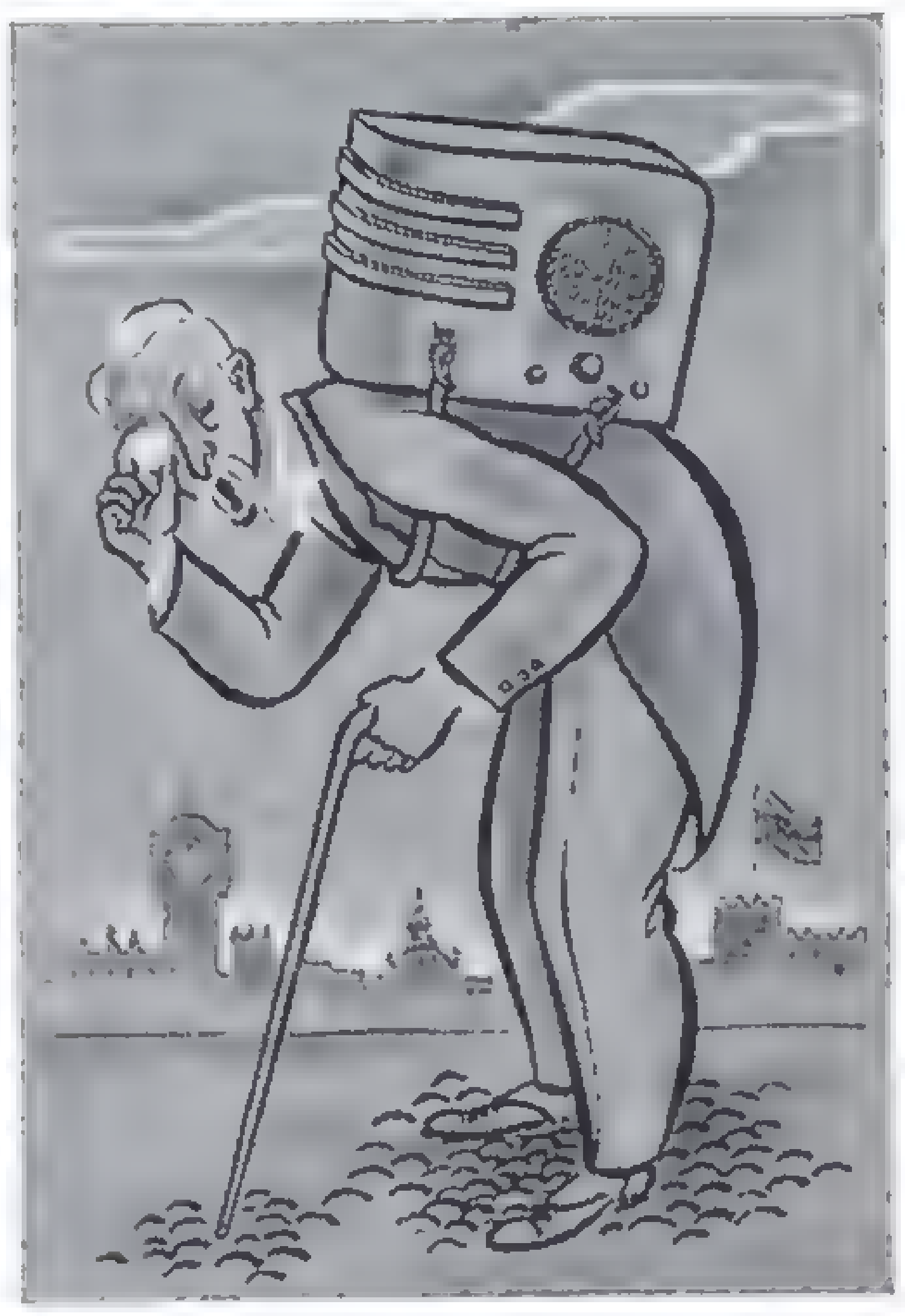
I HAVE just received a booklet dealing with television in London; on one page is a picture of a horse race being televised and the caption of this picture is "*Viewers have seen exactly how they lost.*"

It happens that television is a field in which the British have been particularly enterprising; although, like British broadcasting, it is closely under government supervision, the people in it are dealing with something instantaneous and lively. Yet consider the caption for a split second and you will see at once that there's a drag in it which an American copywriter would have avoided. He would have said—"*All the Winners by Television*"—or something like that. In another semi-official publication I noted that a critic of television was virtually thanking God that radio had had to carry the brunt of the crisis and that Chamberlain's scurries all over Europe were barely touched on by television.

I think that these things explain something about the English which has always baffled me. I know the old phrase about the British taking their pleasures sadly, but I doubt that it's true. They are addicts of the music halls and their knockabout comedy is robust and hearty. I suspect them only of dividing entertainment into pretty definite categories. I don't believe they are in the faintest degree reconciled to the simple mechanical and financial facts of such devices as the microphone and the movie camera. If you are amused by a pratfall, you can get it at any palace of varieties; but they can't abide the intrusion of anything remotely resembling action into a polite comedy. These are still being written for gentlemen and gentlewomen; when a Noel Coward comes along and stages a wrestling match in a comedy, the surprise is terrific. We had gents kicking dames all over the place in the movies five years earlier.

In the past two years we have had more praise for British movies than ever before; most of it has gone to Alfred Hitchcock for his handling of comedy and suspense; and you would generally get the impression that the British cinema was trying to do the same thing as the American movies. It doesn't seem so to me. The American movie is meant to be popular entertainment, and while the British intellectuals smile at our movies, in a rather indulgent way, the British public flocks around to Hollywood's shows. The same public flocked away from British pictures and the government had to institute quotas which make it obligatory to show some of the domestic product. If we Americans couldn't take English movies to our hearts, that would mean only that our habits and our standards of entertainment were different; but when the natives of Houndsditch and Harrowgate also balked, it meant that the movie makers themselves lacked something. Obviously what they lacked was any belief in the popularity of the pictures.

Mr. Hitchcock does a good job with his pictures; as everyone says, they're intelligent. They're intelligent and they're mighty slow. They're skillfully worked out and you can see the work. They are plays in many scenes, much more than movies. He has had the luck to start with some first-rate stories or novels and he has taste. But it would be a great thing for him to make a few pictures for American audiences—or for the British audiences that like American pictures.



British movies (like Continental European ones) are full of characters; American pictures are full of people (often so flat that they have no character at all). The result is that Americans go completely to pieces when a European picture has enough action to keep the audiences awake; then they cry out with joy, because of the richness and subtlety of the personalities, the delicate interplay of motives, and all the rest of it. I am inclined to think that what they really are enjoying is the slow pace of the picture. Ours go so fast, that a little sleeping sickness in a foreign film just strikes us as a welcome relief.

I offer to Dr. John B. Watson the unsolicited idea that the movies are worthy of his study. Dr. Watson is the head of the behaviorists in America, and the movies should be perfect tests for him. We give an actor or actress a few gestures, a couple of typical phrases, and for the rest, we show what they are by what they do. They do things no human being ever dreamed of doing—not in his senses—but we offer no explanation. It's all very superficial, but it's good entertainment. And since the movies are based on movement, it is barely possible that searching psychological studies aren't at home on the screen. I'm seldom at home when I see them there. And nowadays I seldom see them.

To be sure, I haven't seen many British comic films; I don't know whether they have knockabout shorts, which might be as good as vaudeville turns. But their full-length movie comedies strike me as blighted by gentility—and it isn't the gentility of the producers. It rises from the superstition in the minds of the British that nothing is worth doing if it fails to win the approval of the vicar and his wife.

That superstition has been completely demolished in British novels. It was broken down, as Rebecca West once suggested, by those who wanted to gain freedom for writers like Thomas Hardy, but it actually gave a lot of leeway to Elinor Glyn.

What pleases me is that it gave a sense of wild freedom to P. G. Wodehouse and in their livelier moments to Eric Linklater and Evelyn Waugh and a dozen other writers who range from the bellylaugh to an almost corrupt satire. There is more physical action and more low comedy in one of their novels than there is in a dozen British films. The novel, which is read by a comparatively minute number, doesn't have to be respectable; but the movie, being a parvenu, is doing its best to be genteel.

From time to time I gather that someone or other is most frightfully amusing on the wireless, but if you take an overall survey of what the average Briton wants to hear on the air, you get the impression that he leaps to his radio at 9:40 to hear the news and otherwise waits until the missing persons broadcast comes along. (They do this in detective stories, also.) But to be a little more accurate, here is the program Londoners could hear on September 19, 1938:

At 10:15 in the morning, The Daily Service, and after a weather forecast (for farmers and shipping) a twenty-minute talk *Who Was George Psalmanazar?* which isn't a bad topic and which was broadcast once before, in June. Then a ballad concert and a program called *Round the London Organs* (description of the organs and a recital), followed by an orchestra, and forty-five minutes of "popular dance music on gramophone records" after which, piped in from the Midlands station, a dialect sketch. Then gramophone records "illustrating the history of sonata form" and a hotel orchestra followed by gramophone records; then a quintet with xylophone and a short story read by the author (not a bad idea, there). The rest of the afternoon is given over—guess to what: orchestra and gramophone records, and after the first (six o'clock news) a recital of English music.

This brings us to the evening hours when the Englishman relaxes in his home (castle) and the first thing he gets is a bit of music hall comedy plus street musicians and an orchestra, then a piano recital, and twenty

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We Boys of China

The boy said if his grandfather were there, he could show them a way to kill all the Japanese

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

After the fall of Nanking and all the heavy losses suffered in the vain attempt to hold this proud walled city we lost touch with our division and were driven due north into the fertile farm lands of Lu-chu. We were driving on.

The Japanese forces showed us no mercy. Their planes went over us twice each day and their advance storm troops were soon at our heels. We abandoned our wagons, our food, the one-pounders and forced ahead with only a dozen machine guns and rolls of cartridges. We resembled a long file of porters each with his pack. In this way, what remained of us—barely 200 out of 4000—reached the wooded hills and early one morning we tramped down the gentle slope into the Han Valley. But the memories of the Nanking horrors, of so many fine boys of China, of innocent civilians, women and children . . . These memories were ever with us and with so many dead we were almost ashamed to be alive. The farmers in the Han Valley were already on the move. Bad news travels fast, and hearing of all the terrible things that happened in the city of Nanking they were already on the road. Men, women, children, their carts and wheelbarrows loaded full with whatever they could save, all were moving. An old man lingered behind to tell us where four sacks of rice could be found and then he hurried along, staff in hand, to join his family. And a boy too, about eleven or twelve years old, ran back several miles to give us some information that we already knew.

“Yes, we know.”

He walked along with us.

“This one was my house. Two mattresses are still there if you need them,” he said slowly.

“No, we don't need them. Better run along.”

“That hill over there is called Ku-lung.”

“Yes, we know.”

“There is good water a mile up the road.”

“Fine. Be a good boy and run along.”

The farmers' huts were deserted and each showed signs of a hurried departure. Here were beds and food and all sorts of things but we could not stop for we were already carrying our full load and taking turns at the heavy machine guns.

“There are fine birds in those woods over there. And we once caught a falcon. My grandpa had traps way up there near the top.”

“That's very nice. But the planes will be over us soon and we don't have traps for them—so you run along.”

“Are they going to be coming after you?”

We shrugged our shoulders and smiled.

“Do they want to kill you?”

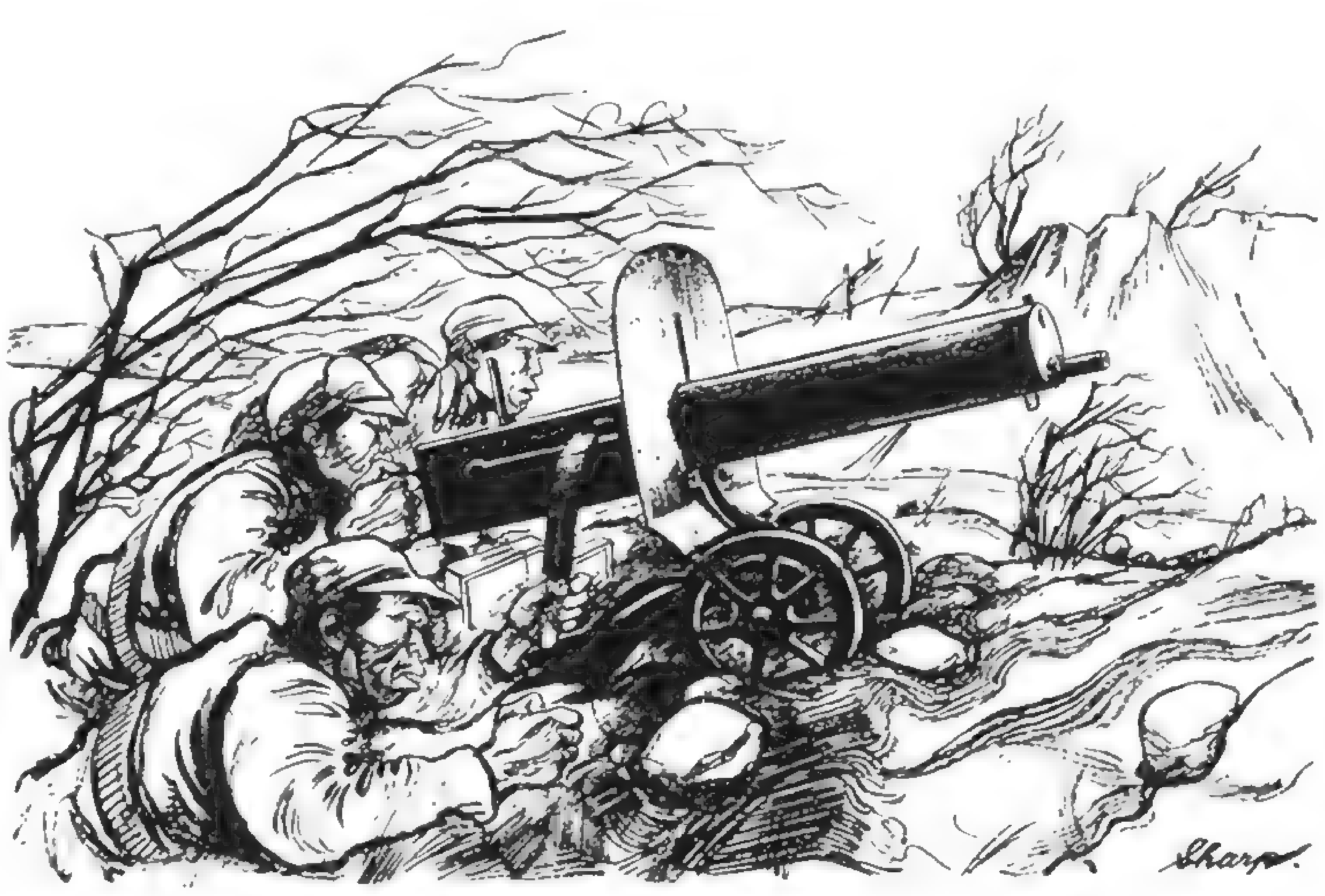
“No, they don't want to kill us. All they want is to show us moving pictures of American cowboys.”

And another beside me spoke up; he was sweating under a heavy load: “And they have candy, but we don't like candy and that is why we are in a hurry. Get the hell out of here!”

Just then we heard the sound of two enemy planes and we left the road for the fields where we scattered wide in case they opened fire on us.

But they did not fire. They only wanted to make sure where we were so that there could be no mistake about the pursuit.

When we got back to the road the boy who had evidently run ahead was now running back to us with the news: “They cooked for you a big kettle of rice. As big as this.” He spread his hands out as wide as he could. “It's steaming hot. They knew you would be along.”



Yes, it was true. The good farmers in flight had set up a great kettle beside the road and packed a charcoal fire about it, knowing very well that we were only two hours behind them and two hours of slow steaming would give us a good meal. It was about eleven o'clock and having started at daybreak we were exceedingly hungry.

The food softened us and we spoke more kindly to the boy who wanted to know how far the enemy was behind us and if it were possible to see them with the captain's field glasses.

“Only a few hours. Perhaps five or six.”

“And those glasses . . . How do they work?”

“I don't know. You'd better run along.”

“If my grandpa was here he could show you how to kill the whole enemy. He could do it himself.”

“Where is your grandpa?”

“He died two years ago.”

“Well, that's too bad. The only man in the world who could lick the enemy is now dead. Was your grandpa a general?”

“No. We had the farm and grandpa trapped birds in the woods and he once caught a falcon and sold it for ten dollars. But if the enemy came here my grandpa would know how to kill them and he showed me once where the places were on the Ku-lung hill. And these were places that had to be watched.”

“Yes, they had to be watched because the trees would run away I suppose.”

“No. He told me that once it broke loose up there where that dead tree is.” He pointed to the hill. “And just over night all the crops were spoiled and it was two days before they could fix it. And that was only a little leak. And when the water gets down here it has no place to run off because the valley is like a big rice bowl. And there is another place over that way where there is a big river and my grandpa told me that his daddy once helped fix that one because the same thing happened, but he fixed it so good that it can never break again.”

“Where does the water go?”

“It crosses over to the other side but there is a little twisty place where if it breaks through then it comes down this side. Once it starts forty devils could not hold it back.”

“Wait a minute, boy. Come with me.”

I brought him over to our captain, and I had the boy repeat what he told me.

The captain took out his field glasses and looked through them at the place far up where a whitened dead tree could be seen. But there was no sign of water.

He questioned the boy to make certain that he was not romancing and inventing a fable that might seriously delay us. The boy repeated again what he learned from his grandfather. Looking about us at the nature of this valley it certainly resembled a saucer of soft fertile ground with low wooded hills about. No stream ran through the bottom of this valley and therefore we concluded that the boy was right.

“Did your grandpa teach you how to trap birds?”

“Yes, he did.”

“What else did your grandpa teach you?”

"He taught me the different proverbs."

"Which proverbs?"

"Just the ones of our province. The ones you hear all the time. But my grandpa taught me what they mean."

"What else did he teach you?"

"All about the trees and the weather and rocks and . . . well I guess almost everything," he said proudly.

"Can you read the thousand characters?"

"No. We have no school in our valley. But I can read the numbers. My grandpa taught me."

While this little talk was going on our captain spoke with some of our men and we decided to pick up shovels and iron picks from the abandoned farms and climb the hill to see if what the boy said was correct.

"There is a little path that goes quite near."

"You come along and show us."

"All right," said the boy. And then he asked me again if I knew what made field glasses bring things near and so clear.

I promised him that if he was telling us the truth about the water I would ask the captain to allow him to have one good look through his glasses.

A small detachment of ten men not including our captain, the boy and myself, cut across the plowed fields and started up the slope into the wooded section. The trees were liquid green against the bright light. A fragrant soft moist air filled our lungs and in a few minutes as we walked through these woods a queer change came over us. We took on, as though from the air, a new spirit.

A few minutes before we were hunted men and now we were dreaming of a ruthless maneuver. A few minutes before we were almost hopeless boys of China and in flight. But now we are turning about. We are hungry, weary, poorly equipped and beaten, but hope rises in us and soon we shall be the attackers with a new weapon that can resist fire and shell and stop the great rolling machinery of war. We boys, almost beaten into the ground and chopped up into the soil of our native land were turning about and dreaming of victory and conquest.

The fragrant air of the woods filled our lungs. We walked on and with each step we took on confidence and a defying spirit. What matter the weariness or the patches on our pants? Oh, this is a nice feeling!

"So your grandpa taught you the proverbs," I said to the boy.

"Yes."

"What proverbs exactly do you know?"

"Well, there is one that says: You can't put two saddles on one horse."

"Yes, that's very true."

"And another one says: If you bow at all, bow low."

"Yes, that's good to remember."

Then the boy recited three or four more but I was not listening for I was looking off into the distance where I could see the narrow road over which only a few hours before we had arrived as a ragged band in this valley. And this is the same road, the only road which soon will bring them in and . . .

We climbed higher and higher and the boy pointed out the right path and recited more proverbs.

"It is easier to catch a tiger than ask a favor. And also: No needle is sharp at both ends. You can't clap hands with one palm."

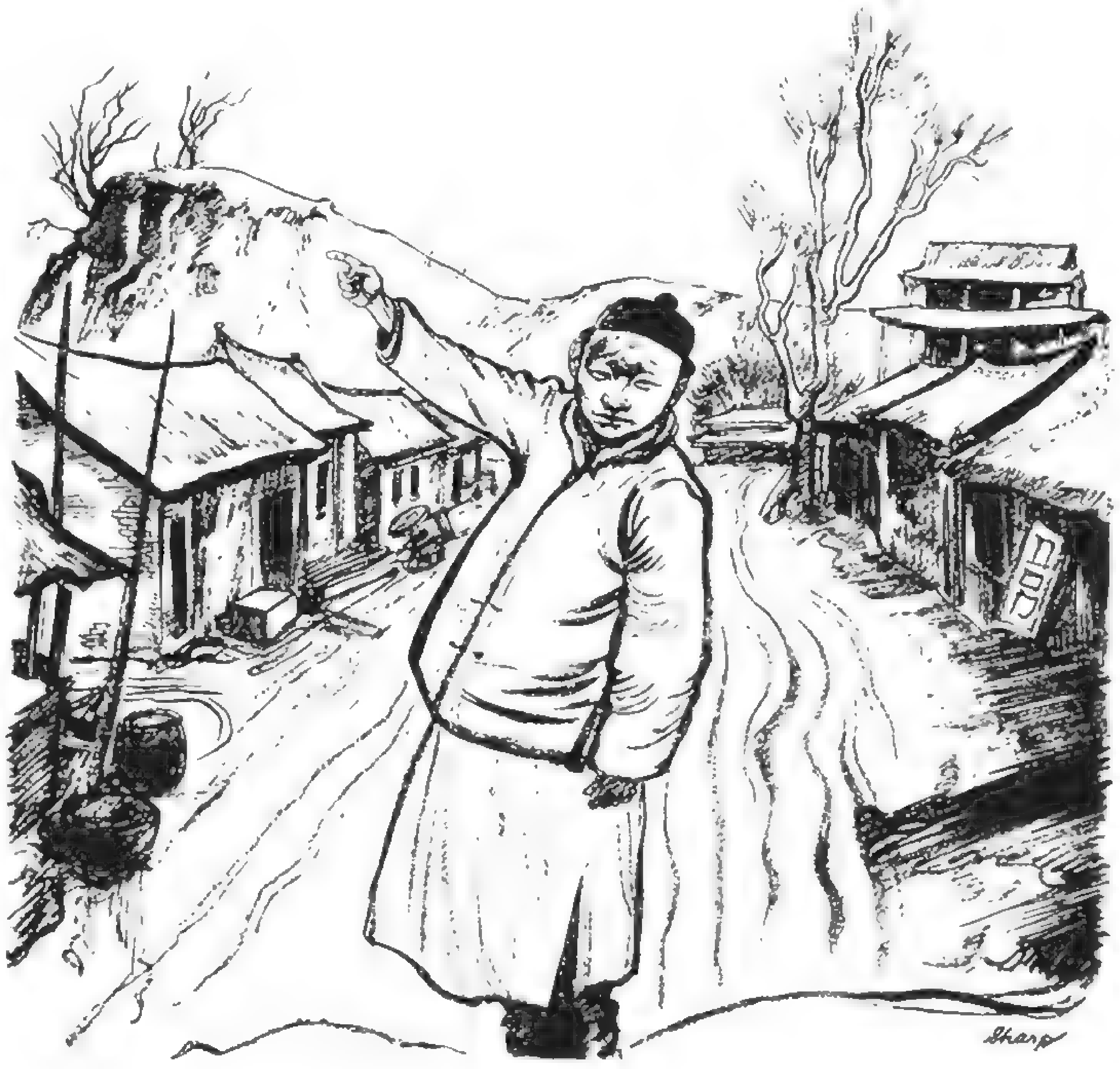
"That's very good," I said. "Your grandpa was a wise man."

But now I was thinking that there really must be such a place as the boy described. The grandpa of these proverbs would not have lied.

Soon we heard the sound of a rapid stream.

"That is it," he said. "And it bends over there by the big dead tree."

When we reached the place we could see the nature of the whole land and a glimpse of the valley beyond into which the stream emptied. We could also see that heavy blocks of fired clay had been used to build a retaining wall to hold the ten feet of rock and soil that kept the stream in its course. What a pretty little neck to cut through! Ten feet of mud between us and glory. We surveyed the ground with our eyes and looked down into the valley.



The second stream was almost half a mile away and higher up. No path led up this far but the boy knew the way and he stopped to show us the place where his grandfather caught the falcon.

"He bought him a silver chain—solid silver, and put it on his foot so he would not fly away. He was a pretty bird and very wild but could be trained for hunting."

Ah! We were hunting bigger game.

The second stream proved larger than the first but we could not see exactly how this wild current could flow anywhere else than in its natural course. But the boy found a place where he said was the "trouble spot." And here there were really signs of large stones fitted together by human hands. That was all we needed to know. We signalled to the rest of the men and in a short time we could see them emerge from the different parts of the valley below us and set out for the places that were decided upon before we started up the hill.

Some came up to join us. Others went up on the other side and a third group went ahead to the end of the road that led out of the valley and here began to blast large holes in the ground. This seemed a necessary precaution for the army of pursuit might roll easily into this valley and before we knew it would be out of it. We wanted to delay them here so that night would overtake them. The holes in the road would hold up the trucks until they could be filled up by the men. The plowed fields beside the road were too soft and the heavy rolling war machinery would not attempt to leave the road.

Others had stopped to find shovels and picks and were making their way across the meadows and low marsh ground to join us. Our captain watched it all through his field glasses. There was one place that had worried him but viewing it from this height he said that everything would be all right provided there was enough water in the streams and that it would hang on the surface and not sink away as fast as it ran in. The place that had worried him was the part of the road that dropped into the basin. What would prevent them from turning about and going back? Well, the road took quite a dip before it came on the level of the valley and this place would be the first to fill up and would be about twenty feet deep before the water spread across the plain. This was indeed fortunate and he pointed it out to me. I looked through the glasses and then to keep our promise I allowed the boy to have his look.

In one minute he saw half a dozen wild birds, nests and all sorts of woodland life.

"These glasses are wonderful!" he exclaimed. "If my grandpa only had a pair like these we would have caught eagles and everything." Then handing them back to me he asked again if I could explain to him how they made things that were far seem so near.

"No, I don't know." What I was thinking of was that long, winding snake-like line that for days has been at our backs driving us on. How far were they now? How near?

"There is only one thing I don't like about this whole business," said the captain. "It's all too good to be true—too perfect. It can't work out so neatly. Nothing does."

We started to move some of the stones and to shovel away some earth. All the work would have to be done by our hands as we did not want the sound of a blast to attract any attention. Divided among fifty men it all could be done in a single hour at dusk.

At last, at last the pretty sight was before us. A small body of their men was at the top of the road resting while their officers with their maps and powerful field glasses surveyed the land before them. We were deep under the trees and could not possibly be seen. They rested half an hour and sent up signal rockets to say that the road was clear ahead. And that would bring up the long line of motor lorries, all part of their marvelous equipment. They had wagons with mounted cannon, wagons with ammunition, an engineering division, a wireless wagon, two covered hospital units, a mess wagon for the

Continued in center of page 126

Corbino: Artist on Horseback

He has the Renaissance delight in good living, and the sense of being a link in a mighty chain greater than himself

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

JON CORBINO is a lover of life. In himself and in his painting there is a positive quality by the steady flame of which meager souls may well warm themselves. His life and his work constitute one of the most wholesome affirmations of the abiding values of art which this writer knows. He is large in much more than the physical sense. He celebrates Nature and human nature, he glories in them, he accepts them as they are, and he has no wish either to reform or deform them. He likes people and he likes to interpret people. He finds little to improve either in people or in animals, and he presents them in their human nature and in their animal nature, without showing fear or shame of them by reducing them to abstract patterns. In this, as in other aspects of his work, he takes his cue from the Old Masters who, in his view, glorified and intensified human nature. Corbino paints by the creed that without the love of people and the understanding of them there can be no justification for art.

Jon Corbino is built on a spacious scale both inside and out. The motives by which he operates are larger than those by which most of us move. He is in many ways an authentic heir of the Renaissance. There is almost a suppressed Renaissance flourish in him. He has the Renaissance delight in good living, the Renaissance pride in art as a noble profession, and also the sense of being a link in a mighty chain that is greater than himself. There is in his attitude toward his profession a quality which takes us back to the time when painters were neither beggars nor lap dogs, but the courted lords of creation. This is not to say that Corbino has a retinue of servants or that he would wish to manage an atelier filled with apprentices and specialists in applied art, but within the limits set by modern ways of living he has the attitude toward painting which makes him seem like a man born three hundred years too late for the full realization of his potentialities and the complete satisfaction of his desires. His paintings declare his spiritual affinity to the past, but unlike others born out of their time he has powers of adjustment and powers of assertion that make it impossible for any generation to ignore him.

Kinsman to the Renaissance though he is, he is still a young man by any standard, but a young man matured by the struggle to find his idiom in painting. Neither has he been soured by that struggle, nor has his head been turned the least bit by recent success. Few painters better than he realize the factitious nature of success in art these days and of how little the present pledges the future. In nothing that he says or does is there a hint of complacence, of conceit, of self-satisfaction, of pride of purse or pride of skill. There is no one with whom I have talked about Corbino but has added to the testimony not only of his great gifts in art but of his simplicity, his modesty and his generosity. I have seen people glow with admiration in the effort to communicate to me the nature of his largeness, the uncompromising quality of his faith in honest art. He is admired not only for qualities of character, which would make themselves manifest in the pursuit of any profession, but for qualities of intellect, for the pursuit of inquiries and the cultivation of curiosities which feed his sources as an artist. In a world of small men anyone built on so large a scale must perforce attract attention.

In his painting Corbino has been influenced not by one man, but by a company of giants. His work betrays the study of Michelangelo and Titian, Rubens and Leonardo, Veronese and Goya, Delacroix, Daumier and Géricault. Even El Greco and Tintoretto have been seen in his canvases. A recent exhibition of his pictures was described as a roomful of Old Masters revarnished and otherwise brightened up for the purposes of exhibition and sale. Like the Old Masters, Corbino, too, paints a joyful turbulence of men and animals, not single figures in almost inanimate poses, but crowds in violent straining around some center of attraction. Rubens dramatized the life of the Saviour, Heaven and Hell and the tales of mythology; in the same way Corbino dramatizes festivals and fiestas of harvesters and fishermen, catastrophes such as floods and earthquakes, rebellions and suppressions of rebellion, from all of which, by the way, are banished all vestiges of the mechanical age, for instead of locomotives and tractors and automobiles, there are only horses and bulls, horses a little less fiery and Arabian than Géricault's, but bulls pretty much like those Goya used to know. He has such excellent knowledge of animal anatomy that I think he could paint straining horses and bulls in his sleep; certainly such a composition as *Polo Players*, to name but one, was created entirely from memory. They tell of Corbino starting out to paint a landscape of perfect peace and finishing it with a huge bull tethered to a stake in the foreground, head lowered to await the hammer blow of the butcher of Cape Ann. His bulls are more than mere incidentals of his paintings but horses are the center and the justification for so many of them that I think we would be justified in calling Corbino the painter on horseback. I am certain that Corbino's next war will be waged not by the tanks but by the cavalry.

This is one of the ways in which Corbino reveals his uncontemporaneousness. His work is anchored to no specific time, to no specific place. He paints a state of mind in which he is loyal to the masters. He paints the common people, but the common people as they would be seen by a romantic, not by a proletarian. His people are almost always having a riotously jolly time, in an opulent way with a flourish and a recklessness of gesture which pays no thought to the consequences of the morrow. They eat, they drink, they play, they riot unreservedly. They are enacting a golden age which resides in the unconscious of a painter with memories ancestral as well as esthetic. Even when the bulls stampede, or the cavalry presses forward against them (as in *Rebellion*), or when they take to the boats (in *Flood*) there is nothing even in their temporary state to make you fear for them, or to elicit your sympathy. They are actors in a panorama, a pageant, and well-fed actors, and the picture, not the story in the picture, is the thing. Do not look in Corbino's pictures for social content: look for, and you will find, the glory of color in movement.

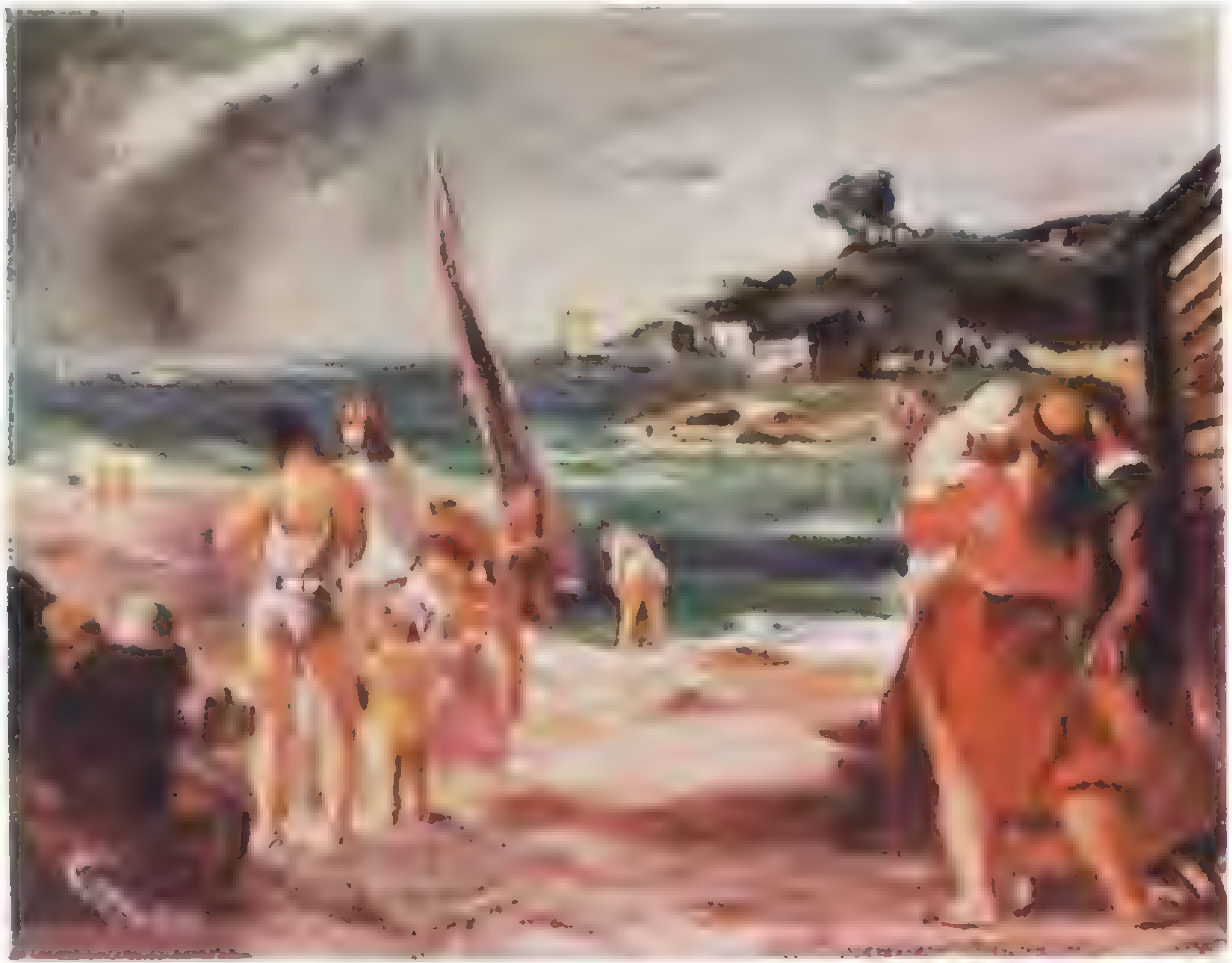
Corbino paints life not as it might be seen by a young man using his eyes in 1939, but out of a romantic imagination and with an easy skill that is likely to reduce humanity to a set of stereotypes whose chief validity is derived from the classic canvases from which they are borrowed. It seems to me that Corbino's chief danger lies in this: that he has such a multitude of perfectly formed and perfectly attired images in his head all ready to take their place on canvas that he does not have to make any reference to the life about him. Even in his portraits of individuals, it seems to me, he paints not the person seen but a romanticization of that individual in which face and figure are lost in a swirl of costume. There is in him an almost uncontrollable gusto of gesture, although method and plan underlie the only apparent undiscipline of his canvases.

He explains his going to school to the Florentines, the Venetians, the Flemish and the French painters of the past centuries in this manner: "If these men were alive today and teaching you'd say, 'I'd like to study with them.' Since they are not alive you study their masterpieces." Corbino left Italy for the last time at the age of eight and since has never visited any part of Europe. Yet the knowledge he has of the masters and their methods is none the less thorough. In public and semi-public museums he has studied their originals, and in books and periodicals reproductions of their works, and through biography, memoir and notebooks obtained light on their methods and the states of mind which generated their paintings. He studied their principles in their work; he studied the way they thought and felt. He studied the rough drafts and sketches for paintings and frescoes that the masters left behind and compared them with the finished product. Even at a cursory glance his studio declares his allegiances and preoccupations in art. "To create an art unrelated to the art of the past is like trying to achieve, single-handed, a literature with a language which none but yourself understands and which you must first teach others. Even your mother has to talk to you in the language which her mother taught her." Strict interpretation of this analogy, I am afraid, would make impossible Hemingway's broad deviations from the King James version of the Holy Bible; in his fidelity to the masters, in his faithful use of their language, Corbino makes drawings which might almost be offered as drawings left behind by Leonardo and Michelangelo. I must make it clear that he is faithful to them not in slavish imitation, but even when his hand is most free in draughtsmanship. He belongs to the age of the masters no less than that famous Italian sculptor who died recently, whose original figures were so truly Renaissance that they were offered, and accepted, as work left by the masters.

Who, I asked, was the last painter whom one could rightly describe as an Old Master? Delacroix, he replied, because he was the last painter to play the full orchestra, the last to study and to practice art as a complete unit, and not only in one of its parts. After Delacroix, the Impressionists, emphasized color, forgetting drawing, which, in his view, is like a musician composing only for the bassoon, or the flute, instead of for the complete orchestra. The Post-Impressionists composed for an orchestra even more meager and specialized. "I give the Old Masters the credit due them—most painters don't. It's very easy to belittle. It's very easy for a young musician to say Bach was no good. Why belittle Michelangelo because you like Cézanne?"

He is proud of his profession and he is disturbed when members of it misunderstand the life and work of their great predecessors in the profession. Now there is a point in his constant references to art as a profession. It isn't a trade, it isn't a hobby and it isn't a neurological prescription. It is something in which a man spends his life. He despises the idlers and the triflers who reduce the credit of the profession, the hundreds who think that they can become artists by attending an art class, and letting it go at that. You don't become a surgeon by attending a class; you become a member of a profession by being apprenticed to it. At the time of the Renaissance, for example, one who wished to become an artist became apprenticed to a man in whose studio he could learn by seeing and doing.

I think he would love to see the restoration of the medieval and Renaissance system of apprenticeship in art, much as he must be aware of the difficulties in the way. In the school at Rockport, Massachusetts, which he conducts with William McNulty, the etcher, and Mrs. McNulty (Ann Brockman is her painting name) he gives a measure of help running over to the students who mean business while the idlers rarely receive more than studied tolerance. To him art is no pretty accomplishment and one of the qualities that makes Delacroix admirable to him is that he was the last great painter who went into art as a student—a student of the whole thing. Corbino's own faith has been harshly tested by survival in a world whose attitude to art is a little less than understanding or respectful, and his own memories of his earlier years, coupled with his faith in art, tend to make him a teacher of passion and enthusiasm.



ROCKPORT BEACH

To his facility in draughtsmanship he joins remorseless industry. He has painted on board, wood, paper and canvas, with tempera under-painting and with glazes, and has drawn with crayon, pastel and pencil. He is constantly making sketches, rough drafts on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes that are no more than hieroglyphics, and fully finished and shaded drawings that deserve the dignity of expensive frames. He was known as a sculptor before he achieved reputation as a painter and he still carves in wood and stone as an offset to painting. He has the scope, the imagination and the freedom of a mural painter, but the only wall on which he has worked has been that of the McNultys' home in Rockport. He has no patience with the niggling documentary type of mural that is simply an enlarged easel picture. He has refused one mural commission because he could not work within the strait jacket of the imposed conditions. He feels that it would take him years before he could bat out a mural that would be significant, but in the meantime, I am persuaded, he would turn out one or two that would be worth looking at. The chief difficulty in mural painting, he points out, is that buildings are planned for plumbing and other such considerations, but hardly for murals.

Corbino possesses the foundation capacities for art. He knows how to look. He sees more with a side glance than most people, including painters, see with full-face stare. He can remember clearly the details of a woman's complicated attire and can state from memory, in black and white and in color. He can paint figures from memory and rarely requires models, except for drawings. He draws and paints with a masterly certainty and directness that is the wonder and despair of artists who achieve nothing without pain and erasure and much waste of materials. One day while friends who had called to take him out to dinner were waiting for him to get ready, he asked them to wait a few minutes longer and within that time he roughly sketched out a nine-foot figure on canvas, without drawing any detail out of proportion. He has the astonishing facility of getting everything down with as much correctness as boldness. His brain is constantly entertaining a multitude of teeming compositions which often disturb him in his sleep, so that many times he must get up and put them down—and out of his mind. The sketching of the nine-foot figure was accomplished in the presence of waiting friends not for ostentation's sake but because the figure had chosen that moment to organize itself in his brain. Another day he called at the home of friends, who kept him waiting. Several pastel crayons and a piece of cardboard were about. By the time the friends were ready Corbino had completed a gay little picture of a robust baby doing its duty while mother looked on proudly, a Rabelaisian little trifle which Corbino left behind as a memento of his visit. The mural in the McNultys' home began with a suggestion from Corbino that he whitewash the wooden wall. Mrs. McNulty had just finished saying that it was ridiculous he should spend all that time doing that kind of work when Corbino began sketching a figure in charcoal on the wall. Then he moved on to pastel and finally to house paint and by the time he had finished, the following afternoon, the wooden wall had a mural on it, bound to no particular story content but held together in its parts by the artist's temperament.

Jon Corbino was born in Vittorio, Sicily, in 1905, the son of a writer and the grandson of a well-to-do farmer and wine grower. Jon's father had twelve brothers and sisters and at harvest time the patriarch's children and their children moved out to the farm and helped harvest the crops and tread the grapes. There were pigs and cows, mules, asses and horses, a truck garden for the family's tables and of course much wine and lots of fun for the young ones, who knew, for at least a short time, what it was to live in the lap of an opulent Providence. Upon grandfather's death the land and vineyards were divided among the thirteen children so that there wasn't much left for each. It is from this farm, I am convinced that Corbino derived his standard and pattern of living. One cannot look upon *Harvest Festival*, for example, or *Fisherman's Fiesta* without feeling that Corbino's brush had been dipped in memories beneath the conscious.

When Jon was five his mother took him to New York, where they were to be joined by his father, who had previously left for South

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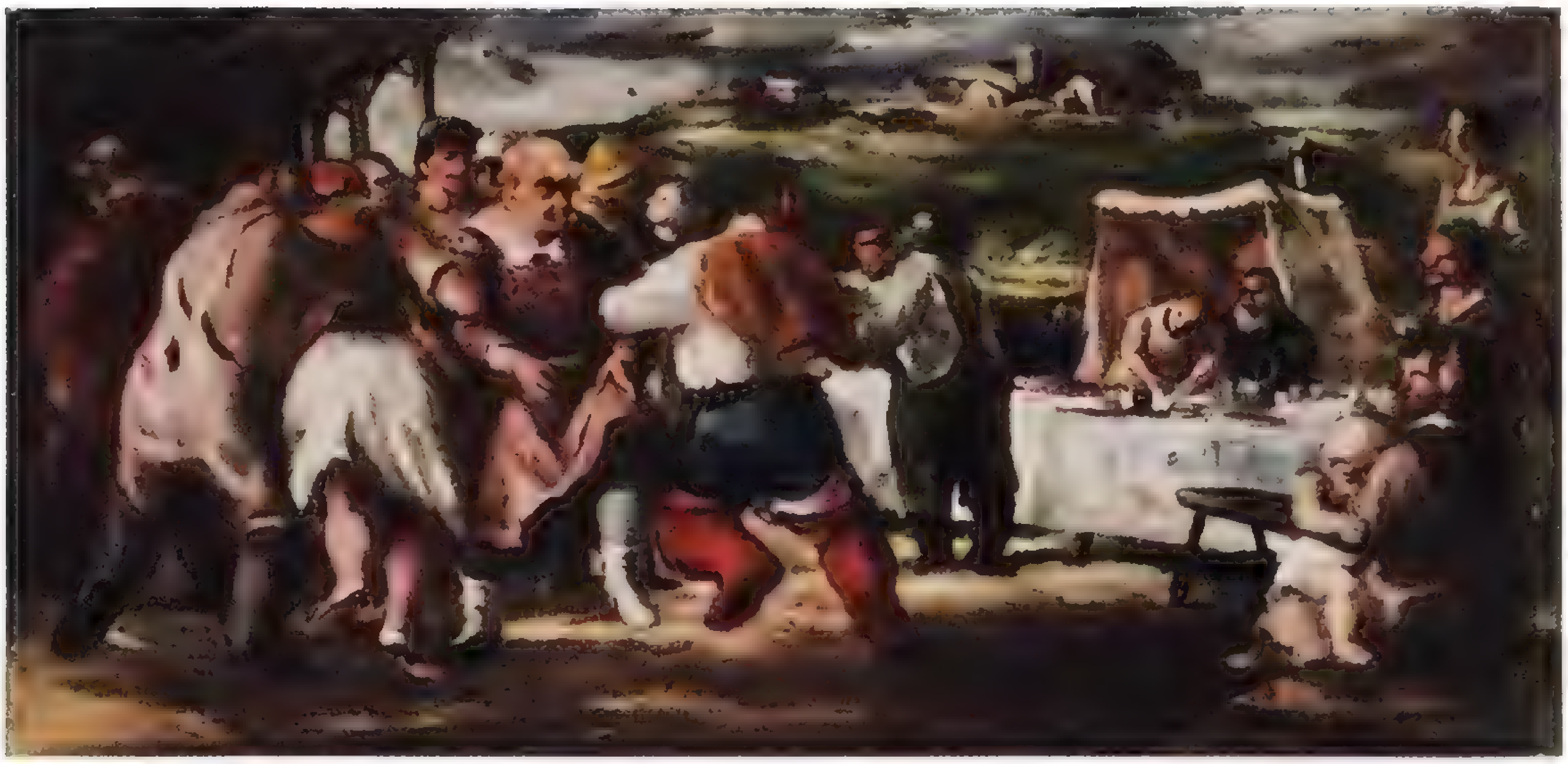

FISHERMEN FROLIC

A Collection of Paintings

by

JON CORBINO

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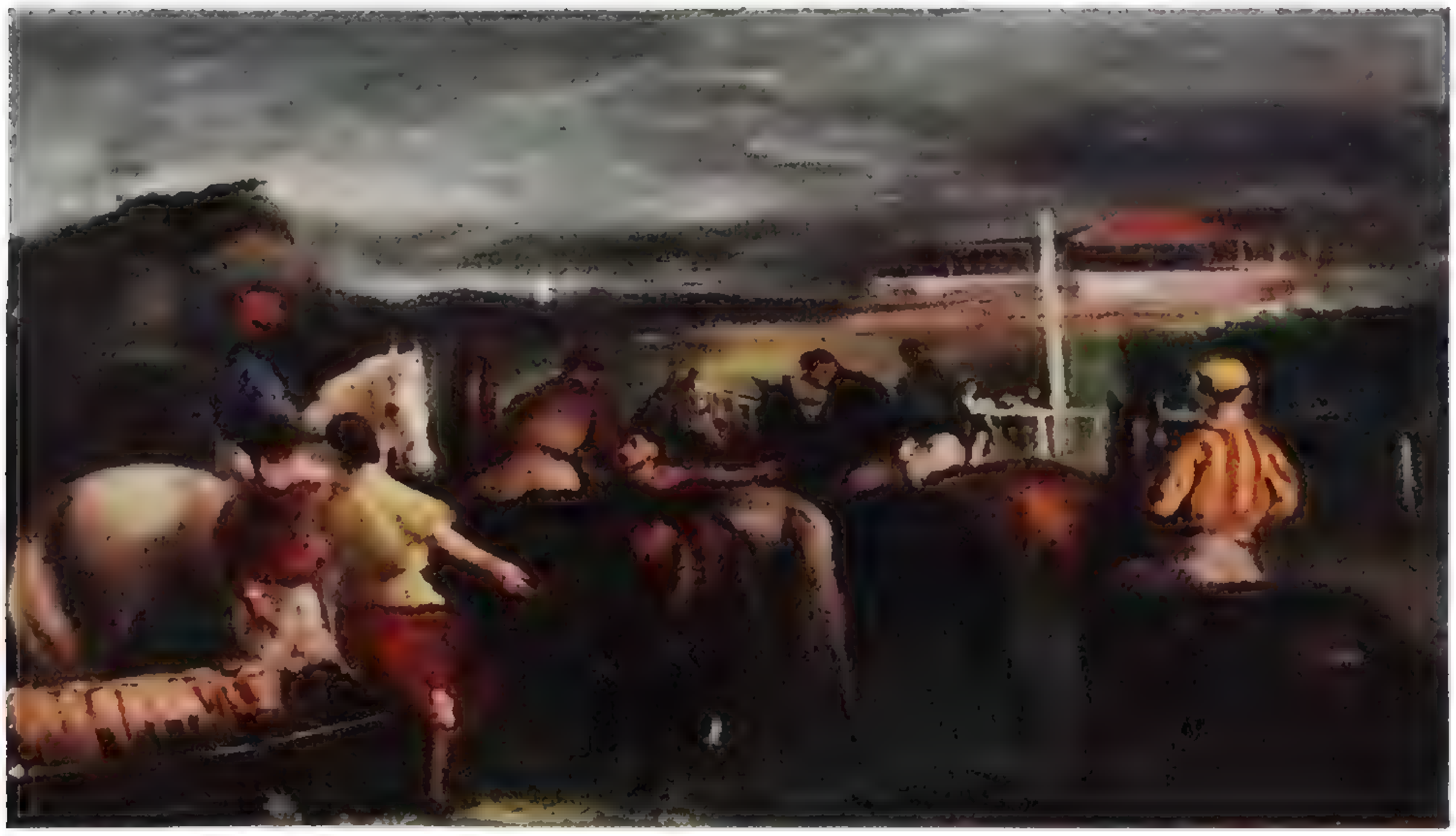
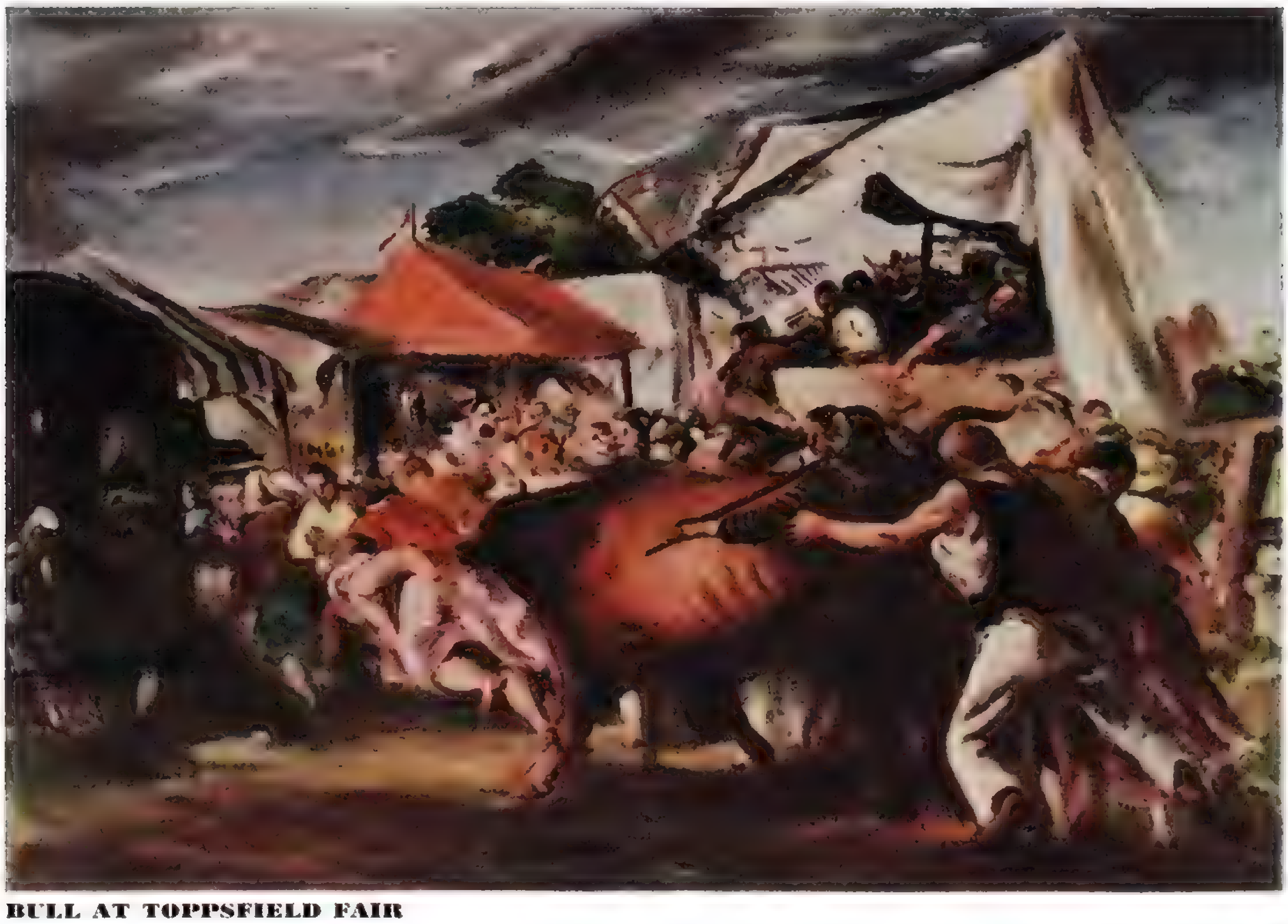
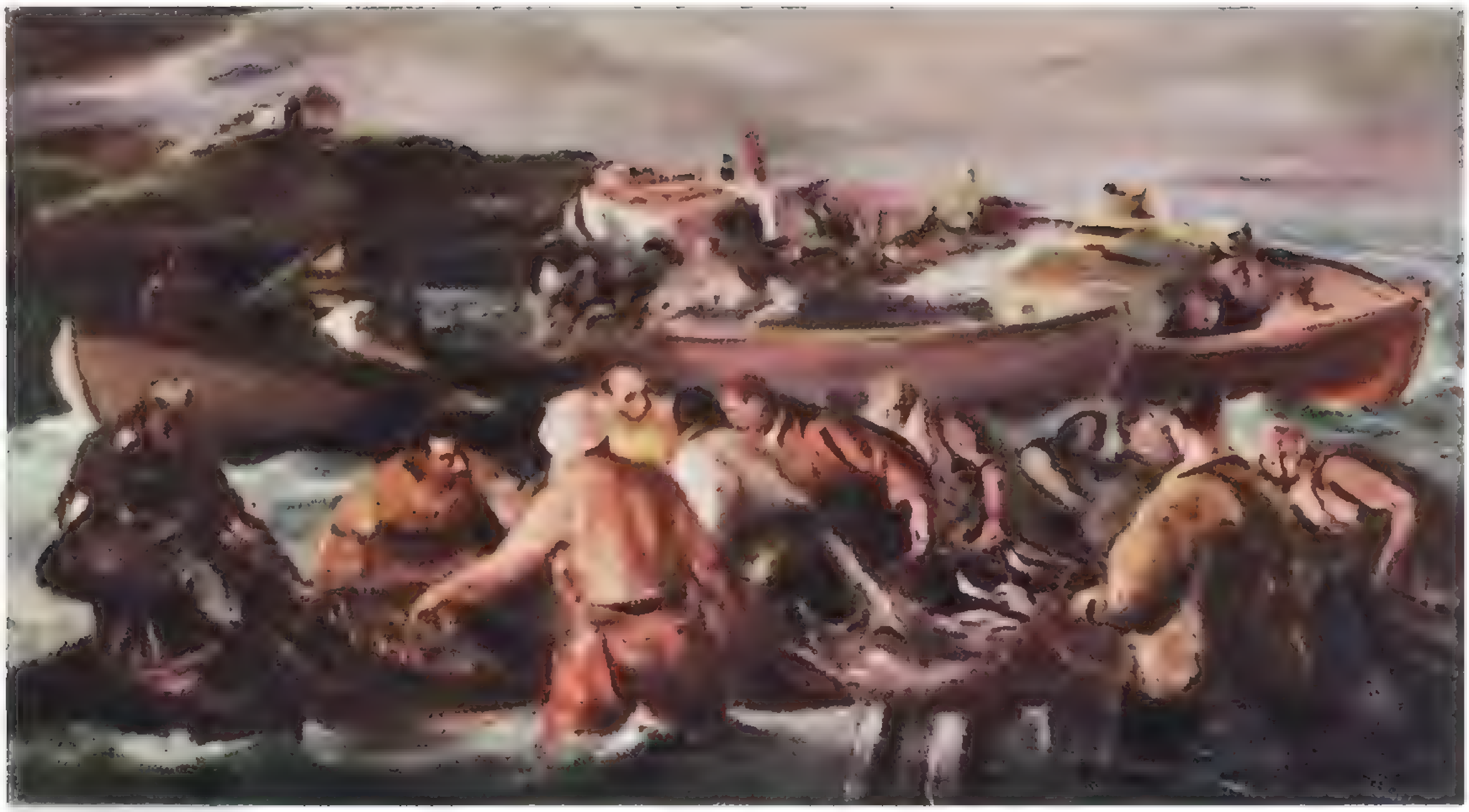


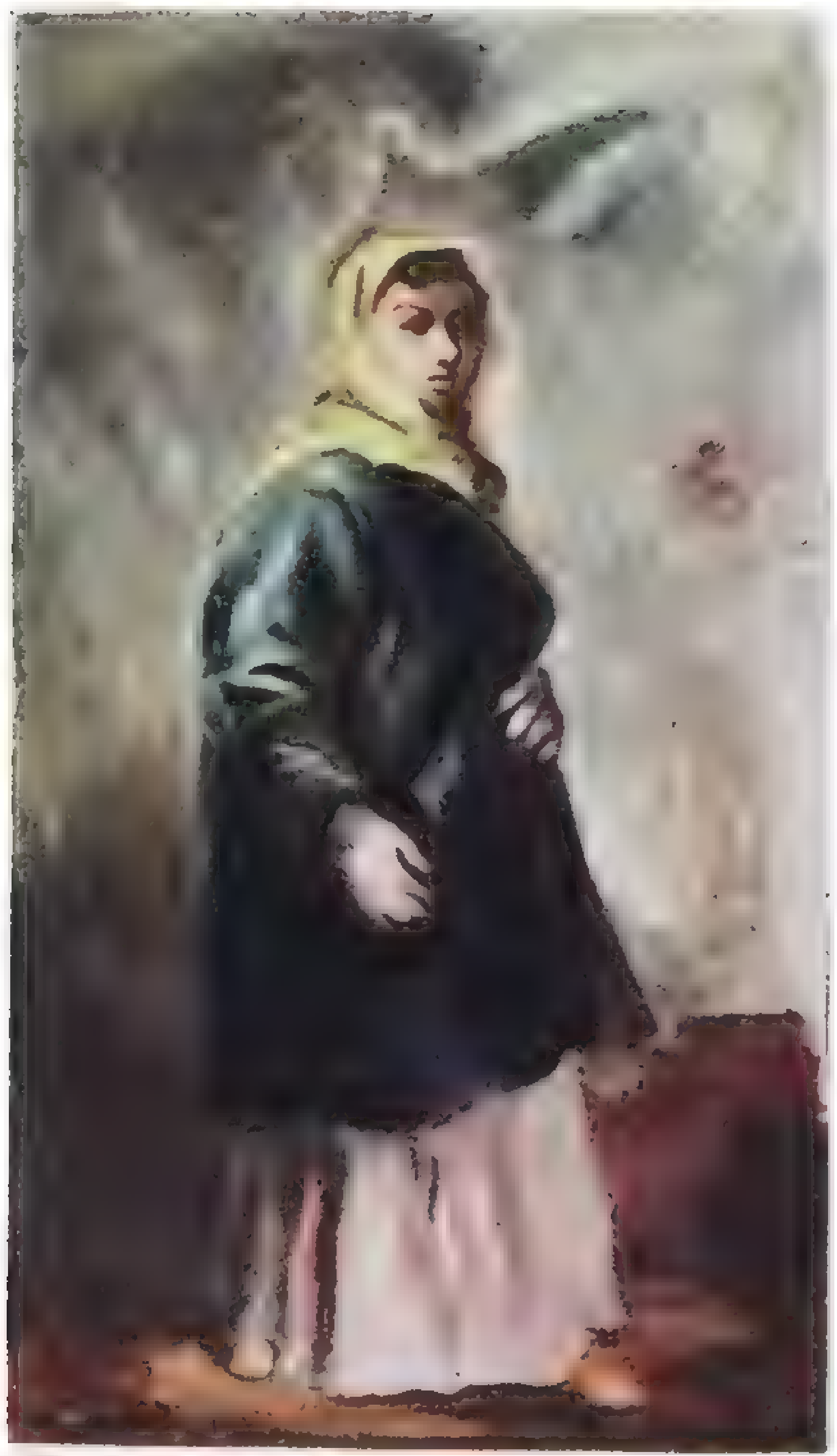
JOCKEY AND RACETRACK



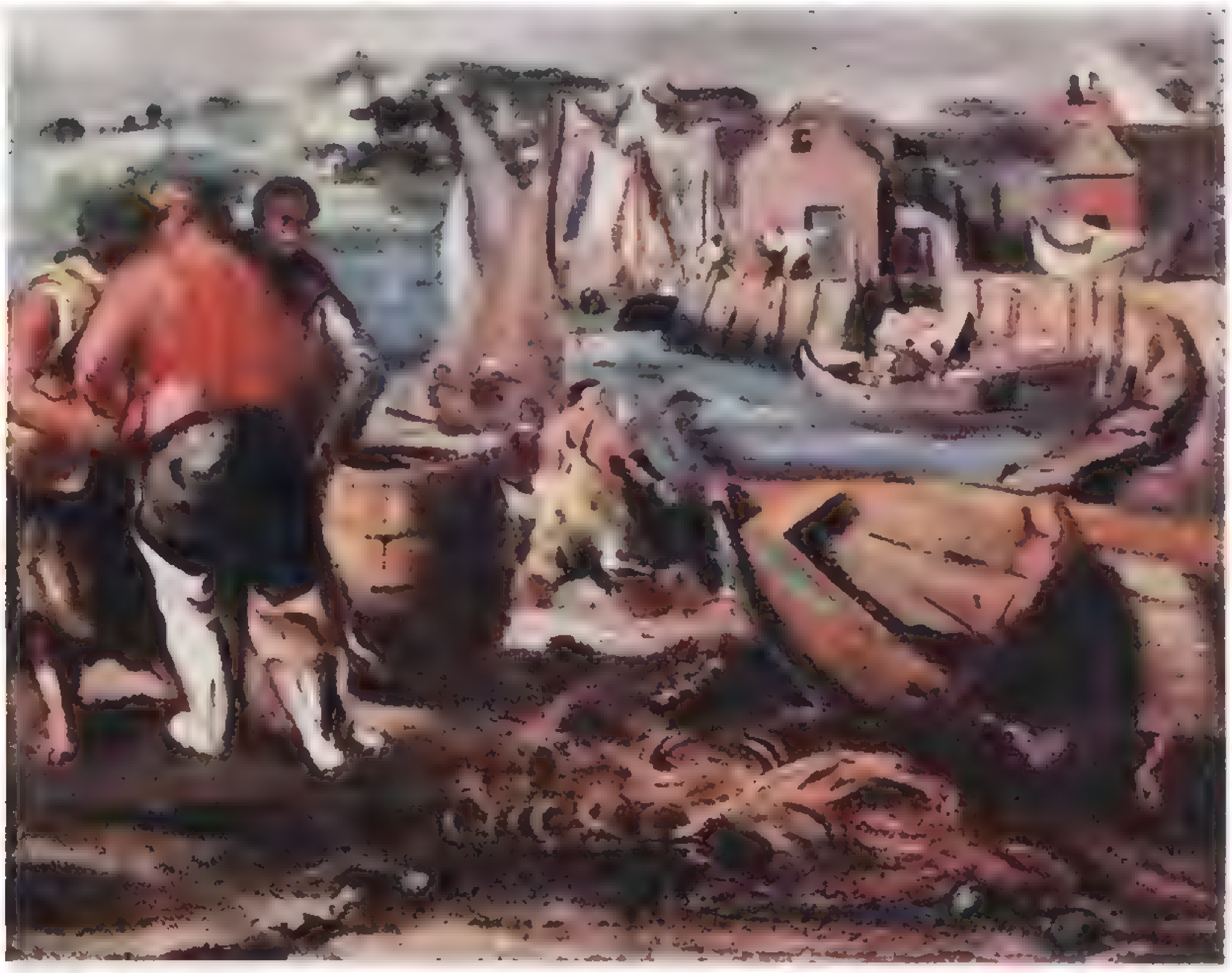
BULL AT TOPPSFIELD FAIR



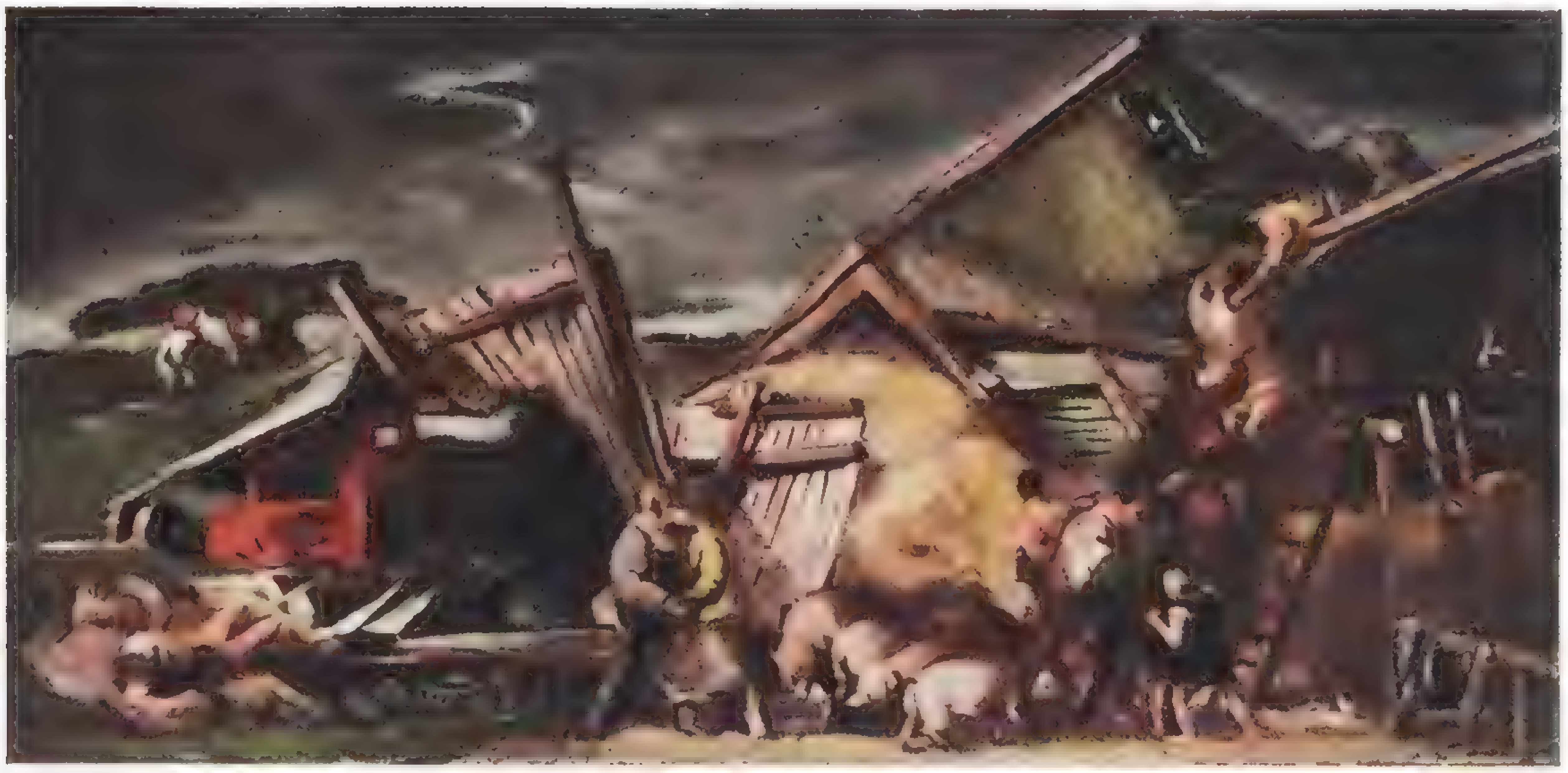
FISHERMEN



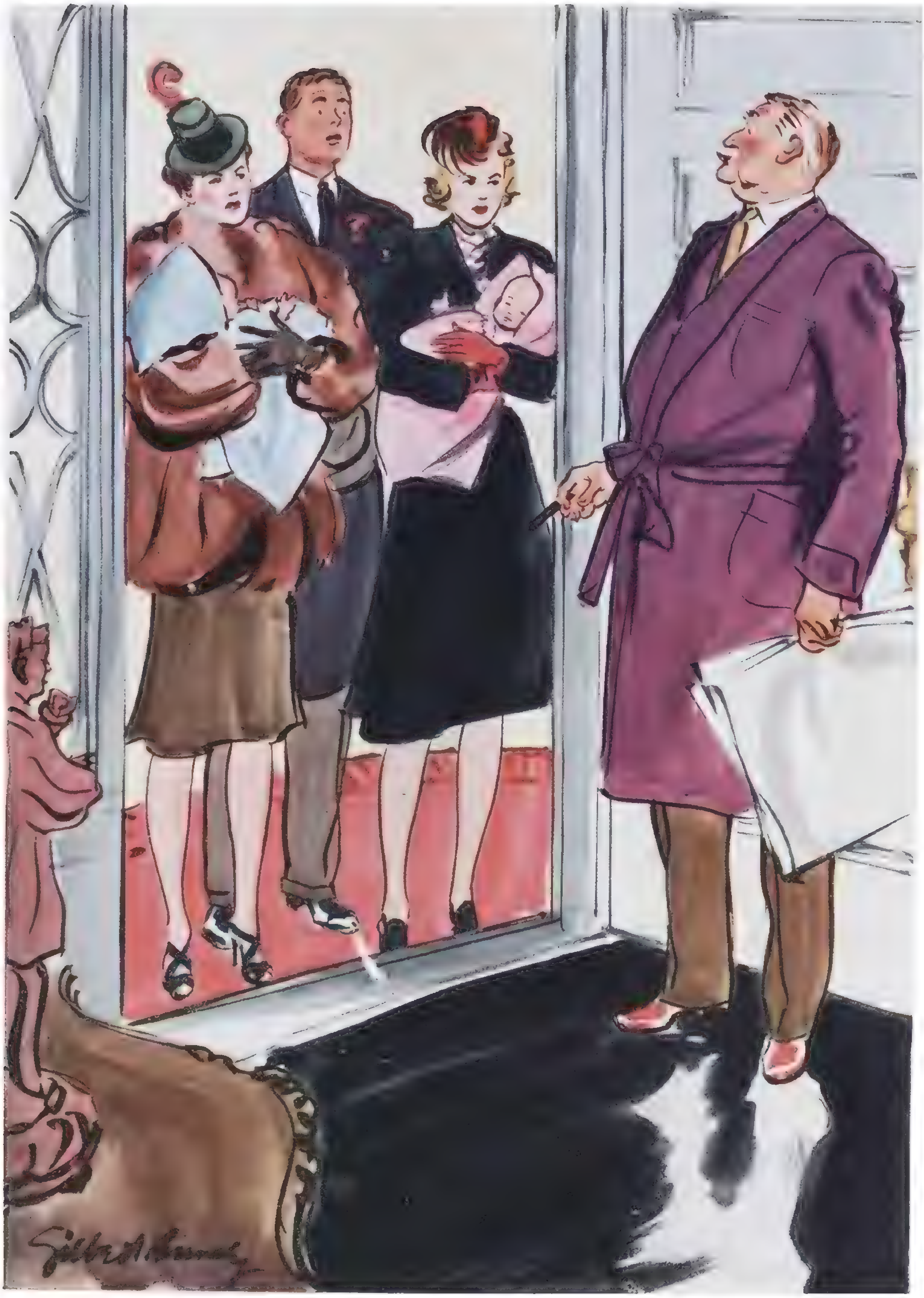
PEASANT GIRL



FISH WHARF



HURRICANE WRECK



"Father, I'm in a bit of a jam"

The 70,000 Who Were Had

Still out to get Wall Street, many of those farmers expect to reap riches from the estate of Sir Francis Drake

by ARVILLE SCHALEBEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Persons unacquainted with a certain phase of barnyard finance will be surprised to know that certain financiers among seventy thousand midwesterners and others of the anointed in Texas and the state of Washington think they one day bought—and still own!—the whole United States and certain other sundry parcels of the good earth.

This may be news to "America's 60 families" and most of us lesser fry. But it is an old story and a real story to the hopefuls of the plains—as real as the Bible, and the dawn, and the dew on the grass, and the croaking of the frog in the lush swamp. It is their story, and they are stuck with it, and they are sticking with it.

I know, because lately I have wandered again through what some of us have come to call the "Sir Francis Drake estate belt." And I found many of them as always clinging through thick and thin, through depression and recession, through plenty and pestilence, to the spectacular myth that there is an immense Sir Francis Drake estate and that through it the meek will inherit the earth—and that they are the meek.

They are the seventy thousand who already have invested some $1,350,000 in the incredible expectation that the estate of Drake, the British buccaneer, owns the United States, its railroads and the giant redwood forests of California, and all the gold in the world except that in China and Japan. Of course, with continued revelations of the estate's fraudulent character, more and more of them are being disillusioned. But until complete disillusionment . . . well, it is wonderful to think about.

They intend to share the estate at the rate of up to twenty thousand dollars for every dollar invested. That's gospel fact, sworn to on a court Bible. Why this belief still persists is a problem for psychologists and sociologists—and indelible testimony to the perception of Phineas T. Barnum. How it came into being is the story I have to tell.

Not many years ago no one would have said that a certain Oscar Hartzell, or any other man, could successfully re-invigorate the Drake estate swindle. It had been worked in America for a hundred years or more and had been publicly condemned by the governments of England and the United States and by the press. But Hartzell did it, and on the grandest scale of all. Hartzell used to be a farmer. He was successful and honest. He was even an Iowa deputy sheriff.

But eighteen or twenty years ago his mother and an aunt put fourteen thousand dollars into the Drake fraud as it was then being promoted by Sudie Whitaker, a Chicagoan who preyed mostly on school teachers. When little Sudie failed to pay off, the Hartzell kin sent their trusted Oscar to England to find out what was keeping the good people of Iowa from acquiring what was rightfully theirs.

Hartzell sailed in 1922. Everybody in England told him no Drake estate existed any more, that the little gold and the peaceful acres in Devonshire which Sir Francis had at death were duly willed to his rightful heirs. The revelation made a crook out of an honest farmer. Hartzell decided that if Sudie could collect money on something that did not exist, then why couldn't Oscar?

Hartzell far outdid Sudie. He possessed a better gift of gab, and a better imagination. He devised a strange story of ecclesiastical visions, midnight discoveries and governmental intrigue, and around them he constructed the swindle of the century.

"I had a dream in my hotel room in London," he confided, "and I was told to go to a certain church. I went to the church the next Sunday and a nun stared at me. Her eyes turned toward the belfry. I understood the message in her eyes.

"I went back to the church that night and at the stroke of midnight, crawled up a ladder into the belfry. My foot turned up a loose board. I reached my hand into the opening—and I found a note! The note directed me to a man whose name I cannot reveal on pain of committing treason, to the true heir of the great estate of Sir Francis Drake!"

That bit of luck enabled the one-time Iowa farmer to live for years in London in splendor, with an illicit income of $2,000 a week. On the strength of his story, plus elaborations, he built up an extensive swindle ring in the Midwest and operated it unmolested until England finally deported him as an undesirable alien. There was design to that eviction. This government wanted Oscar for mail fraud.

Hartzell's method was simple. He or his agents simply told the woman near Dubuque and elsewhere that he had an assignment to the Drake wealth and needed money to finance a legal battle to wrest from England and the United States what rightfully belonged to him. They took only donations. They might have been working it still—but they put it in writing.

The "true heir" to Drake's estate, said Hartzell, was the last descendant of an illegitimate son (virgin Queen Elizabeth's son, it was whispered) whom the sea-dog neglected in his will. Thus, certain parties had held Drake's wealth illegally since his death in 1596, he explained, and the courts of England would make them give it up with "accumulated compounded interest" as soon as the details could be ironed out.

"I got an assignment of the estate from the true heir," Hartzell related. "When it is settled, I'm going to give the heir one-fourth, the king of England one-fourth, keep one-fourth for myself and divide the other fourth among our friends who help us finance the legal battle."

Funniest fact of all is not that an Iowa farmer could imagine such a tale; funniest fact of all is that an Iowa farmer could get anyone to throw money at it.

"Our friends" believed the estate totaled some $250,000,000,000. That's the figure, right down to the final naught. They are still holding the bag, the 70,000 of them in Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, the Dakotas and elsewhere, especially in Texas and Washington where Iowa Drake estate collectors migrated.

I got my lead on what was happening in the "estate belt" while covering a small town murder case in southern Wisconsin.

"There's something funny going on among the farmers," a deputy sheriff insisted. "The old Drake estate or something like it is being worked. We got a little evidence, but not enough to take legal action."

I started investigating. It was part of my job, as a newspaper reporter. To a post office worker in the happy little village of Sun

Continued on page 120

Is Nothing Sacred, Perhaps?

Americans must be mad: they laugh at their government, they laugh at the depression, they even laugh at Russia

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

It is barely dawn. Several of us Russians line the rail and gaze out at the blue outlines of the great city. Beyond the bow of our ship rises the ugly, massive figure of the Statue of Liberty. This sculpture, by Bartholdi, which is a woman in voluminous skirts holding a torch aloft, was presented to the American nation by the French on October 28, 1886. It is meant to epitomize liberty, a term synonymous with license, from the Greek *chaos*, confusion. The word has ideal bourgeois overtones. In its early history America was a nation of nomads and plunderers such as our own Mongols; liberty was the legal construction put upon the freedom to plunder and enslave. A powerful political institution arose to preserve this primitive license under the label of Democracy.

New York makes a magnificent picture as our ship is slowly tugged into its dock. The sun rises and floods the towering metropolis with brilliant golden hues. America is a very interesting nation technologically. Bourgeois ideals, false as we know them to be, have no doubt been instrumental in endowing their engineers with imagination. While the metropolis of New York is unquestionably a gigantic monument to the acquisitive instinct and the profit motive, it makes a stunning impact upon the visitor. We must be prepared at all times to admire esthetically a thing of beauty, though intellectually we decry the means by which it is created. The Pyramids were made possible by the enslavement of the Egyptian peoples; yet this enslavement passes into history while the great structures endure.

We come here as the guests of the municipal authorities, or Muni-Tourist, Inc., We are very clear in our minds concerning the motives which impel this agency to take cognizance of our visit. They desire to expose us to the more presentable side of their institutions and thus to convert us to the advantages of the system under which they govern. We are thoroughly prepared to resist this subtle propaganda. To admit any virtue in this detestable Democracy, which, of course, is no Democracy at all, will be basely retrogressive. We are here merely for the purpose of confirming to our own peoples the social and political desuetude of capitalistic institutions.

The Customs officials are gruff but efficient. We achieve our clearances rather miraculously. This is done no doubt to impress us. It is our first propaganda lesson. We are to suppose that a nation cannot be all bad which thinks clearly and acts swiftly. I remain unimpressed; I suspect that such efficiency can be the result only of some harsh speed-up process. These are but oppressed wage slaves. They are not happy. They do not sing at their work. Neither do they smile.

We are whisked away from the piers in a luxurious taxicab. The operator of this vehicle is somewhat demented. Can life in the obsolescent republic be so cruel that he cares so little to live, that he places no value upon life and limb? He misses steel girders and massive lorries and proletarian foot-passengers as though he were protected by some benign deity. He seems to invite the chaotic traffic to come and crush us. Yet we are delivered safely, if emotionally spent, at the entrance to our hotel. The Hotel Metro is an impressive structure. The lobby is luxuriously fitted with material comforts and expensive decorations. We are impressed: impressed with the efforts of Muni-Tourist to impress us. Silently we minimize in our own minds the puissance and energy of the hotel staff. It is all a part of a studied plan to indoctrinate us with the dynamic nature of the American order.

Each of us is assigned to a separate room. There are fine rugs on the floor, an excellent aquatint on the wall, and the bathing room is full of glistening white tile and shiny plumbing. I turn a tap and hot water comes gushing out. They take extraordinary measures to convert us! There is a private and separate flush bowl. I am entranced. No sign is pasted cautioning me to use the water sparingly, and I press the knob and watch the liquid slew down and around over and over again. A dozen gleaming white towels are placed about, apparently for my personal use. My astonishment soon gives way to amused contempt. Cleanliness such as this equipment connotes is, to my mind, an affectation, like scooping up soup with a *fro* rather than a *to* motion of the spoon, as we had watched many people on our ship do. Either that or the Americans must be intrinsically a filthy people. It takes us Russians a long time to become dirty. We therefore require a minimum of bathing equipment.

In each of our rooms is a telephone. The bell jingles, interrupting my ruminations, and I am informed by an official of Muni-Tourist that a guide will be at my disposal during my entire stay. It will make the official very happy if I will avail myself of the guide's services. He speaks Russian and will procure me entree to the more interesting public and private institutions. I thank him. It will give me opportunity to study the psychology of my guide. I am not to be deluded by this cunning device, however. The function of the guide will be to conceal the horrors and exaggerate the advantages of the republican way of life. Being a scholar of varied attainments I command a workable knowledge of the English language. I will accept the services of the guide; later I will find opportunities to pursue my observations privately.

My guide is a young man of Czech antecedents. He has been raised in a polyglot neighborhood and speaks five or six languages colloquially. He is, I deduce, a characteristic example of the sort of individual employed by Muni-Tourist, Inc. His conception of socialistic ideology is primitive, to say the least. I conceal my English and we converse in Russian. He takes me to a museum bristling with examples of expensive masterpieces and classical sculpture. No objects depict the vital problems of the day. He takes me to a broadcasting studio, a huge onyx and marble building of breathtaking beauty dedicated to supply the nation with questionable entertainment at the price of having constantly dinned into the ears advertising formulae of the most patent puerility. When I express my scorn for this preposterous commercial propaganda he murmurs that one of the fundamental principles of Democracy is the privilege residing with the listener of turning off the dial.

I am anxious to see a factory with wage slaves being ground under the speed-up system. My guide takes me to a modern cotton-cloth manufacturing plant. The din of the machinery is terrific. Neatly attired young ladies watch and operate this dazzling, efficient machinery. I am all quivering admiration for the inventive genius of the American engineers. Yet there is something fundamentally wrong with this picture, I cannot imagine what. It is, in all probability, I decide, a "front" for the horrific abuses of capitalism: a show window for my edification. I complain to my guide. "This is all very interesting from the technological point of view," I observe. "You cannot make me think, however, that ugly practices do not exist under your system of protection and privilege."

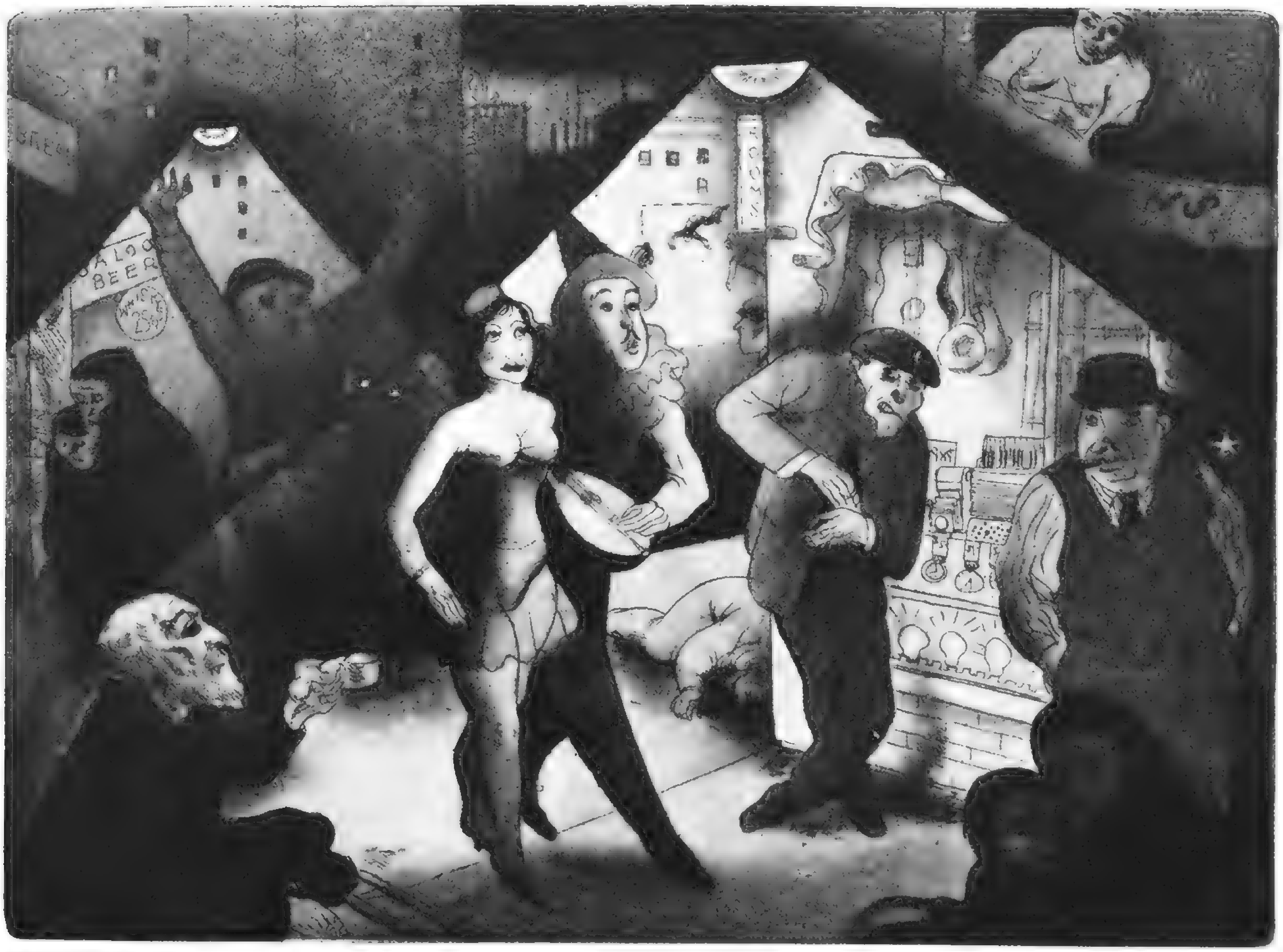
"Ugly practices? I'll say we've got some ugly practices!" exclaims my guide. "There are guys (American colloquialism) in high position here as crooked as pretzels."

"Since you are permitted to vote," said I, "then why do you allow them to remain in office?"

"I guess you've got me there, buddy," the guide answers, scratching his head.

My readers may gather from this conversation, every word of which I report verbatim, the contemptible nature of republicanism under a capitalist regime. If OGPU were to learn of such an admission by one of our Intourist guides, I give you leave to imagine in what fashion he would be hurriedly liquidated.

Back in my room I ponder profoundly upon this astounding incident. I am prepared to put no subtlety past these American



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

officials. Could not my guide's disarming admission be part of a diabolical plot to proselytize me with the intoxicating wine of free expression? I have no way of knowing. But I am on my guard every instant. I steel myself against the most insidious poison of all, the report of my own senses. No matter how attractive things seem on the surface all capitalist institutions, as we have been taught, are rotten at the core.

I cannot, in this brief article, convey an adequate impression of the great metropolis of New York. The rush and hurry is simply terrific. There is one motivating force, the acquisition of money. Everyone's ambition is to become a millionaire. The most heartbreaking squalor exists door to door with overwhelming riches. Slums crowd upon marble palaces. Unemployment is the specter of the American people. Yet one is being constantly amazed by anomalies and contradictions. I have procured an interesting statistic; seventy-nine percentum of the employes of a New York shoe manufactory possess automobiles. It may surprise my readers to learn that the prints are permitted to comment publicly on conditions of poverty and unemployment. Countless news items and editorial articles reiterate the necessity for coping with these ugly social problems. Periodicals are completely free to castigate openly the behavior of elected officials. There is even one weekly which makes mockery of the chief executive of the nation without fear of reprisal; another weekly advocates our own splendid form of government. A thoroughly astonishing land! New York provides free parks and playgrounds, even baths and swimming pools for its poor. This is undoubtedly done for the purpose of keeping the proletariat satisfied with the obsolete system of protection and privilege.

I am constantly bewildered at being permitted to go and come as I please. Though I consider all Americans as fundamentally mad, I am nevertheless intrigued by their courteous treatment of us foreigners. Money is the open-sesame. No one cares how it is procured. Money here breaks down class-consciousness sooner than revolutions in other countries. A boor with money is considered simply as an eccentric.

I cannot recognize a workman in the streets by his clothing, so I engage in conversation at the noon hour outside a newspaper printing establishment an inky individual wearing a square paper hat. "Will you inform me of the whereabouts of a dining place in this vicinity?" I inquire.

"Huh?" he looks around at me. "This joint where I put on the feed-bag is okay if you don't mind waitin' on yourself, buddy." *Buddy*, I learn by some scholarly inquiries, is the rough equivalent of *tovarich*. I exchange a pleasantry or two as I fall in with this individual. "You're a Roosian guy, ain't you?" my companion inquires. I nod, amused. We join a line with trays and procure loaded platesful of delicious victuals at reasonable prices. "You mean you're over here from the United States of Soviet Russia on a visit?"

I smile good-naturedly at his gaucherie. "My country is called the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

"Same thing," says he. "Say, tell me. What kind of a guy is this here Stalin?"

It is difficult for me to reply. The beloved head of the Party is not to be referred to as a "guy." "We worship our leader," I inform him with dignity.

"This bird we got up in the White House is a pretty good egg, too," he replies—somewhat boastingly, it seems to me. "Comes from a high-toned family. But he's all for the working man."

"Where your officials are dependent upon the votes of the masses to keep them in power I should think it good policy rather than genuine conviction to be 'all for the working man,' as you put it."

"All right," says he. "What's the difference?"

I have no time to explain to this fellow the finer points of dialectical materialism. I merely remark a well-established formula.

"Well, have it your way," he laughs. "All Roosians are nuts." And he adds hastily, "No personal offense intended." By *nuts* he means to imply that the majority of the Russian peoples are somewhat unbalanced mentally. This is, of course, nonsense.

What I gather from this interview is that the American nation is a politically backward country much in need of strong educating forces. This workman was not only contented with his lot, but made merry at the expense of sacred institutions. He thinks nothing of mocking the highest ideals. Like a

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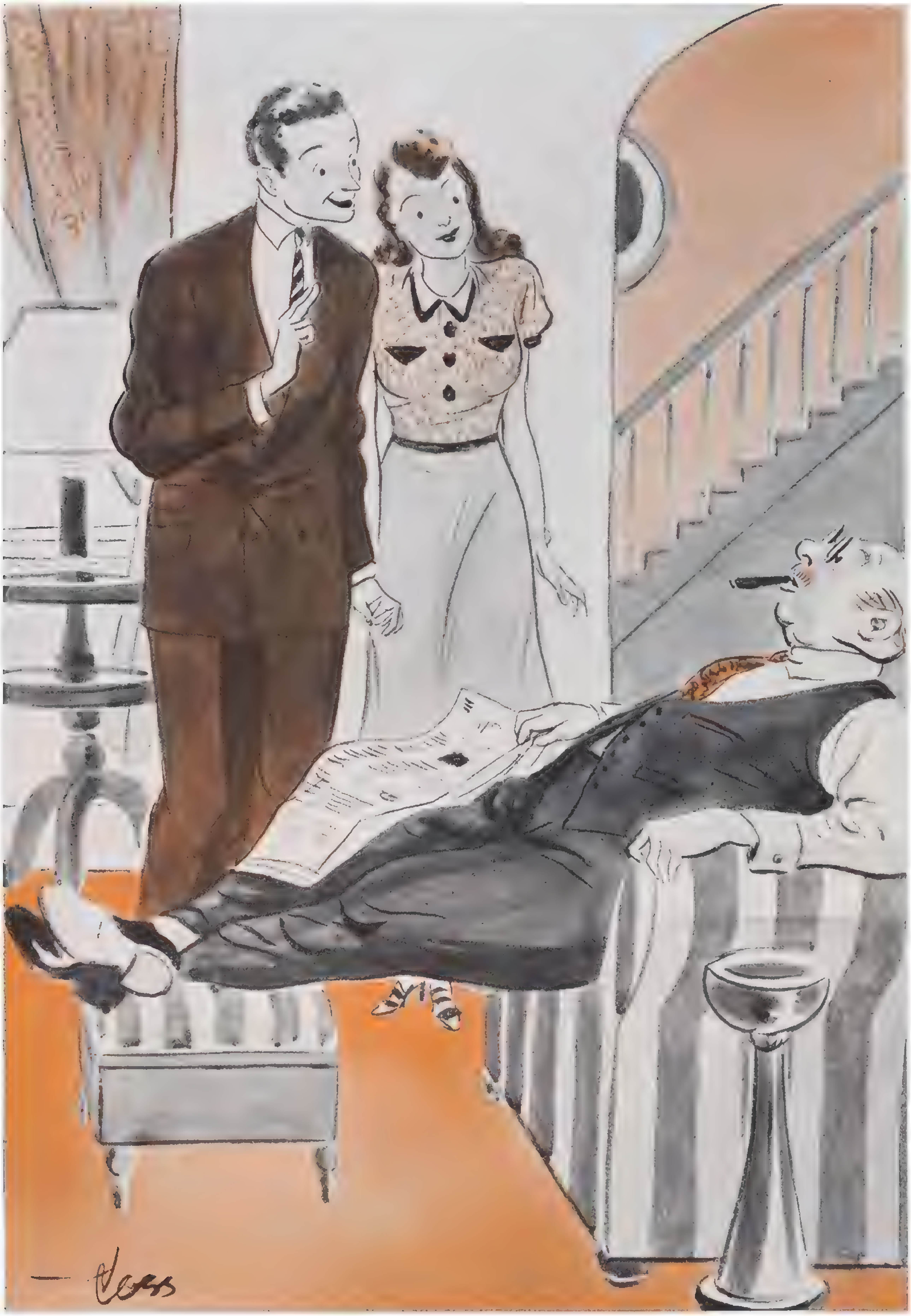

"Of course I have prospects. I have two tickets on the next sweepstake!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

When an actor walks on the stage impersonating Abe Lincoln, it's a sure-fire hit with the customers

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

As one long committed to the belief that the playwright is the most important person in the theatre and also that he generally knows more about how his play should be produced than anyone else, I am prepared to pull my thumb out of joint on behalf of the newly instituted producing organization called the Playwrights' Company. It's a darlin' idea the boys have and as a critic I am all for it, but I wish they had opened up business with plays which I might whoop it up for and thus give me the opportunity of a double gloat, instead of introducing themselves with a couple that leave me rather chilly. When I believe a thing, I prefer that it be true all around and I don't want anyone, particularly those responsible for my faith, to prove me even only half wrong.

The two exhibits in question are Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln In Illinois* and Maxwell Anderson's *Knickerbocker Holiday*. So far as the physical sides of the productions go, I have small critical complaint. The boys have probably done better for themselves in this respect than outside hands might have. But the scripts, the second named in emphatic particular, cause me to let up a bit with some of that brotherly thumb-pulling. This second named, an attempt at a musical comedy dealing with the New Amsterdam of Peter Stuyvesant, indicates a further steady decline in its author's talents. Following his worthy *Winterset*, he has slipped progressively from *High Tor*, which still showed traces of his former considerable competence, to the sterility of *The Wingless Victory*, to the heavy verbosity of *The Masque of Kings*, to the cheap and trashy hokum of *The Star-Wagon*, and now to the humorless ponderosity of this *Knickerbocker Holiday*. One by no means despairs of Mr. Anderson; there surely is a talent there that should again brightly flap its wings in the sun; but his later record is far from encouraging. Mr. Sherwood, on the other hand, though in this opinion his latest play is frequently defective, seems to show a steady comparative improvement. Each year his work reveals a step forward, however here and there slight, in the way of deliberative thought, fuller emotional content, and broadened interest.

Robert E. Sherwood

Abe Lincoln In Illinois, notwithstanding and nevertheless, as I have intimated, still has its deleterious holes. The ready-made effect in Lincoln as a stage figure of course continues to exercise that effect. However deficient a play may be, the moment an actor comes on impersonating old Abe it is pretty certain to impress the customers. In the legitimate theatre, Lincoln continues to be as sure-fire as Teddy Roosevelt with a big Indian club in his fist or a chorus dressed in leafy South Sea Island skirts used to be in the musical show theatre. Or as the sketch in which Pat, asked by the waiter what he wanted, elaborately indicated a passing bosomy young blonde and replied "breast of chicken" invariably was in the old burlesque theatre. It is thus that Mr. Sherwood's play which keeps Lincoln on the stage throughout its entire course naturally and inevitably moves such of its audiences as bring their emotions and reactions, already resolved, into a theatre rather than such as prefer to take them, surprised and affected, out of one.

In his play, Mr. Sherwood has pictured Lincoln honestly and with playwriting dignity, but with an imagination that lacks the elasticity and flower to translate the historic literal into the dramatic literary. We get a record, often automatically eloquent by virtue of the nature of its basic materials, rather than an inspired interpretation of a record. We get, in short, the "tortured soul," the "gaunt, lonely man" and all the other clichés that Lincoln in the designation of writers and critics on end was—and we get him with a measure of theatrical vividness—but we do not finally get a Lincoln who, from any imaginatively penetrating level of dramatic criticism, is much other than John Drinkwater in a black Prince Albert, plug hat and whiskers, relieved only by a couple of American drinks under his belt.

Knickerbocker Holiday gives one the impression of a dancing bear. Whatever Mr. Anderson's other gifts, the composition of a lively musical comedy book is apparently far from being down his alley. His attempts to be waggishly ironic in the drawing of certain parallels between the philosophies, customs and attitudes of the past and those of the present are not greatly superior to the English music hall standard, which usually takes its highest form in having a comedian dressed as a knight in armor unloose himself with a zipper or to the old local vaudeville stage standard in turn, which knocked 'em dead with Christopher Columbus' prediction that someday he would discover Columbus, Ohio, a stooge thereupon rejoining that so long as it wasn't Philadelphia everything was O.K.

Maxwell Anderson

Mr. Anderson's book in general further relies upon humorous devices whose staleness indicates that his knowledge of the musical comedy stage is very slight indeed. He brings in at this late day the episode in which the man twice about to be hanged, the rope around his belly, is dangled in the air for a while, sputteringly wriggles around like a Balaban and Katz German comedian, and is then abruptly pardoned. (The only thing lacking in *Knickerbocker Holiday* is that, when he is brought down, he doesn't drolly brush off his knees.) We are also vouchsafed the Paleozoic episode in which a young woman pulled through a small, narrow window lands on the stage minus her skirts. The arrow that hits a man in the seat of his pants, with the appropriate contortions on the part of the victim, is likewise again trotted out, as is the number in which Indians dance a Harlem Negro breakdown, the item in which a peg-legged man (Peter Stuyvesant) dances with a line of the chorus (shades of *The Burgomaster;* shades of 1901!), and the joke about a democracy being a government run by amateurs (regards to Finley Peter Dunne and Mr. Dooley).

Nor is Mr. Anderson's lyric invention much more vernal. I offer you the titles and themes of several of his songs: *Will You Remember Me?* (sung by the young lovers), *Young People Think About Love* (ditto), *Ve Vouldn't Gonto Do It* (Sam Bernard please write), *Romance and Musketeer* (Dennis King ditto), and *We Are Cut In Twain*, sung by the young lovers upon being forcibly separated (*vide* first act finale of 1,458 musical shows).

To some of Kurt Weill's tunery goes a good word. To Walter Huston's Peter Stuyvesant goes another. But these were hardly sufficient unto the evening thereof.

The Playwrights' Company, in addition to the Messrs. Sherwood and Anderson, is made up at present of Elmer Rice, S. N. Behrman and Sidney Howard. Mr. Rice's and Mr. Behrman's contributions are still in the offing as I write. Let me hope that they will get me back to some real thumb-pulling, which would tickle me a lot, in next month's pages.

Shakespeare not being around to start a playwright's company of his own, the outside

Continued on page 98

Whitney's a Walk-up

If you're toying with the idea of scaling Mt. Whitney in midwinter, perhaps you should read this first

by FREDERICK AUSTIN

• SPORTS •

Lying on the beach, lulled by the surf and made drowsy by the sun, feeling very fit but lazy, and with perhaps some tanned lovely suitably adjacent, it is impossible to recall how a seventy-pound pack feels, actually *feels*, when, starting out in what passes in cities for "condition," you climb to a point where the increased and unaccustomed altitude is a painful thing alone and in itself.

Now the subject of this piece is a midwinter ascent of Mt. Whitney made five years ago by the writer, his brother and Bill Clum and if the above observation weren't true there would be nothing to write about. The beach is a sort of drug that makes all things seem easy.

Don't bother to hunt around in the atlas for Whitney. It's in California, it's the highest peak in the United States proper (14,496 feet) and in summer you can reach summit on horseback over what is, of course, the nation's highest trail (men died building it). In winter it's not so easy.

Well, we made what we believe to be the first winter motion pictures of the peak and we were perhaps the fifth party to reach the top over the deep snows of midwinter. Unable to sell the film to a major studio we produced it ourselves at what was undoubtedly the worst time in cinema history for independent effort in the short subject field. Depression plus double-feature programs cooked us. In the end, however, we lost only about one thousand dollars, and if you live in California, Phoenix, Arizona, or Honolulu you may have seen our opus. It was called *Why Climb a Mountain* and the last we heard, it was playing CCC camps at a cost to the New Deal of $1 (one dollar) a performance. The agent says the boys like it.

Other people liked it too and once a wonderful Beverly Hills audience laughed right out loud nine times. You see, because the commentator, a city slicker, thought we were nuts the picture turned out to be a comedy. He had a lot of fun composing the monologue that accompanies it. As a matter of fact he was insulting. Like this: We "joyously picked up our load of anvils and danced gaily up the mountain" and "They say, you know, that if you give a man enough rope he'll hang himself—well, give a mountaineer enough rope and he'll hang himself—and two other guys," not to mention what he described as the "mountaineer's cry of triumph"—a sickly, quavering yodel ending with a burp. Stuff like that. Really quite funny. Persuaded that the public wouldn't swallow mountaineering pure and simple we, you understand, *consented* to be kidded. All right, but in the meantime we're living for the day when that smarty finds himself 'way, 'way up in the mountains—with us.

Climbing the thing in the Summer of 1929 we had an awful time, and how the desire to do it over again in the winter ever grew out of that original experience is a pretty problem for a psychiatrist or something. I suppose one of us gasped, "Lord, wouldn't it be swell to see all this in winter," and the damage was done.

Finally at the bottom of the depression I succeeded in financing the trip to the extent of five hundred dollars—a feat considered by many to be far more noteworthy than our subsequent efforts. Our "angel" never saw his five hundred dollars again but if any public appreciation of his faith and friendship is necessary let it be known that a certain impressive bit of Whitney country forever will be known to us as "C. H. Oakes Gulch." (Yes, I know Byrd named mountains—nay—whole ranges, after millionaire brewers, female relatives and philanthropists but in this country the mountains all had names and a gulch was the best we could do.)

The five hundred dollars was cabled from Genoa and, coming very unexpectedly, it gave us quite a turn. We had to get off the beach.

"The thing to do," said my brother Penny, "is to approach the problem scientifically. Look at Byrd; look at the Everest expeditions—all a matter of careful advance planning."

We agreed. We would substitute science for experience and read a lot of books. We did and soon were learnedly chattering away about cols, windproof jackets, Erbswurst and what not. With the help of the five hundred dollars we collected a mountainous pile of equipment—very exciting stuff really. None of us had ever seen an ice axe, for instance, but we ordered three from New York only to have Bill refuse to carry his on the grounds he might slip and skewer himself. We also ordered a plentiful supply of Erbswurst, the condensed soup powder on which the German army so notably thrived during the period 1914-1918.

When the things arrived we discovered a box marked "Knorr's Yellow Pea and Bacon Soup" the contents of which, when sampled, seemed very nourishing. So we wrote back, "That's fine. Now send us some Erbswurst." Pretty soon we got another box marked "Yellow Pea and Bacon" and then the light broke through. Of course we had far too much and Bill's wife practically raised their second girl on the stuff. She's a fine healthy kid and has much curlier hair than her older sister.

The light, beautifully-made Swedish primus stoves that were such a blessing when the wind blew and we had to cook in the tent gave us a professional feeling too. They burn gasoline but in the picture it says alcohol. After a lot of blather about how they are the friends of mountaineers, etc., that smoothie winds up with this crack, "and they'll run four hours on a pint of alcohol (long pause). Well, who couldn't? (Much laughter)."

As a matter of fact I was scared stiff of the things the whole time. When going properly they get exceedingly hot and make a very ominous noise. I was convinced they would explode, probably simultaneously, but they didn't.

Our tent was another result of reading all those books. For, besides being made of canvas instead of the light balloon silk we couldn't find in Los Angeles and as a result of weighing forty-four pounds complete with poles and pegs instead of about fifteen, it had a trick opening.

It seems that if you are a real mountaineer, polar explorer, etc., you don't have flaps on your tent; you have a round three-foot sack arrangement that works on a drawstring. This is fine at night but ingress and egress become feats requiring considerable agility. If you are carrying anything (and you generally are) you are a cinch to trip over the damned thing and fall into the tent onto a lighted stove or a fellow mountaineer, or out of the tent on your puss in the snow. I think we had too much sack. It drooped awfully.

Then at night, cooking, the tent would get filled with fumes from the stove and every three minutes one of us would have to hold open the sack arrangement while the other two pumped the sides of the tent to get in some fresh air. This delayed supper.

A horsy friend of mine (he had a ticket on Battleship) has a print called the *Worst View in Europe*. It shows Becher's Brook, that fearful jump on the Grand National course at Aintree, seen over the ears of a steeplechaser. The caption reads, "Oh, mither an' the dhrink died out o' me the wrong side of Becher's." I sympathize with the jockey but frankly I think we have seen the World's Worst View and that Life will be unable to dish up any more ghastly spectacle than that which greeted us one February morning when, outfitted as intrepid mountaineers, we stumbled out of a nice steam-heated hotel into the bitter wind and chill of dawn and stood—shivering, sleepy, scared and empty—looking at the mountains. You get a fine view of the Sierras from the little town of Lone Pine—altogether too fine! A solid wall of mountains with no obscuring foothills, and Whitney, highest of all but not looking it, remote—oh, infinitely remote—in the distance.

Standing there with Bill's wife, along to drive the car back, we watched those grim steel-gray peaks emerge from the night. All four of us wanted to go back to bed but Min alone said so. Instead, we went down the street to a café, open early by special arrangement, and defiantly ate an enormous breakfast. You can't drink coffee at high altitudes or under severe exertion, tea's the ticket then, but by God coffee tasted good that morning—coffee and ham and eggs and hot cakes and I forget what else!

Nothing much happened the first night except that one of us had to get up and whoever it was promptly discovered that the sack thing had, after all, certain advantages. Next morning Bill, reaching out of the tent to the left with a pot to scoop up snow for breakfast water, brought in some strange looking snow which he surveyed with amazement. "What the hell!" he said sleepily.

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Ah-ha" said Penny, "*colored* snow! Very interesting and very, very rare. Amundsen reported seeing—"

Bill caught on and looked at the two of us accusingly.

"A mountain lion maybe," I said.

Now I think it should be stated that at that time we had had no real climbing experience but that this was all right because even in winter Whitney remains a "walk-up" mountain. Sure, we had spent much time in the Sierras and outdoors generally but we weren't climbers (as distinguished from hikers). Now a mountain's like a woman, sometimes agreeable, friendly and easy to—well, easy to dominate—and sometimes difficult and downright dangerous. Anyway we caught Old Lady Whitney at a bad time. The very heavy snowfall of that year added four miles to the trip and robbed us of a needed day's rest before attempting the summit. The snow, moreover, was diabolically crusted so that with snowshoes we slipped, skidded and slithered and without them broke through the crust to our waists. Fortunately we had foreseen this possibility and had ski poles with which we evolved a highly original, painful and crablike technique of ascent.

Now four hundred pounds of equipment meant relays and while camera equipment accounted for part of this huge outfit the *time* needed to make a picture was the real trouble. We were caught in a vicious circle. We had to get shots from the top or have no climax, nothing to sell, and we had to film on the way up to piece it out. This meant more film, food, fuel, clothing, etc. You can't fool around in the Sierras in winter and we knew it. Pictures were important but they didn't cut much ice when the old law of self-preservation asserted itself. Hell, lightly loaded we could have climbed that mountain in three days, maybe two.

There were six back-packing days. At breakfast and dinner we weren't very hungry but at lunch (dried fruit, chocolate, rye krisp sardines, peanut butter) we ate ravenously. Once by mistake we advanced three pounds of bacon to a cache, hung it from a branch and had it stolen (the branch broke) by a mountain lion with enormous feet. We sweated prodigiously and we never thought of getting to the top. We couldn't. The present was too overwhelming. There were only two good things—the next rest and, in the distant future, the next camp. Heaven was that delicious moment when you slipped the straps from your shoulders and sat, the snow cool on your tail, and contemplated crystalline vistas of snow, pines, and soaring blue-gray cliffs. Ah, the joy of *not* having a pack on your back! The air going cleanly into lungs and you progressing from misery to an intense feeling of well-being in two minutes!

Or a night, fifty yards away from the tent and companions and more alone than if they hadn't been there, and then a fear striking you in the middle when you look up and hear the distant wind in a plaintive minor key and are swallowed in the immensity and choke a little and then from nowhere are borne up on a powerful thrust of emotion that sets your heart to pounding and makes you wonder if that's what death is—oneness with all this.

And those days were nothing but endless packing and unpacking, endless tugging, jamming, losing, finding, endless struggles with cold finger-hurting straps, and learning to leave your boots spread wide at night so as to be able to put them on in the morning without wrestling for five minutes with a hunk of solid frozen leather.

I don't know how to tell it. You learn a lot but some deep well of old knowledge is tapped so that you keep thinking "Of course—why, of course!" as if in recollection.

I must say a word about our scientific investigations. You see we knew that to be fashionable our little outing had to pretend to have scientific objectives. We must make observations. Meteorological data and stuff like that would be gathered and possibly published. To this end we bought two thermometers, one for fifteen cents and one for twenty. We mislaid the expensive one but after the fifteen-center showed 28 degrees for forty-eight consecutive hours we got suspicious, dug out the twenty-center, and discovered a temperature range of from 4 below zero to 28 at midday.

Our other "discoveries" will be listed as soon as I explain why you've got to have scientific excuses nowadays for making any trip at all. It's a defensive measure. It's all right that science has become a sort of smoke screen behind which men can escape for a little from the "painted nails and shaven armpits of civilization" but it's got so now that even if you are really trying to corner a new sub-species of earthworm in the Amazon basin the home-bred hyenas probably will attack you from the rear, so to speak. I guess they have been fooled too often. Nothing so infuriates these sneerers (they were hyenas a minute ago) as to discover that men go for fun—because they like it. This appears to be inexcusable. The result is that all our more vocal sofa cynics, juiceless pavement pounders, intellectuals, wise guys, esthetes, New York critics, communists, interior decorators, left-wing essayists, languid socialites, dehydrated professors, "sensitive" novelists, Cholly Knickerbockers, Lucius Beebes, "smart" entertainers, members of café society, the frivolous, the weary, the fantastic, the bored, the frantic, all those, in short, who are pointing the way, the signposts of this age, those who are proving that decay is faster and more complete in America than in any other land or time—all these then, and their blood-brothers wherever found, will be contemptuous, superior and *very* amusing at your expense.

It is, you see, somehow shameful to possess vitality and if you know your profoundest needs and *have* to escape now and again to convince yourself that you *are* living in a real and beautiful world, why in that case you're nothing but a joke—a great stupid He-Man With Hair On Your Chest! Pretty tough, isn't it fellas?

So then on the way up we made scientific observations the results of which are herewith presented in the hope they will confuse and confound the human categories above set forth. 1. In a cook pot an awful lot of snow melts down to surprisingly little water. 2. Bare human buttocks are allergic to icy blasts. 3. Tinned corned beef is unfit for human consumption. 4. Wind is worse than cold. 5. A jigger of brandy adds to the flavor of stewed fruit. 6. Desolation with one distant, warmly-gleaming light is more desolate than with none. 7. A mixture of snow and salt makes a refreshing toothpaste. 8. A tiny misstep takes more out of you than ten good strides. 9. It is a good thing to be frightened now and again. 10. Tea is wonderful. 11. Erbswurst is wonderful too, but it is very fill-

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Byways of Philately

Stamp designs, pony express stickers, propaganda envelopes and presidents' franks are nice if you can get them

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

ARTICLE

Among the nine million or more stamp collectors in the United States, there are few who are beyond the primary stage who have not begun to specialize; and even some of the seeming beginners have their particularities. An infant scarcely three feet tall whom I saw in a small stationery shop, looking over its limited stock of stamps, informed me gravely that "I specialize in British colonials."

But the matter is going farther than this. There are ramifications of the main hobby which produce collections as fascinating to the outsider like myself as a straight, orthodox collection of postage stamps. There is the source material of our stamps, for example, particularly the commemorative issues; original photographs, sketches and drawings, as well as proofs of dies made and rejected or changed.

But to make a really doggy collection of this nature, one acquires by hook or crook original sketches and drawings made in the Post Office Department, both the accepted and the rejected designs; and in some cases there are several rejects. The collector who owns any one of these items has something unique and exclusive. The Beverly S. King collection, sold in New York a year ago, after the owner's death, had many of these rare originals, usually water colors, sometimes a series of them, drawn for one proposed stamp, all rejected drawings being saved. In some cases even the die was engraved and proof sheets struck off before the design was turned down. You discover here that new stamps have been projected but never issued; a peace stamp in 1914, for example—what a pity they dropped the idea and just let the world rush right on into war! For the Panama-Pacific series of 1912-13, a two-center labeled Gatun Locks was engraved and twenty-five million stamps printed before it was discovered that the title of the picture was wrong; one of those magnificent little errors which nobody but a high government employee could survive and hold his job. The stamps were all destroyed save three specimens and the wash drawing of the locks was saved, to bob up later in King's collection.

In such a collection you find accepted sketches bearing the OK's of past Postmaster Generals, written by their own hands; and of course such things are supposed to remain forever in the files of the Post Office Department. When you ask a philatelist how they happened to stray out of it, his eyes become expressionless, his face mask-like, inscrutable; he tells you he doesn't know. It is like asking a political question of a stranger in Germany or Russia or Italy. By the way, our genial Postmaster General, who knew nothing of Philately when he took over his present job, has now become a collector, and is clinging tightly to two of the most valuable sketches in existence—rough pencil suggestions by President Roosevelt for the Byrd Antarctic stamp and the Mother's Day stamp— in which the Whistler portrait is said to be outlined with great aptitude for an amateur.

Before the Civil War, there was no house-to-house delivery of mail in our cities by the Post Office, and the carrying of letters in the larger cities was done by privately owned "letter expresses," which had stamps of their own, now collectors' treasures. One also finds gay little stickers on some envelopes in the 1840's and '50's which show that those letters traveled across country from town to town by the hands of private concerns. Such was the origin of express companies, which conveyed letters, money and documents before they thought of handling freight.

Then came the Gold Rush, when the Pacific Coast became populated more rapidly than a slow-moving government extended postal facilities; hundreds of expressmen—individuals and companies—sprang up out there to carry letters, packages of money and valuables among towns with names such as Red Dog, You Bet, Jackass Gulch, Fiddletown, Gouge Eye and Hell's Delight. At first they impressed their names and routes on the envelopes with rubber stamps, then began printing envelopes of their own.

Alfred Lichtenstein of New York has an enormous collection of these Western express envelopes—or covers, as real philatelists call them. Tales which thrill the collector's blood as Zane Grey's yarns do the Tired Business Man's are told of junk-snupping for them. Mr. Lichtenstein shows you a sheet of little yellow stickers, and tells how, in a half ruined cabin far up the Fraser River in British Columbia, whither a gold rush began in 1858, a man found an old table minus one of its front legs and with face turned to the wall for support. Turning it around, he found that there was a drawer in it; and in that drawer was a rusty tin can tightly covered; and in that can were these stickers of Barnard's Cariboo Express, which carried letters to those miners eighty years ago. One of Lichtenstein's chief treasures is the cover of a letter which was in a mail bag stolen by the Indians from the famous Pony Express in 1860, recovered and delivered to the addressee two years later.

E. S. Knapp of New York is a specialist in hotel corner cards—that is, envelopes bearing hotel advertising on front or back, perhaps pictures of the building, view of the dining rooms or parlors – a sort of publicity which began in the 1850's. From these, Mr. Knapp drifted into collecting the envelopes of schools, colleges and universities, and thence to business and professional envelopes of all sorts. Others have similar specialties. Theodore Steinway, for example, strives to get the corner card of every musical instrument dealer and manufacturer on earth.

Mr. Knapp likes to ask you, "What is your native town?" and when you answer Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Shamokin, Pennsylvania, he picks out one of his albums with eager expectation and is usually able to show you an envelope sent from a hotel which in childhood you regarded as a triumph of metropolitan elegance. If he hasn't it, you can see that he is depressed; he feels that his life has not quite measured up to the achievement which might reasonably be expected of him. He also asks, "What was your college or school?"—and the odds are that he can produce one or more envelopes from that institution, some of them, perhaps, mailed long before you were born.

You discover how extensively envelopes have been used for propaganda purposes when you look through a collection such as his—for he collects corner cards of every kind. Religion and temperance, as it used to be called—later prohibition—are the two principal causes found boosted on envelopes of the past in peacetimes. The earliest propaganda cover that Knapp has been able to find bears simply the portrait of General Winfield Scott when that old gentleman was running for the presidency in 1852, as most generals used to do. There were letterheads

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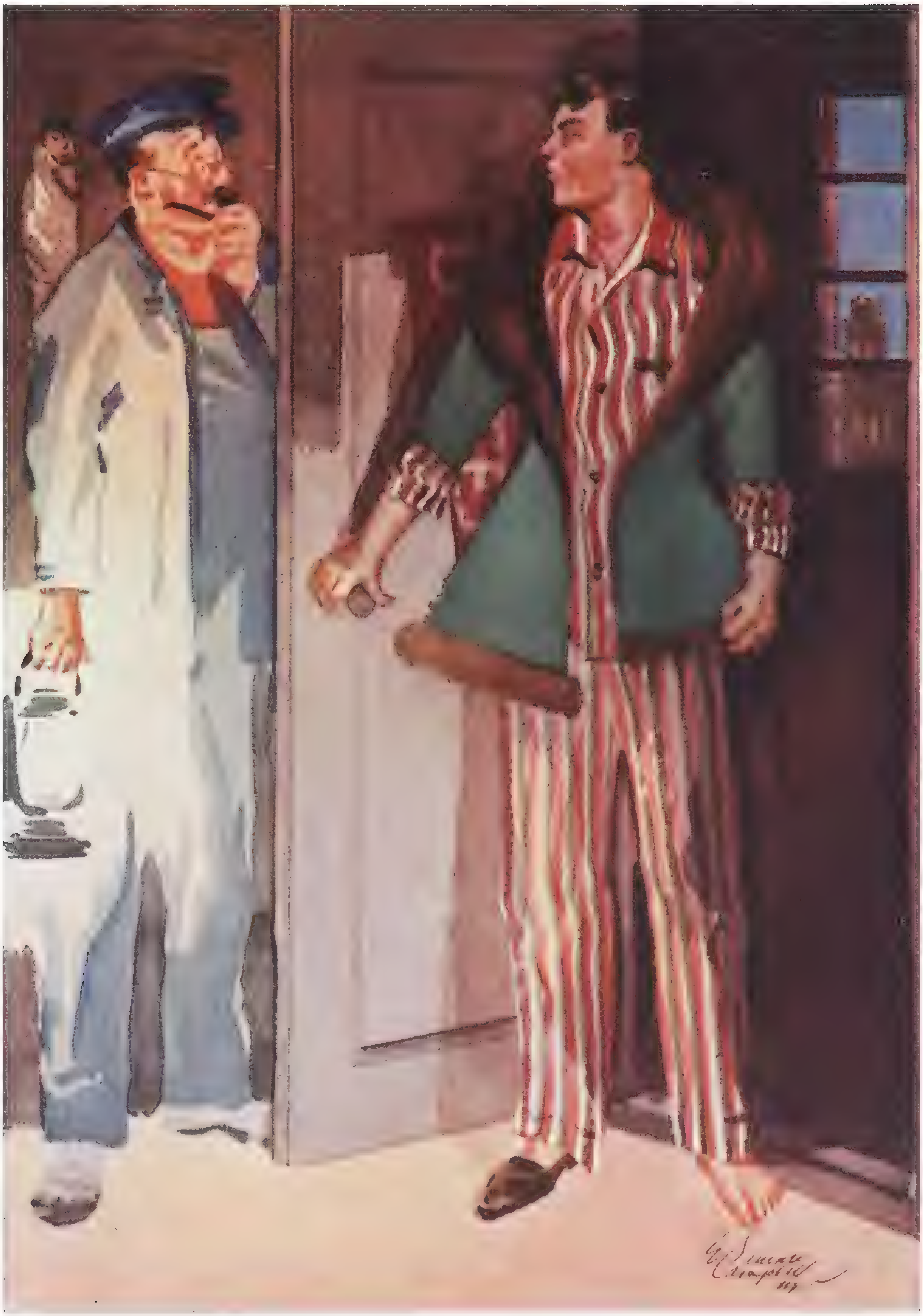
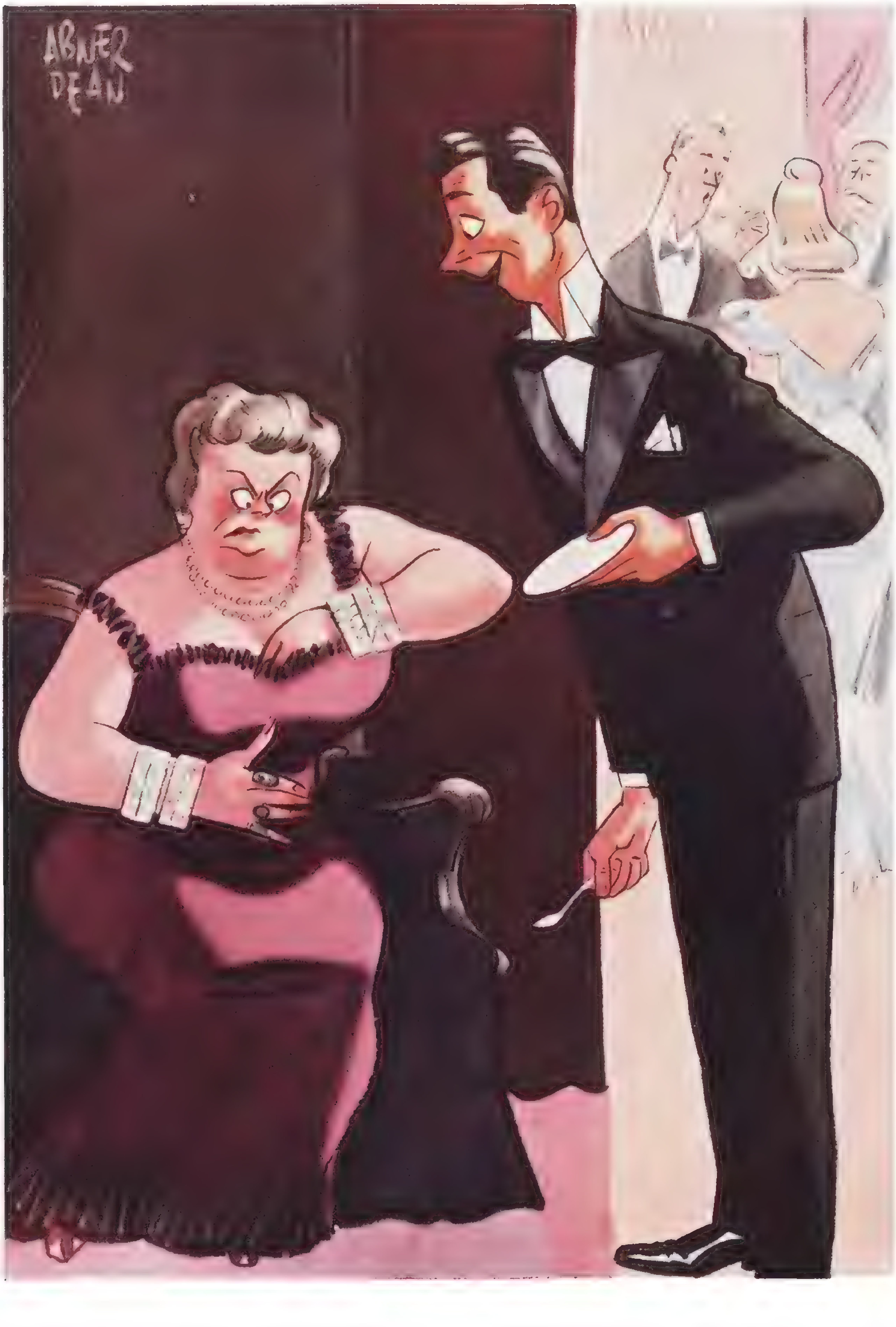


"And may I ask why you even thought you saw a woman in these dormitories?"



"Never mind my orange sherbet, Lady Clavering—I'll go fetch another!"

Study in Unreality

Short story with characters spouting such amazing sentences as only a radio continuity writer could ever imagine

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

FAR be it from me to advocate the abolishment of commercial radio. Lots of sponsored programs I have heard are good ones, and a good many of them have undoubtedly egged me on to buy various goods, even when I wasn't consciously aware of the fact. Moreover, I have been satisfied with a large portion of the goods I have purchased. But what I wish is that all radio advertisements sounded realistic instead of only some of them. I wish people who discuss the advertised products in radio plugs would talk the way people in real life do.

Now people in real life *do* frequently commend certain advertised goods to their friends, but they do it in rather a haphazard fashion. If they are recommending a certain brand of sasparilla, they are usually content to say: "It's O.K." or "I like it," or "Not bad." They don't assume a posture and deliver a lengthy harangue on its selling points. I have never heard a friend of mine say: "Guests flock to our home in droves since we have been serving Bubblefizz Sasparilla" or "only Bubblefizz has controlled carbonation and that real sassafras flavor." At least not the people *I* know.

Conversational advertising—the type in which two or more characters discuss the merit of something for sale—is a form of fiction, and I don't mean this unkindly, don't mean to imply that it strives for untruth. Good fiction, like good advertising, strives to present truth by depicting incidents that may not actually have happened. And one of the standard requirements of good fiction is that the characters in it shall talk as flesh and blood characters would really talk in the situations in which they find themselves. This is where radio advertising frequently falls down, and to show it, I am going to try a little short story in which the characters occasionally discuss salable goods in the fashion of the characters in the radio advertisements. Lights, action, typewriter!

* * *

Jerry Thayer's foot pressed on the brake, and the car came to a stop with a squeal of protest. "In our family," Jerry said, "we always turn on the gas. It isn't so messy. Poison's another exceptionally nice way, but stepping in front of cars—certainly never."

"Funny," sniffed the girl in the blue ensemble.

Jerry noted the wisps of blonde hair, the saucy turned-up nose. "If I hadn't been driving a Snorter," he said, "you'd have been mashed into very small pieces."

She brightened. "Do you drive a Snorter too?" she asked.

"Of course," said Jerry. "Only the Snorter has split-second stopping, synchro-mesh fog lights, and built-in air-conditioning at no extra cost."

"I know," she said. "And the Snorter has features that appeal to the whole family—Dad, Sis, Mother, and Brother."

"And Junior," added Jerry. "But you haven't told me what you were doing walking in front of my car, and what your name is."

She hesitated. "I wasn't paying attention because I was worried, and my name is Jane Warren."

"I like your get-up," he said.

Jane smiled. "I got it at Mason's," she replied, "the store of dependability and distinction. For generations New York's favorite for misses' and women's apparel."

"It's lovely," he went on. "Tucked flared skirt. New as a streamlined train. Smart as the Riviera. Refreshing as a breath of spring. But you haven't told me why you're worried. Man trouble?"

She hesitated for a minute, and then nodded.

"Get in," he commanded. "I think you need a drink. We'll go to Mardi's, the rendezvous of people who appreciate the best."

"Well, I really shouldn't," said Jane, stepping into the car with alacrity, "but Mardi's has that old-world atmosphere combined with new-world smartness and sophistication."

When they were seated at the bar, he turned to her and said: "What will it be?"

"A Martini," said Jane. "And made with Verdi's olives, of course. For a Martini only Verdi's can give that added fillip. Did you know that of a tasting committee of a hundred distinguished gourmets, ninety-seven chose Verdi's olives and only three picked brand B?"

The man behind the bar smiled. "I find that with discriminating customers," he remarked, "it's Verdi's seven to one. What's yours, sir?"

"Scotch and soda," said Jerry, "and make it Squigimagee soda, a man's soda. The taste of spring water in every sip. In my business I can't afford to have morning-after trouble, and experience has shown me that nothing but Squigimagee leaves me in tip-top condition the following day—although Squigimagee is intended to be drunk in gentlemanly moderation, of course."

"And what is your business?" inquired Jane.

"Stocks and bonds," said Jerry.

"What a nice business," commented Jane. "I had an uncle who was in it."

Jerry ignored the comment. "We've known each other a half an hour, and you haven't told me where you live."

"Not that it's any of your business," she replied, smiling, "but it's Chichester Towers."

Jerry Thayer started. "Chichester Towers!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean the place where they have furnished and unfurnished suites ranging from five to twelve rooms, with exceptionally large closets, and faultless appointments, and where all occupants enjoy the famed Chichester Towers service?"

She nodded. "The list of distinguished people who reside at Chichester Towers," said Jane, "certainly looks a great deal like a cross

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Anything for a Laugh

She'd walked out on him before and he supposed he could patch things up as easily as usual

by DUANE DECKER

• FICTION •

Among other things, the letter said that she was through with Buck forever (this time) and was going to marry Carter Wrenn. She hoped that Buck's "terrific sense of humor" would triumph over any pangs that he might feel. And while she was still very, very sore at him, "good luck just the same, Buck . . ."

Buck read that letter twice. Then he telephoned Sam Wiles and asked Sam where she was at the moment.

"Red?" Sam said. "She's at her father's place in Connecticut. When did you get back from Dutch Guiana, Buck?"

Buck looked at his watch.

"Thirty-eight minutes ago," he said. Then—impatiently: "Is Carter Wrenn at Southbridge with Red?"

"Probably. He's up there about every week end these days."

"Listen Sam— does Carter still work for Rodgers Tool, Inc.?"

"Practically a junior partner."

"And do you know where the home office of Rodgers Tool, Inc. is?"

"Syracuse," Sam said.

"Who's the president of the company?"

"John Rodgers."

"Thanks," Buck said. "So long."

At the telegraph office, Buck wired Carter Wrenn, care of Henry Vance, Southbridge Conn.:

"PLEASE LEAVE AT ONCE FOR SYRACUSE. MEET ME HOME OFFICE, TOMORROW BY NOON AT LATEST. WILL EXPLAIN WHEN I SEE YOU."

He signed the telegram: "John Rodgers."

Then he got hold of Sam Wiles again and they went to Hamburger Mary's for Buck's first good meal since he had gone to Dutch Guiana. After that they went down to Jimmy Kelly's in the Village. They finally wound up in Harlem, in the 101 Club, about five a. m., and they had a mighty good time.

Her proper name was Marcia Vance but Buck just called her Red. He had been in love with her for a year. And she had finally agreed to marry him—"against her better judgment." They pretty nearly got married at that.

But not quite. Red had always held against Buck the fact that he liked to play jokes on people. She always said, "Buck, you'd be a lovely guy except for one thing: you'll do anything, *anything*, for a laugh."

And it was true. Buck liked to laugh; and with the world the dire place it was, you had to create laughs if you wanted to keep chuckling regularly, he figured. He thought Red had adjusted herself to him by the time they agreed to get married. Still, what happened that day in the City Hall would indicate otherwise.

Buck had been a cameraman in the Long Island studios of Radioversal Pictures, until the day before the marriage that didn't come off. That was the day the weekly picture magazine appeared on the newsstands with a group of candid camera shots, by Buck. The shots had been snapped of a very high Radioversal executive while the gentleman had been getting strapped into a rubber corset, with the aid of his valet. The magazine hit the newsstands at approximately ten a. m., with Buck's name attached to the pictures. Buck was fired at exactly 2:37 p. m., which was indeed fairly fast work.

To console himself that night, he took to rum sours and then joined some of the boys in a poker game. The upshot of the matter was, Buck arrived at City Hall to marry Red the next day, stony broke. And without a job. And with a magnificent hangover.

It was definitely a letdown, to Red, when he had to ask her, kind of sheepishly, to lend him a couple of bucks for the license.

Little by little, she dragged the whole story out of him. Then she turned and walked very fast out of the City Hall. She called back, something about being "fed up with your sense of humor."

At the moment, Buck didn't think Red's walkout was anything serious. She had walked out on him so many times before and she always came back. He thought this would all be patched up easily, as usual. But Red had been pretty mad this time.

Because when he tried to get hold of her, he was informed that she had left town to visit an aunt. Buck didn't even know she *had* an aunt. He didn't know where to look for her. And then, he got a chance, the next day, to go to Dutch Guiana immediately and make a travelogue for a small independent motion picture company, with the promise of a regular job if the travelogue panned out well.

So he went to Dutch Guiana without seeing Red. He sent her three postcards from the Guiana, telling her he would be back soon and that then they could get married, as the travelogue was coming along fine and he was sure of the job he'd been promised.

You can imagine Buck's shocked surprise, upon his return to New York, to discover the letter from Red which announced her coming marriage to Carter Wrenn. Buck, personally, rated Carter Wrenn as a stiff, stuffed shirt who had absolutely no sense of humor. And knowing what a wonderful sense of humor Red had, except when she was mad at Buck, he knew that Carter Wrenn was the last man in the world she ought to marry.

He wasn't in any mood to let a girl of Red's sort get away from him, in the first place. But, above all, he wasn't going to let her marry Carter Wrenn. . . .

At eight o'clock in the morning, Southbridge looked fresh and clean green. The taste of Harlem was still in Buck's mouth but he felt alive and sharp. He had had a lot of good morning air, thanks to a detour through Danbury which he had taken in order to buy a large pail of angleworms.

When he reached Red's house, he saw her and her father and her kid brother, Bill, eating breakfast in the sun room. So he opened the door and let himself in. He was carrying the pail of angleworms.

Red looked lovely. There had been nothing in Dutch Guiana to compare with her, Buck thought. She was wearing a little gauzy frock that was white and didn't have sleeves. Her arms and her face were both nut brown, and her soft red hair, parted in the middle, was sleek and exciting as a nightclub ceiling.

She and Bill were startled when they saw Buck. But not Mr. Vance; he kept right on shoveling marmalade over his toast in workmanlike fashion.

Buck set the pail of worms on the floor, by Bill's chair, and then he shook hands with Bill. He said: "I figured you'd be having the usual tough time getting worms for fishing in the pond, Bill. So I stopped in Danbury and got you a whole pail chock full of them."

Bill looked down at the pail, then up at Buck. His eyes were shining.

"Hot zing, Buck. Gee, thanks."

"Okay," Buck said. "Those worms, incidentally, are the finest they had in Danbury."

Then Buck walked over to Red and leaned down and kissed her. Red just sat and took it, the way a child takes a pill. She exhibited no trace of womanly warmth. Her glance, too, was cool and detached.

"Red!" Buck said. "Darling—I'm back at last!"

"This is rather a surprise, Buck," Red said. "Didn't you get a letter from me? Addressed to your hotel?"

Buck thought hard for a minute. "No. No, you see I was in such a hurry to see you, sweet, that I never went to the hotel. So you wrote me a letter!" He turned to Mr. Vance. "Red wrote me a letter, Mr. Vance! There's devotion for you."

Mr. Vance had a mouth full of toast and

marmalade, but he nodded. Then he held out his hand. "Glad to see you again, Buck. Glad you're back."

"And I'm glad to *be* back, Mr. Vance," he said. "I've missed New York, I can tell you. Missed Red. Missed everything." He looked at Red again. "But we'll make up for all I've missed, won't we darling?"

"I hardly think so," Red said. She seemed to be thinking hard. Then she said: "Breaking in on our breakfast with a pail of worms is a fairly typical reunion for us, isn't it Buck?"

Buck patted the top of her head. "As long as we're together, Red," he said, "nothing else really matters, does it?"

"Yes," Red said. "It does. That pail of worms matters, for one thing." She turned to Bill.

"Bill, would you kindly carry Buck's lovely pail of worms into some other room, far away, so that your big sister can manage to get some food on her stomach?"

Buck turned hastily to Bill. "By all means, Bill. The breakfast table is no place to keep your worms. You should know better. Do what your big sister says."

Bill picked up the worms and glared at Red. "You'd think they'd bite-cha or something. They're just worms."

Red sighed, then reached for the cream in silence.

"Mr. Vance," Buck said, "I've got something important to tell you. I have found a new way—a better way—to skitter for pickerel."

Mr. Vance looked up, somewhat on the order of a fawn sighting berries.

"How, Buck?"

"Well," Buck said, "you use a perch belly, just the same. But you use a different motion with the pole. Not so much of a swish. Here—I'll show you."

There was a long lamp that had an especially light base, handy. Buck picked it up and started to go through skittering motions, as though the lamp were a bamboo pole. But something went wrong—Buck hadn't gauged the size of the room correctly—and the top of the lamp swiped into the bird cage. The bird began to let out terrible sounds as the cage swung wildly back and forth.

Red jumped up and stopped the cage from swinging. "Buck," she said, "if you don't mind, *please*. . . ."

Buck set the lamp down. "This is no place for a demonstration, Mr. Vance. I should have realized that. I'd better wait until we can get out on the pond together. Then I'll show you."

Mr. Vance cleared his throat. "We could go out later in the day, Buck."

"Well . . ." Buck said. He looked outside, thoughtfully. "It's *pretty* sunny out today, Mr. Vance. Too sunny for effective skittering. But if a cloudy day comes along and I happen to still be here . . ."

"Why don't you stay over?" Mr. Vance said, eagerly. "Then when the cloudy day comes along you'll be here."

"Say—now that's an idea, Mr. Vance, I never thought of—"

Red cut in, with low, calm firmness. "Buck couldn't possibly stay over, father. I'm sure he has things to attend to in the city, having just returned from a trip to Paraguay—"

"Dutch Guiana, Red," Buck said. "Didn't you get postcards from me?"

"I seem to recall some, yes."

Buck turned back to Mr. Vance. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Vance, Red is wrong. Fortunately I am in a position where I *can* stay over to wait for a cloudy day. Luckily, too, I happen to have a few clean shirts in my car—"

"Buck—" Red began, sharply.

"Sit down then, Buck," Mr. Vance said. "Have some coffee."

Buck sat down. "Does anyone care to hear about my adventures in Dutch Guiana?" he said.

Red lighted a cigarette and stared moodily out at the lawn.

Bill yelled: "You bet! Did you get in any fights with ivory traders and natives, Buck?"

Buck poured himself some coffee. "Let's see now . . ." he said. He thought deeply. "Maybe *you* wouldn't call it much of a scrap, Bill, but there was that time a few—maybe four or five—natives got killed. I remember the skirmish quite well. It was late at night and I was in my tent, when I heard a fiendish cry from the black depths of the jungle. I picked up my gun and camera and stole stealthily out into the pale, eerie moon light. . . ."

RODNEY deSARRO

And Buck proceeded to give Bill quite a stirring account of his adventures in Dutch Guiana. Of course, he hadn't had any adventures in Dutch Guiana at all. He had just been on the job, taking pictures of sleepy sugar, rice, coffee and cacao plantations and going to moving picture theatres at night, to see Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. But he knew that Bill would have been terribly broken up if he told him that.

He had almost finished when he heard a short cry from Red. At first he thought she had swallowed something. She started for the next room. As she reached the door, he saw that she was laughing hard; tears were rolling down her cheeks. She had started to laugh just at the point where Buck was explaining about the stampede of the wild buffaloes and how he had been saved from it by Nemo, king of the jungle beasts, with whom he had made friends by extricating Nemo's paw from a crevice in a huge rock.

So, when he saw Red leave the room in that condition, he suddenly felt that everything was still fundamentally sound between them. Because of all the things that Red and Buck had in common, laughing jointly was the one thing that went deepest.

Red didn't come back for a while. Buck drank more coffee and regaled Bill and Mr. Vance with his imaginary exploits in Dutch Guiana. He talked so long that finally he ran out of lies and had to fall back on the truth. The truth, of course, became so dull that Bill left.

Then Mr. Vance went inside and Buck sat alone, thinking. He had been thinking for some time when suddenly he became aware of Red's presence. He hadn't seen her nor heard her but he knew she was there, in the room with him.

"Hello Red," he said. Then he turned around. She was standing in the doorway, looking thoughtfully at where the back of Buck's neck had been before he turned. Immediately Buck felt there, to see if he needed a haircut. That settled, he began to picture how the back of his neck had looked to Red.

She came over and stood in front of him. "Buck . . ."

"It's swell, seeing you again, Red, "Buck said. "Sit down—"

"There's something I have to tell you, Buck," said Red, mustering courage.

"Save it," he said. "Just sit down here."

"It's about that letter I sent to your hotel, Buck. In that letter—"

"Will you give me a kiss, Red?"

"—I wrote you that I was going to get married."

Buck tried sincerely to fake shocked surprise. He swallowed hard and shook his head, as if to clear it. Then he looked at Red, gravely.

"Married!" he said. "Red I *can't* believe that. I can't believe that Carter Wrenn—"

In a flash he knew he had made a slip. Red's eyes got all afire, and her small fists knotted up. In a deadly even tone, she said: "If you didn't get my letter, Buck, *how* did you connect Carter Wrenn with it? I haven't said anything about him. And I barely knew him when you went away."

"I—listen, Red. Listen to me a minute before you—"

She walked very close to him and stared down, fiercely. "You *did* get the letter. This is just another laugh for Buck, this visit. You think you're terribly clever, Buck Forbes, don't you. Well, you annoy me. I wouldn't have *you* if you were the last man on earth."

"Ah Red, Red," Buck said. He pulled her down, onto his lap, and he kissed her very gently but he held her tight. Red shut her eyes. Then he let her go, and she stood up.

"You're going to marry *me*, Red. Not Carter Wrenn."

"*I'm going to marry Carter!*"

"He's such a gloomy guy, Red. That guy never laughs. Did you ever see Carter laugh? No sense of humor there, at *all*."

"And no sense of humor *here*," Red said. "Not any more. I'm fed up with what you call humor. I've had too much of it from you. I don't care if nothing funny ever happens to me as long as I live. I won't miss laughing."

"But ten minutes ago you were convulsed," Buck said.

"I want you to leave here by evening," Red said. "Carter is coming."

"But Carter—"

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Blow Hot or Cold

If you are not a good sailor, you'll find a well-placed glass of this or that helps to keep you on your feet

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

POTABLES

One of the pleasantest manifestations of America's coming of age is the newfound ability to throw off the routines and schedules of the workaday world and go in for a planned phase of pleasure. The twice-yearly ocean cruise, the escape to the seasonal resorts has become so much a part of our life that we accept it as a necessary part of an existence pitched to the national tempo.

It wasn't always thus. In the first place the old pioneer strain didn't care much for relaxing, this side of the grave. And when the biological necessity forced us to stop now and then and get our breath, we did it with the same strenuousness that we applied to our work. And usually in small doses, in such forms as the "binge" or the breakaway. Then came the black era of the noble experiment. It focused everybody's attention to the right and soundness of relaxation and earned for the instigators of prohibition an effect directly opposite to the one they had planned.

The country then began to relax in earnest. Threatened with a loss of their liberty the Americans began to realize its preciousness and made a fetish of enjoying it. The pleasure ocean cruise was born right out of that silver lining department. And a similar ill wind blew the joys of the winter sports, hot and cold, right into our willing faces. Our two major pleasure industries were born of oppression: one out of the blue noses of the native moral regulators, the other out of the long shadows cast by little men in foreign lands. We often wonder why the bankrupt resort keepers of countries that once were free and beautiful, don't get up from their chairs in the empty hotels and kick a couple of dictators right in the pants.

Less than a decade old, the pleasure cruise from home ports, has developed into a flourishing, finished product of the streamlined age. If you have been on such a cruise there is little that we can tell you of its delights, except perhaps to stir the nostalgic juices to the pitch where you will throw down your task and jump onto the nearest ship. If you are taking a trip for the first time, perhaps we can enhance your pleasure by pointing out some of the ways to relax.

The going-away party is an integral part of your excursion. Most ships leave at a time convenient to the leisure hours, so all your friends can come. Or as many as you wish. The party will be informal enough, the suggestion then that you invite your guests by written message is not on the side of stuffiness, but mere common sense. It is a great help to the guest to know just when you are leaving, from what pier and just how to reach the place. Some of the shrewder lines have cards printed with full directions. These you may obtain from your passenger agent and mail to your guests.

Since a thousand or so passengers will have the same idea as you do, at the same moment, do not expect more than is humanly possible from your room steward. The stewards might like to bring ice and twenty glasses to each stateroom at the exact moment you ring, but time being an exact science, they just can't do it. A simple expedient is to get on board a little ahead of time, order your ice and bring a few dozen paper cups. Also at that time you may order your charged water. It is well to remember that the ship is not allowed to sell liquor in port; calculate your needs for the party and bring the potables on board with you.

As the weather will probably be cold at this time of the year, whiskeys are indicated as the best drink for your party. Scotch, rye, and bourbon are easily dispensed and enjoy the greatest common denominator of drinkers. For safety's sake you might include one or more bottles of the mixed cocktails, there being several good brands of ready mixed Martinis and Manhattans on the market. You will be so busy as a host that it is inexpedient to try and mix cocktails for such an affair. Champagne, too, is a fine drink for a going-away party and if you can stand the tariff, the beverage adds that lift that helps make such a gathering a thorough success. Canapes may be served and these are easily arranged for if you think about it in time, and if your cruise is not too popular.

We once attended the going-away party of a flourishing night club owner. The manager of the emporium had brought down the club's orchestra as a surprise to his boss. It gave the party a great filip but as we are not all prosperous restaurant owners, that item might well be checked off your list. Unless you have the bridal suite, an orchestra gets in the way of the guests; a man with an accordion should be able to supply all music necessary to accompany your farewell words.

The well-regulated cruises are such slick affairs these days that they are practical factories of pleasure. You are no sooner unpacked than your steward will supply you with a timetable of entertainment. But this of course is the minimum of what you may do; the maximum depends on your own capacity for enjoyment and the common sense you bring to the occasion. Your correspondent would like to dwell only on the overtones, and the items not on the record, hoping that he may throw in a suggestion here or there that meets with your scheme of things.

Whatever your habits concerning potables, you may rest assured that on a cruise you will add at least ten per cent. And this is not on the side of indulgence, but due to the nature of the expedition you have chosen. In the first place you will want to drink more, what with the sea air and the leisure, and secondly you will often find that a well-placed glass of this or that, can work magic that might baffle a doctor. Especially if you do not travel well, the proper drink can make a lot of difference in the time you spend on your feet. I am not concerning myself with the gluttons; for the unwise man wouldn't be expected to change his habits just because he is on a boat.

A word about the activities that do not center around the smoking room. You have to have a pretty strong will to escape the blonde that wants you to play shuffle board or deck tennis. Perhaps you don't want to escape. If you do, one of the pleasantest avenues we find is the ship's swimming pool or the gymnasium. The various mechanical devices help you toward easy girth control and the expert masseurs are good for a man's soul.

I spent the major portion of an ocean crossing once with my torso in a steam cabinet and enjoyed the stormy crossing immensely. Mal de mer being a matter of equilibrium, when you trick the center of gravity, as you do in a swimming pool, you have a secret worth treasuring.

If you happen to be at the Captain's table, remember one thing: always be on time. It is a distinct mark of discourtesy to arrive at meals after the Captain has been seated. Perhaps that is why the average cruise—is it er or ist—prefers to eat at a table with his consort or perhaps one seating six. The latter is the ideal setup, allowing just the proper balance for civilized conversation while you dine. If the boat is of a line that does not furnish wine with the meals, it is expected of you to offer wine to your table. To be correct about it, you should consult the other members of your table and learn their preference. As the cruise progresses, each male member of the table should take his turn proffering wine. Individual drinks, such as cocktails,

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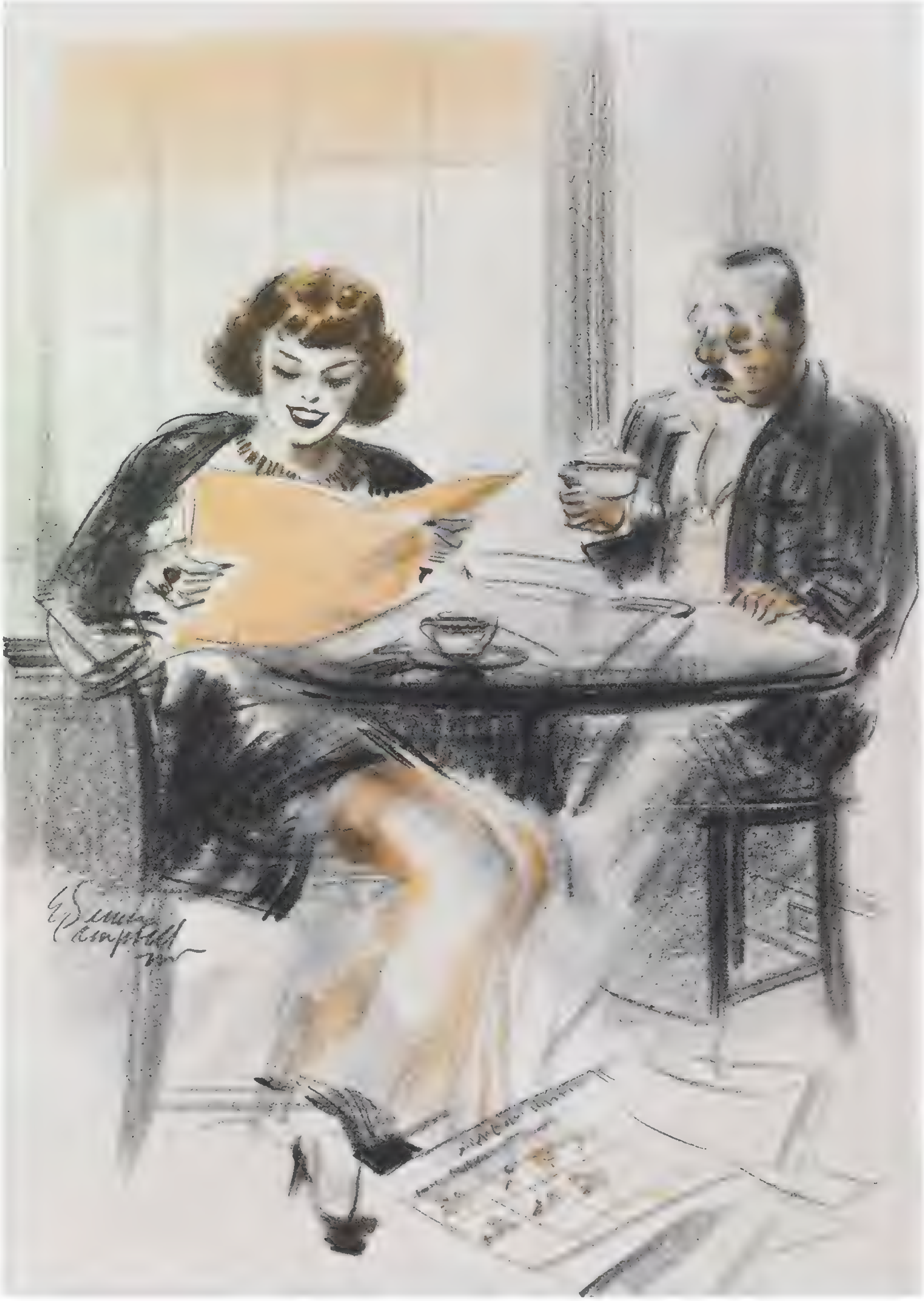

E. Simms Campbell

"Look, Dear—the morning paper has all about our fight last night!"

This Betting Business

Whatever you win must come from the horses you like, which the selectors—and consequently the public—do not

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

Apart from the young and foolish, apparently most of the annual crop of new bettors necessary to keep race tracks, mutuel machines and handbooks in operation are recruited from among a class of failing small business men or former small job holders out of work—both attempting to supplement a diminished income or one that has vanished by wagering a few dollars daily on some nag they think is a good thing. They are actuated by motives wholly mercenary, if somewhat pitiful in basic origin; they tackle strictly as a sideline business, not as a sport, a game harder to beat than a saber-toothed tiger that has been kept from his dinner.

And the very great majority do so without the least knowledge of what it is all about. They know nothing of horses or of how to estimate or handicap them, nothing of the theoretical considerations which control the programming of contests and the assignment of weights, nothing about the computation of odds in the mutuels or their establishment by handbooks at the New York tracks. Some begin by following the selector on a newspaper; others follow the "consensus" choices of several or many selectors; still others play the "top horses" of one of the scratch-sheets; and a different group accepts the statements of hundreds of turf weeklies and other tip sheets that all of eighty or ninety horses named in one issue are "hot" and ready to win.

The legitimate selectors and handicappers working for standard newspapers and the daily racing-sheets, also those that select for scratch-sheets, are about as good at their business of picking winners as any man ever can hope to be. The less said about the tip sheets, their proprietors and hirelings, the better. Dan Parker, well-known and extremely able sports editor of the *New York Mirror*, some time ago printed in his column a blast against fraudulent tipsters—and next day received a substantial amount of money in $2 bills from a crowd of suckers who asked that he forward the dough to the tipsters for subscriptions to their poisonous junk!

The legitimate selectors and handicappers are able, but a player cannot realize a money-profit through following them. In making whole-card selections, attempting to pick a winner in each and every race, they are up against an impossible task. In the first place, many, even most, of all races programmed are too close between several entrants to make the choice of one anything more than a guess—but each selector is required to name one single horse as the probable winner. In the second place, the selectors lack time to scrutinize whole cards as closely as is necessary to insure that no points of merit or demerit are overlooked in a single horse of a hundred or more. Turf "batting averages" are kept on prominent selectors and their choices year after year by a well-known turf-magazine, and year after year it is shown that to play all the choices of any one of them in a fixed amount per bet would result in serious loss. A player would lose less by betting all post-favorites.

The same result will follow if a player confines himself to the "best bets," so-called, of any single public selector. These are the horses he likes best for the day at a single track or likes best among those at all tracks. A higher percentage of winners will be secured on such bets than on whole-card selections, but the average price on winners experienced over a period of time will be so low as to result in a net loss. The bulk of the betting public slavishly follows the selectors, particularly on seemingly stand-out horses endorsed by most of them—the case of "best bets"—and weight of the public's money knocks prices down to a point insufficient to cover losses necessarily incurred in any course of betting on any type of horse.

If all selectors show a loss over prolonged periods on their choices of both types, whole-card selections and best bets, it is obvious that only through the most gross and exceptional good luck can a player experience a profit through jumping around wholly at random among the choices of one or several selectors, now taking a horse named as having a chance and going at a price, then taking another as an apparently cinch best bet. Such play is and must be wholly at random unless and until the player has educated himself in handicapping to a point where he can check intelligently on the basic merit of a selector's choice in comparison with the field the horse is opposing.

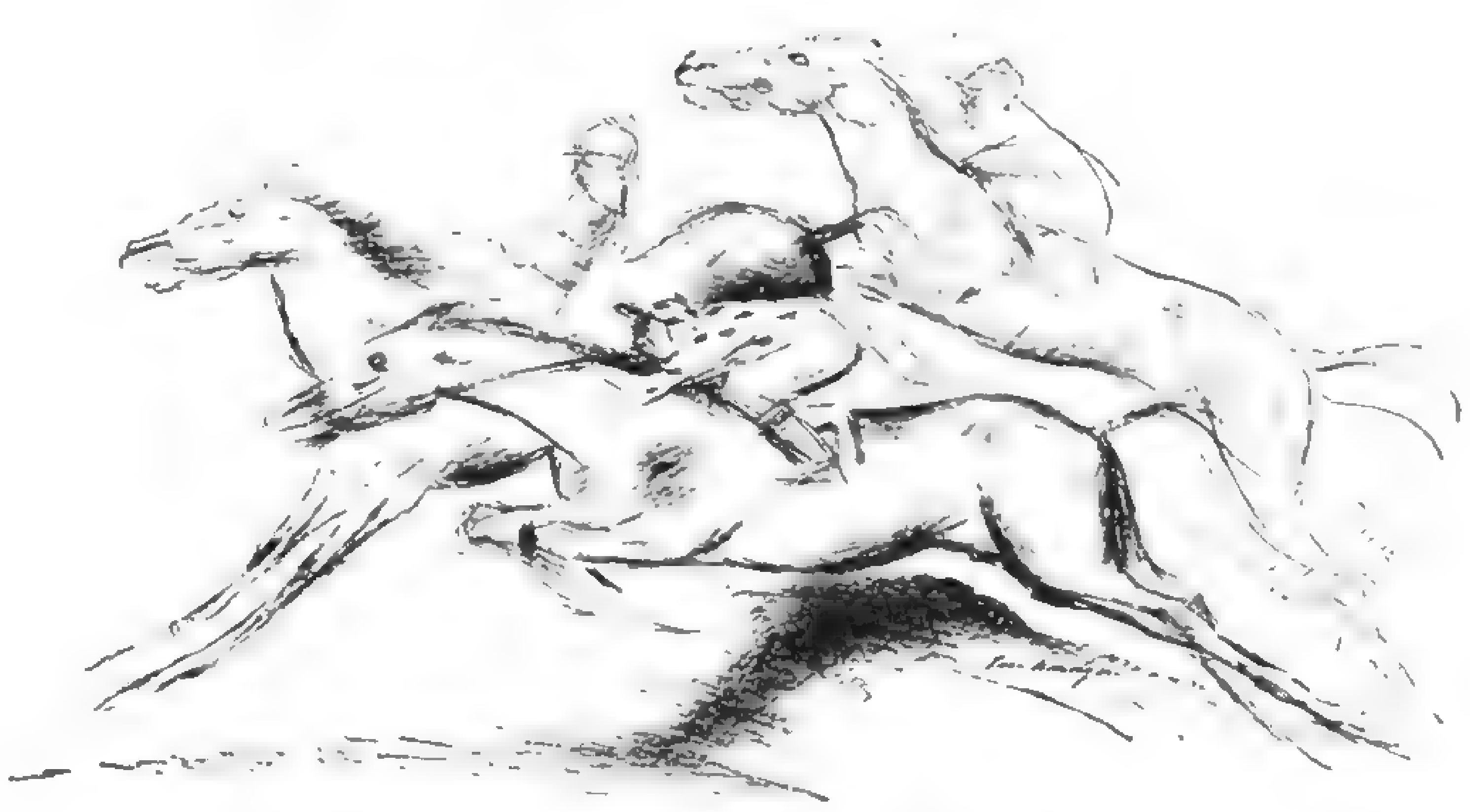
Of course it is mere nonsense to attempt to beat the races on selectors' choices of any type, since none ever shows a profit over a substantial period. But there is more to it.

Assume that an individual player has gone through his preliminary ordeal of selector-venerating and following and has managed to retain a little money to bet. He now knows that he can't beat the game on favorites, on selectors' whole-card choices, or on their best bets. Having had sense enough to learn that by experience, he also has had sense enough to learn to read and interpret race-conditions and past-performance lines as printed in a racing-sheet, and has gained real ability to figure fields for himself. What will happen now? The answer is easy. Since all handicappers, whether for themselves only or for the public, necessarily must employ about the same methods and standards of judgment in figuring and estimating a field of horses, in at least nineteen cases out of twenty the player figuring his own choices will find himself in agreement with most of the public handicappers—and therefore will be open, on such choices, to the practical certainty of loss over a period that results from following public selectors, whether caused by the fallibility of all handicapping or the adverse price-factor created by the public's dumping its money on a horse liked by many or most of the selectors whose choices are published.

On the twentieth horse, the one the player likes but the selectors do not, the sweating sucker has a chance to make some real money—if he plays the nag. But here barges in the old psychological factor. After selecting his choice for good reasons the player begins to check on what the public handicappers think of him, finds that none or only a few give him a chance—and winds up by not playing the horse. Of course the nag may lose; any horse can lose any race in any one of three hundred and fifty-six ways. But if he wins he will pay a nice price simply and merely because the public selectors did not like him. That's racing. If most selectors like a horse, he'll be at even money or less and no use as a bet—taking two or three hundred of the type in a line—even if he does win. And if the player is thrown off his choice because it is not endorsed by the selectors he is following them in a negative way because he respects their opinions as against his own and thereby is subjecting himself to the loss-certainties inherent in their choices even though he does not blindly accept them but endeavors to do his own handicapping.

Let's put it directly. A first-class handicapper can get about 40% winners over a period of time on carefully selected plays. If his average price on winners is about 2 to 1 he will win about 20 per cent of the total he bets—40 winners of 100 one-dollar bets at 2 to 1 is eighty dollars profit, and 60 losers at one dollar each is sixty dollars sent to glory. Eighty dollars won less sixty dollars lost is twenty dollars won net, or 20 per cent on one hundred dollars risked in 100 one-dollar bets.

To get about 40 per cent winners it is necessary to accept as plays, in at least nineteen of twenty bets, the choices of most racing-sheet selectors, and such horses will not average anything like 2 to 1 by way of price. In betting them a player probably will lose money, possibly may break about even, or, if exceptionally lucky, may make a trifling profit. In any series of bets—one hundred, two hundred or a thousand—his only chance for real profit will be on the relatively few horses he likes but the selectors do not. They may pay anything from three or four to ten or more to one, and all his profit from a series of bets on analysis will be found to have resulted from the relative long-shots of his choice which paid respectable prices because the public was kept off them by the selectors' naming others.



It is impossible for a player to get winners on his own without first learning how to analyze a field of horses for himself. And after he has cultivated this ability he is up against the situation previously outlined—that in most cases he will find himself in agreement with most of the public selectors and consequently on short-priced horses that cannot possibly show him a worthwhile profit over a period of time and a prolonged series of bets. Whatever he wins, if anything, will come from the animals he likes although the selectors—and consequently the public—do not.

If this analysis is factual and accurate—and it is based on an experience of over twenty years at the game on the part of the writer—it necessarily follows that an individual player, who can pick about 40 per cent winners and thus qualify as having a real chance to make some money, should make no bet whenever his choice in a race is liked by most selectors and should wager only when the horse he fancies for good reasons has not been named by many of the handicappers on daily newspapers, racing-sheets and scratch-sheets who guide public play. But here again the psychological factor comes into play. It takes great self-control to withhold betting for several days or even a week or more until the figurable horse turns up that is going to pay a fair price because overlooked by others. Several hours must be spent each night or morning with the past performances in an effort to detect plays sound from the bare angle of winning chances, and when it develops, as it does in nineteen of twenty cases at least, that the selectors also like the horses, there is a powerful temptation to bet anyway to avoid loss of the time spent in handicapping.

The writer feels extremely sure that he has established by over twenty years' experience in handicapping, betting and accurate record-keeping that the formula for success in play is about 40 per cent winners at about 2 to 1 average price on winners. In any prolonged series of bets the really solid but short-priced horses will about break one even or show a small loss; all profits, if any, will come from the good-priced winners overlooked by the public because overlooked by the selectors.

If a player really can handicap—really can estimate accurately a field of horses strictly on his own and without reference to the opinions of others—then he is in position to play horses calmly and intelligently in an attempt to keep his winning percentage in the neighborhood of 40 without cutting his average price on winners much below 2 to 1.

But if he can't handicap and must rely on the notions of others, whether honest or crooked, he has about as much chance to make money over a period of time as has Hitler to become president of the United States.

There is nothing magical about the profit-formula of 40 per cent winners at 2 to 1 average price. Both the percentage, and the price in conjunction with the percentage, are hard to attain. As one continues play—assuming that one is a good handicapper—good streaks and bad streaks will be encountered, both from the angle of percentage of winners and the angle of average prices. But, apart from lucky stabbing for long-shots, any prolonged successful period of play will work out very closely to the formula as stated.

The value to a player of keeping these facts in mind is their tendency to keep him off short-priced horses. Say that he is tempted to bet some apparent standout like a War Admiral going probably at 1 to 2, 1 to 3 or even shorter. Even if the horse wins, his price-figure in the column representing all the winners over a period of time tends to throw the average realized on all winners below the necessary 2 to 1; therefore to accept him as a risk is deliberately to work against oneself.

In between the short-priced apparent cinches and the long-shot gross outsiders lie the nags on which a player has a real chance to make some money—the horses that actually figure with an individual as best of their fields but that are going at three or four to one or even better because overlooked by handicappers for daily newspapers, racing-sheets and scratch-sheets.

Many horse-players are prone to overestimate the possibilities of profit in the game. Not satisfied with a reasonable or even nominal percentage of profit—and not one in a thousand can make either—they try to press by stabbing for long-shots or by hooking up a number of apparently solid horses in impracticable and chancy combinations by way of if-money, parlay, back-to-back and other lots-for-a-little bets. Instead of trying to learn how to handicap and then keeping accurate records of play to see just what they themselves are able to do, without self-kidding or self-deceit, they bang around at random, now on some selector's choice because they want to be sure of a win, now on some crazy long-shot because they want a big pay-off—and when they have gone clean and joined the wreckage of the game they intone for the rest of their lives that the races can't be beaten. Of course they can't, by any such methods, even though a few exceptionally clever and cool individual players do beat them by betting only solid horses going at respectable prices and by refusing to be ensnared either by short-priced apparent standouts on the one hand or by wild long-shots on the other.

If it were not for the public selectors it would be a cinch for a good handicapper to get rich at the tracks. The public whose money makes the prices cannot figure horses for themselves, and without the selectors to guide the public money there would be ten times the price-spots now available. But these men, as a class, are good, even very good; normally when they put the finger on a horse as probable winner he actually is the figure-horse in the race. By following one of them, or the concensus of all, an individual player will get a higher percentage of winners than he can get on his own unless he is a real handicapper—but his average prices will be so low, due to the public's following the selectors, that he will not profit. A bettor who follows the public is licked before he starts, and to follow selectors is to follow the public because they guide the public.

I would suggest to anyone contemplating a course of betting otherwise than just for the fun of it that he select one, two or three plays a day at all major tracks, keep an accurate record of win-prices, and then, at the end of three to six months, break the setup down to determine just what percentage of winners he has secured and just what the average price on winners has been. If he has gotten about 40 per cent winners at about 2 to 1 average price, and consequently has made some money, he can risk a few real dollars sanely in the expectation that he may make some money in reality rather than on paper. If his percentage of winners is well under 40, but his average price on winners has been so high that he still has made money, he should be skeptical of his own handicapping ability and hesitate before he risks anything. Normally an average price on only 25-30 per cent winners high enough to put one in the profit column has been a matter of bull luck, not to be relied on to continue.

Betting just for a flyer, or to get an extra lick out of a race at the track, is one thing. Betting for profit is another.

Over a period of time success will be found to range very closely about the formula given and for the reasons stated. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

San Francisco opera boasts the most brilliant pipers in captivity and the most beautiful gals in the land

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Opening night at the Opera, as we know it, does not exist in Continental Europe. Ten-month seasons in the state-subsidized theatres of Moscow, Leningrad, Stockholm, Berlin, Paris, Dresden, Munich, Rome, and Vienna get under way without benefit of diamonds, chinchilla, bare backs, or flashlight bulbs. There, the play's the thing. Its performance in a language understood by 100% of the congregation is sufficient unto itself. Lip-wisdom is unnecessary. Press agents, society reporters, dowagers are superfluous. The opera season begins as a matter of course. The lyric drama has an accepted place, for its own sake, in the hearts of the people.

In English-speaking countries, where 90% of the opera-gossips never find out what is happening on the stage, where they think Beckmesser has rheumatism and spend three hours trying to figure out which guy is Gigli and four hours after *Lucia* guessing why she went mad, the opening night is an institution. It ranks with the coronations, the opening of the World Series, the introduction of a wealthy girl to her future. The show in front of the curtain rates more space than the show on the stage. The location of the bar is of more consequence than the stage sets for *Don Giovanni*. Who Mrs. Chatterbox had for dinner and what Mrs. Dimplebottom sits down in appears in larger type than comment on what Mr. Gluck says about love. No question about it: in London, New York and San Francisco, high C's depend on low V's.

Judged by our standards, San Francisco puts on the best opera in the world. Among all our great cities, it alone can afford a whole season of opening nights, each more spectacular than the last. Not only does it present a brigade of the most brilliant pipers in captivity but it dazzles the eye with a pit full of attractively clad pulchritude that is not to be duplicated elsewhere. California does something for its women. Connoisseurs like Lily Pons, who habitually gaze across bright lights in Paris, New York, and Buenos Aires, rate San Francisco audiences the best-dressed and tops in looks.

Moreover, the War Memorial Opera House is no shabby roosting-place for moths. In addition to having the most modern and best equipped opera stage this side of Berlin, it was planned to display the *coiffures* and *robes* of its customers. Gallery-ites as well as box holders have a promenade. And gallery-ites, equal to the occasion, come to a man in evening clothes. Every seat, incidentally, for every opening night is sold months in advance. Gallery seats and boxes are unattainable. As near as I could determine, both are willed from one generation to the next.

Opera, for one month, at least, means more in the life of the average San Franciscan than it does at any time to other Americans. If you want proof, ask yourself if your city would build a modern opera theatre dedicated to the soldiers of the last—or any other—war, and have it sponsored and approved by the Veterans themselves. If you had it, could you fill it? Could you get an affirmative vote on a tax levy to help maintain your local symphony? San Francisco did.

San Francisco has a tradition for opera that does not exist in other American towns of its size. Operatic concerts were advertised there during gold rush days. *Norma* was given in 1852 and shortly thereafter ladies of Castilian descent climbed over cases of nails covered with flour sacks to save their dresses from the mud and to hear traveling Italian troupes from Mexico and South America. Tetrazzini sprang to fame in San Francisco. *La Bohême* was presented there before it was heard in New York. Caruso was singing in *Carmen* the night of the earthquake. Through such experiences, San Franciscans acquired a background and a standard that Middle Western yokels and the bubble-chasers of the "five villages in search of a city" in Southern California do not have.

Make no mistake: not every guarantor of opera in San Francisco understands it. Box holders there admit they run out of gas during *Pelléas*, that they prefer Mickey Mouse to *Fidelio* and find *Elektra* like two hours in Alcatraz. Golden Gate dowagers, like dowagers everywhere, object to having their gossip interrupted by a rising curtain and succeed in talking down Wagner. Not only have they yet to learn that a composer sometimes states his most profound thoughts in the orchestra after the curtain falls or before it rises, they complain because the chaps who wrote operas didn't live in California. Then they could have been told how long to make their operas. Mozart would have taken thirty minutes out of *Don Giovanni*, Debussy fifteen minutes out of *Pelléas*, and Strauss would have divided *Elektra* in two halves. If your friends cannot see you, why go to the opera?

* * *

The city's large Italian population finds nothing wrong in the hurdy-gurdy, rum-tum orchestration of *Lucia* or in plaid-kilted Scots bursting into *Come vinti da stanchezza*. Lily Pons in the Mad Scene hit the box-office high, selling out a second performance. Beniamino Gigli stopped the show twice: first, when he repeated *M'Appari*, breaking the company's no-encore rule for the first time in the new house; second, after the duet of parting *Solenne in quest'ora*, when he got up from his supposed deathbed to acknowledge the applause and then walked off the stage, calling attendants to remove the couch from which he had just taken a last farewell.

The outstanding artistic success of the four-week season, which began with *Andrea Chenier*, ended with *Le Coq d'Or*, and included *Don Giovanni*, *Meistersinger*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Don Pasquale*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *La Bohême*, was Richard Strauss's *Elektra*. Audiences in San Francisco and Los Angeles, where the company visited for a week, were at first appalled, then shocked and stunned, and finally engulfed and carried on waves of sound to the climax . . . after which they, like *Elektra*, collapsed. The demonstration was unbounded. No other opera aroused such enthusiasm. It was a tribute to the artists who took part, especially Fritz Reiner, Herbert Graf, and Rosa Pauly, but, most of all, to Richard Strauss.

Elektra is unquestionably his most significant work for the stage and therefore is probably the most important music-drama since Wagner.

Few men who have set their pen to five-lined staves have had so definitely in mind what they wanted to say or have said it so surely and successfully.

There have undoubtedly been greater performances: legend has it that those conducted by Mr. Reiner with the Philadelphia Orchestra remain unsurpassed. I did not hear them, but certainly the Metropolitan has offered nothing to equal what Mr. Reiner achieved in San Francisco. Nor did Richard Strauss himself surpass this performance when he conducted *Elektra* four years ago in Munich. On that occasion, he seemed old and tired,

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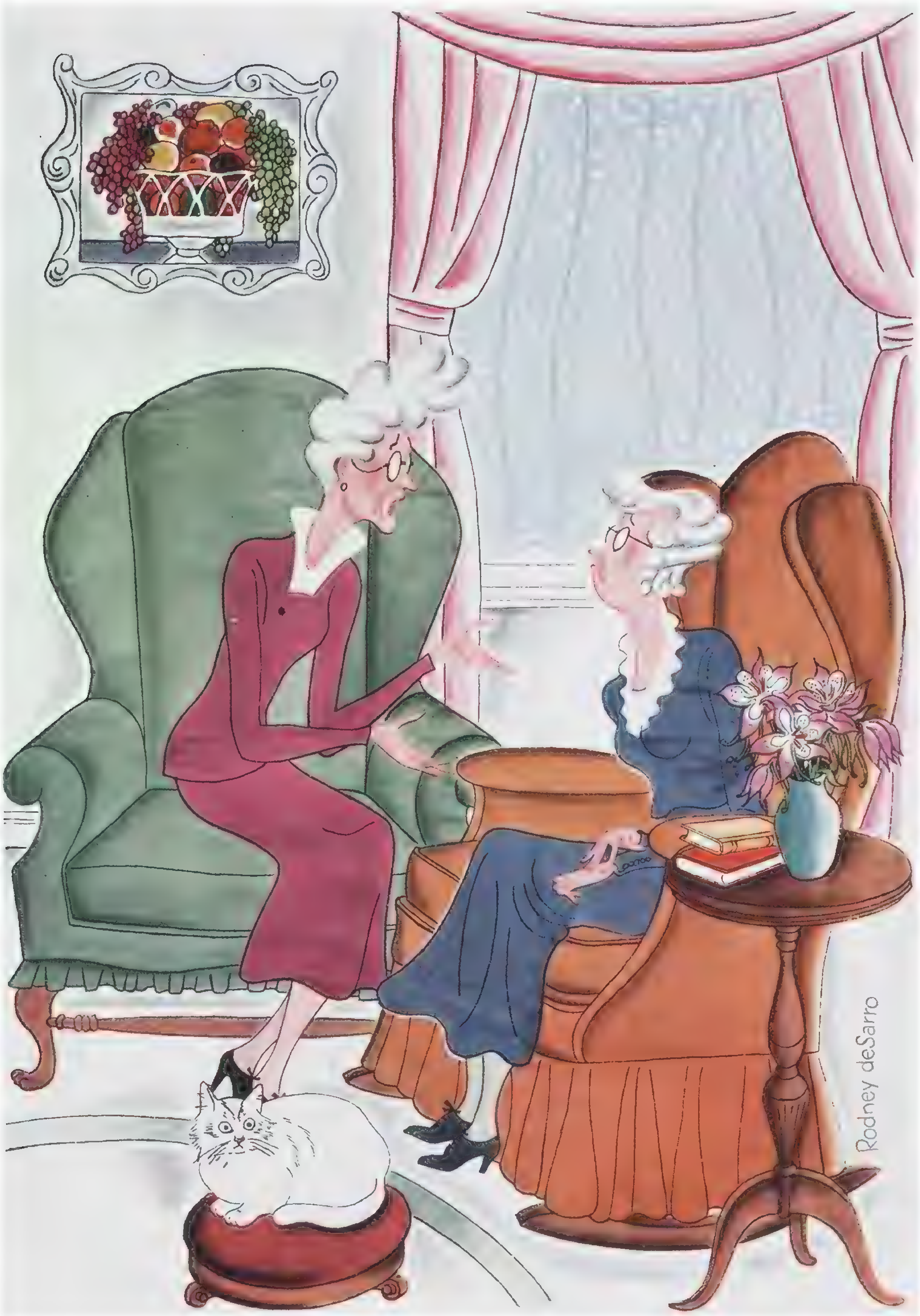

Rodney deSarro

"He kissed me again and again and then the alarm woke me up"

Last of the Orchid Hunters

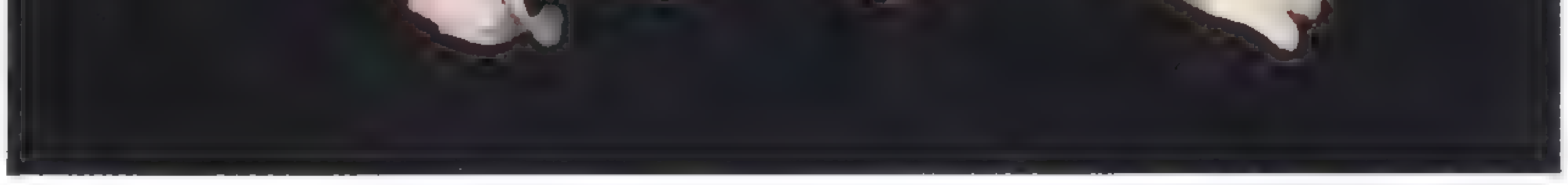
Andrew Benson rode, tramped, canoed and hacked his way into every corner of Colombia for the gorgeous Cattleya

by HARVEY O'CONNOR

• ARTICLE •

Men, like other animals, prefer to hunt in packs. Whether it is in India where the nabobs have ritualized the chase into a mass drama, or in the North Woods where business men from Broadway and the Loop seek solitude in numbers, companionship is as essential as the trophy.

Andrew Benson, lean Dane tracking the jungles of Colombia, would have protested that two's a crowd. In his expeditions through the tangled forests along the upper Magdalena or across the leopard-infested plains of Boyaca, Benson shunned the society of white men, prowled for weeks after his prey without sighting a human skin fairer than a mountain Indian's. Tall stories from a one-week sortie into the Rocky Mountain game country or a month along the Laurentians brought only an indulgent smile from this genial blue-eyed Norseman who knew the river highways of Colombia at least as well as the streets of his native Copenhagen.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSENJA

Some day there will be a finer orchid, but meanwhile this triumph of gracefully fringed petals and colorful lip (Brassocattleya Albion) will adequately uphold the honors of the orchid family.

Down at steaming Barranquilla or up in coolish Bogotá, scraps of news about Benson trickled along the river grapevine. He had been seen at Natagama, setting out with half a dozen Indian boys to trace reports of rare quarry along the slope of a high ridge in the misty Andean ranges. He had been sick somewhere along the Casanare River near the Venezuelan border but an Indian woman had nursed him back to health. At the head of a brigade of forty natives, he had penetrated into the malaria-ridden Cauca Valley. At the moment this solitary white hunter and his red-skinned retinue might be piloting trophies of a six-week hunt down the treacherous stretches of the upper Magdalena in the slanting rays of a setting sun.

Many a white hunter has left his bones to bleach on scorching Colombian plains or to mold in the dank forests of the highlands. Hundreds of their native followers are marked today by weather-beaten crosses along the trails where they fell. Out of Bucaramanga in the cannibal country of the Tatemancas and Aurahuacas, by the snow-clad range of Sierra de Santa Marta, you pass as many as twenty-five crosses in a day's ride. Gold-hiders, these cannibals, but it was not for gold that the hunters perished.

Andrew Benson cared little for the gold caches and less for animal trophies of Bolivar's homeland. His unending search along the highlands had but one aim—capture of the Cattleya, most gorgeous and prized of all the orchids. Lost to civilization for six to ten months of the year save for occasional rests at Bogotá, he rode, tramped, canoed, hacked his way into every corner of Colombia—for orchids.

Along the mile-high slopes of the Andes in the upper Magdalena he hunted Cattleya Trianae, purplest of the royal flower. Nature joined the sport by seeing to it that no two varieties of Cattleya were to be found in the same forest. Working out of Natagama with his Indian helpers, he gathered each season a hundred Cattleya here, a hundred there, packed them on muleback across the saw-tooth mountains down to the river, assembled them in hand-hewn crates on hand-hewn rafts, to float down to railhead.

His gun and ammunition tucked in a water-proofed bag, the leather-skinned Dane, now nearly as dark as his bronzed crew, stands at the corner of a rude raft, long oar in hand to ward off from whirlpools and sandbars. At the other corners Indians stand guard likewise. Behind them other rafts all part of this curious river safari of the orchids.

Before nightfall the head Indian, captain and cook, signals an opening in the jungle. A column of white smoke points down to an Indian hut. Naked children race to the shore to greet the crews as they tie up their rafts. The head Indian directs the transfer of a huge, steaming pot to shore. All day long it has simmered on his raft, softening up dried beef, absorbing fresh-caught fish and whole papayas.

Benson is negotiating for a night's shelter and a variation to his cook's unending potpourri. He throws his mat and mosquito netting to the floor of the hut while *la Indiana* stirs up chocolate, fries plantains and eggs for her tired guest.

The crew has scattered into the jungle for palm leaves and branches. A circular tent is trieed up. The evening meal over, the natives go to sleep, radiating fanwise under the thatch, their heads protected against dew or rain, their bodies in the open.

Benson is the last of the great orchid hunters of his time. By ban of quarantine no longer are tens of thousands of orchid plants swung from the hatches of banana boats to the docks at New York. The laboratory has reinforced the quarantine statute—now Milady's orchid is a hybrid, nursed from the seed in an Erlenmeyer flask, sheltered for the years of its immaturity in humid hot-houses. In the early orchid days (and remember that it is barely a century since Captain Cattley startled London with the gorgeous orchids he brought back from South America, the same

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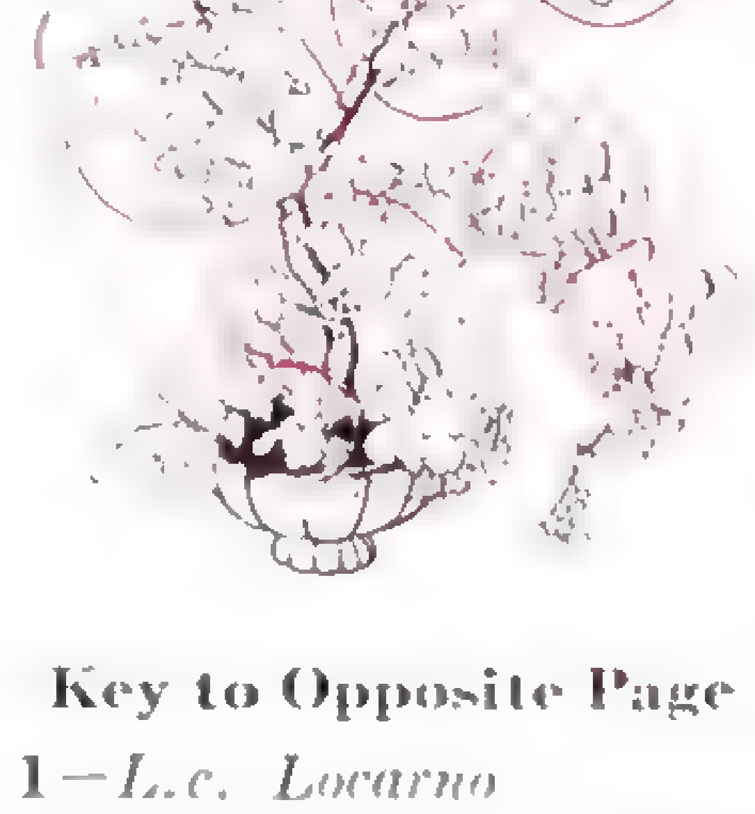
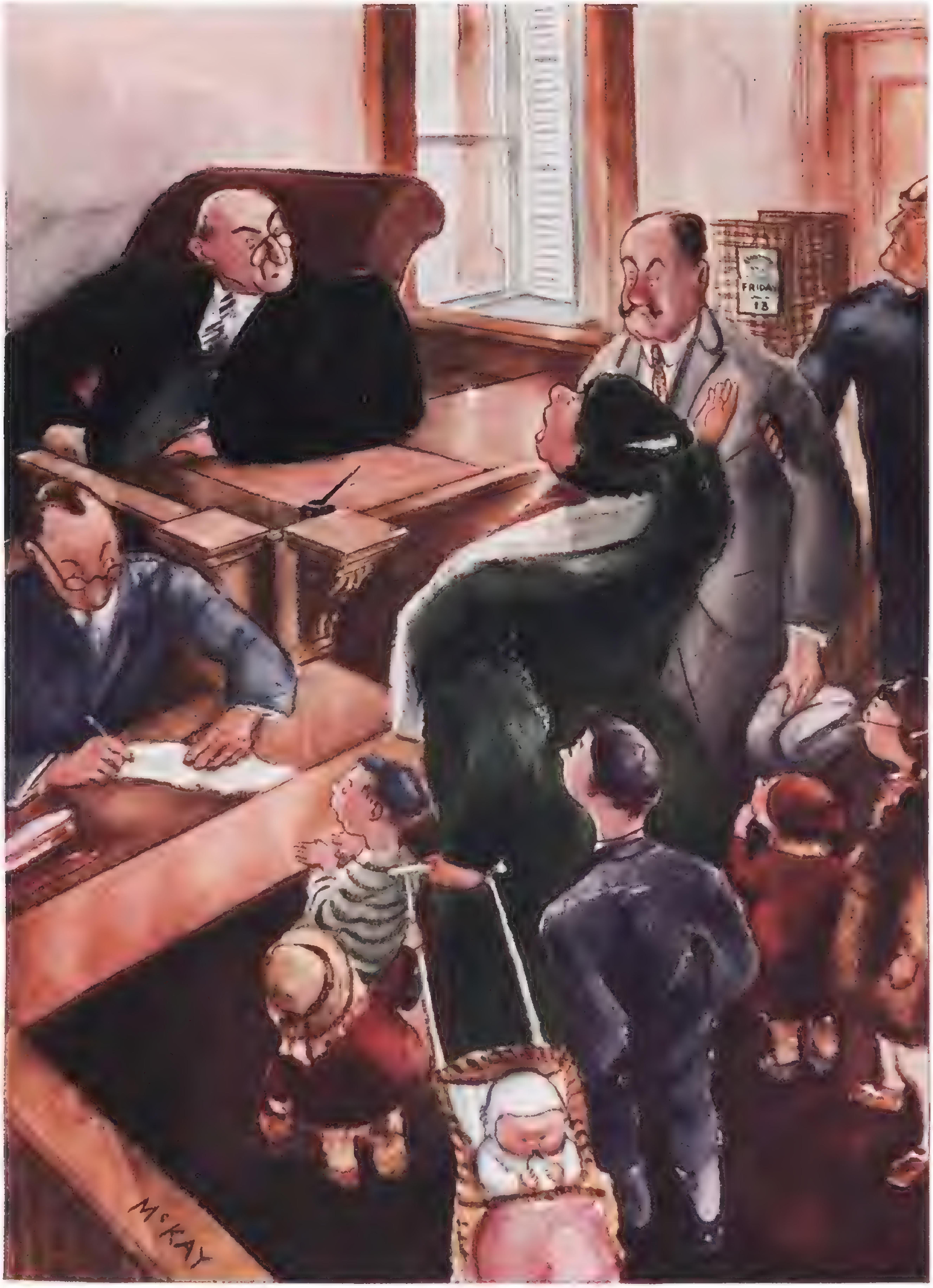


Key to Opposite Page

1—*L.c. Locarno*
2—*Hybrid Cypripediums*
3—*B.l.c. The Baroness*
4—*B.c. Albion*
5—*L.c. Aconcagna*
6—*L.c. Rubens*
7—*Cypripedium Sanderae*


FRIDAY
13
McKAY

"He's no good, your Honor—he hasn't spent an evening home in ten years!"

The Candid Cameraman

While it's a far cry from the first of the lyric poets to the earnest Ronald Colman, *If I Were King* has its points

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

THE MAGINOT LINE

THERE was, as we sat listening to our radios, a palpable scorn for the peoples of Europe whose jittery apprehension of war made them seem pathologically gunshy, to the point where any loud mouthed bully might reduce this timid prudence to servility. The current issue of *The March of Time* goes far toward an articulation of this war fear. As timely as it very well could be, the film devotes itself to a sightseeing tour through the great French Maginot Line, that huge swath of fortifications which defends the eastern boundaries of the Republic. More, the picture presents a narrative of the whole manner of French defense, beginning with the conscription of its citizen soldiers upon reaching the age of twenty.

Coldly, scientifically, with no nonsense of brass bands or street parades or pretty uniforms, these youngsters during the course of their two years' servitude are mechanically perfected in their function. A modern army operates with the precision of a deadly robot, its soldiers are as anonymous as the inmates of a penitentiary. The apex of its puissance in France is the operation of the Maginot Line, a series of colossal underground forts penetrating the earth to the depth of eight levels. Here an entire army performs, independent of outside aid for a year, in an atmosphere of steel and electricity which resembles nothing so much as an inconceivably gigantic submarine.

The human beings who man its apparatuses exhibit the quick jerky bodily movements which we associate with mechanical devices. This reduction of flesh and blood persons to the status of automatons is here graphically portrayed, the dread of war being capable of making something awful and unrecognizable of the human race.

Chancing to exceed the bounds of movie criticism, your Candid Cameraman can only hope that films such as *The March of Time* has given us here may sharpen our awareness to the barbarism of war, will perhaps do something to restore a sense of proportion to men by making explicit the terror of which these armaments are the frantic symbol.

EXCELLENT ROMANTIC ENTERTAINMENT

The Villon legend persists, this time filmed by Paramount, authored by Preston Sturges, and starring Ronald Colman. Acted and reenacted, notably by E. H. Sothern and Lawrence Tibbett, the theatrical fable tells us that François Villon, as a court jibe for his braggart mouth, was made grand constable of France for a week; and the myth goes on to relate how the crummy tavern hero then proceeded to save Paris and the beleaguered Louis XI from the siege of Burgundy.

As often and as well as they have tailored this lush romance the fiction is still watery stuff dramatically; when one of the greatest poets of all time is left to be personified by musical comedy, then what you have got hold of is musical comedy and not one of the greatest poets of all time. Unfortunate indeed that this genius did not leave us a biography such as Cellini of a later day dictated in the interests of posterity, for then we might have had a play about fifteenth-century Paris in incomparable bravuro. Alas, we have only those two slender volumes which were first to coin the idiom of lyric poetry, the early *Petit testament* and the immortal *Grand testament* a few records of his thieveries (Villon was apparently a constitutional rogue, but in a day when roguery achieved almost union recognition as a means of livelihood for the poor), his brawls, his mean loves, his constant flirting with the gibbet.

However, a review of *If I Were King*, a play pretending nothing more than romantic entertainment, is hardly the place to complain that little of the true character of François Villon is suggested; that no genuine air of medievalism pervades the narrative, that the few recitations of Master Villon's poetry, notably the *Ballad of Dead Ladies*, is made rubbery by Ronald Colman's Oxford earnestness, such complaints being more in the nature of wishful thinking than of criticism. For this Paramount version is to my mind the best of the repetitions to date. Colman is intelligent, hard-working, competent; Miss Frances Dee flutters pictorially, the very essence of romantic *empressment*. The playwriting is literate and smooth. And do disillusion yourself, had you supposed that Basil Rathbone was not a gifted actor, by going to see his grand performance in the role of Louis XI.

PUBLIC CYCLE NO. 1

There was once a movie called *The Front Page*. Since then we have become thoroughly inoculated with the newspaper virus. No murderer is safe whilst a cub reporter is loose, and take it from Hollywood, it is a bane to be the wife of a journalist. Managing editors are a cross between a teletype machine and a case of epilepsy. Men are constantly biting dogs. The vocabulary includes, "Do I get that bonus?" "This will scoop the town!" and "What a rag to work for!" The city rooms are bedlam, all reporters wear topcoats with turned-up collars, the places are alive with copy boys and photographers with tripod cameras impossible to control. This is Public Cycle No. 2, and if any of these homey little details are missing the audience is liable to rise as one man and howl, "Fake!"

There was once a movie called *Wings*, and this formula has also solidified itself in the popular mind. As air epics are generally longer and much more expensive to make they are entitled to the No. 1 appellation. There are two buddies, fresh from the War, who find themselves infected with the lyric itch to continue flying. One becomes a sturdy commercial man, however; the other a stunt pilot (or soldier of fortune). One is all for order and instruments, full of vision concerning the future of aviation. The other is a restless and frantic lad, something of a devil with the ladies, of course; feverish, hell-on-wheels, and . . . doomed. He just cannot settle down. Well, the feverish fellow eventually whams into a mountain during the Cleveland air races, or is shot down in China. The solid lad becomes assistant director of T.W.A., or eventually designs the world's finest bomber. He usually gets the girl, who had really loved him all the time and didn't know it. The ending of the picture is generally kind of sad, they both poignantly asserting at the banquet that without Phil's daredevil contribution none of this success would have been possible. Maybe there is a double exposure showing Phil, smiling a benediction, as the final fadeout darkens the screen.

To violate the tenets of this formula when making another air picture is tantamount to flying blind and without instruments at ceiling zero. Like spitting to windward, or telling the boss to take his job and so forth and so forth, it simply isn't done. In *Men With Wings*, the air epic which William Wellman had made in technicolor for Paramount, there are the War-fresh buddies in the persons of Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray, and the girl who loves the lovable and irresponsible pilot. He just can't settle down. One becomes a sturdy commercial man, the other a soldier of fortune. The restless fellow is killed in China, the solid lad designs the world's finest bomber. The ending is kind of sad, for without his pal's contribution none of this success would have been possible. Just for good measure the scenarist has attempted to clothe the framework of his formula with the apparel of history by beginning his epic in the experimental days of flying. All this borrowing from its pred-

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Walking Under the Ladder

Incredible saga of Edgar B. Davis, who spent over a million dollars, and liked it, on a Broadway flop

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• ARTICLE •

There is a legend that those who live on and for Broadway have a sixth sense that permits them to anticipate ground swells, acts of God and other upheavals in the theatrical world. If this legend is based on fact, as are most beliefs, there must have been a noticeable tremor when *Variety* printed a small item that Edgar B. Davis was seen in his old haunts around the Waldorf Astoria, that he was nearing his new oil strike and that *The Ladder*, comic phenomenon of the theatre, was about to be revived. For if there is anything Broadway likes, it is a spender, especially one who provides work for the player folk. And in the long history of Broadway, Edgar B. Davis will stand near the top of "angels" who backed shows and gave bounteously to Thespians in his employ.

Mr. Davis has not been much in the news of late, the four years just past having been given over to the development of a project. And that, in Davis terminology, means the amassing of a new fortune. But, unlike the usual course of such enterprises where Davis is concerned, the curve takes a backward dip. That is, Davis starts with a fortune and runs it down to less than nothing. The average layman would call that anything but a success pattern and think that Davis was engaged in losing his shirt. But intimates of Davis know that the shirt losing is essential to his success and not until the last vestige of the last shirttail is gone, can you expect the fortune to appear, out of the ground, as it usually happens.

The last news I had from Mr. Davis, until I met him the other day, was more than a year ago when friends told me that his North and South Development Company had gone under one of the court procedures and that Davis was down to his last penny. His friends were shaking their heads, and sad. This time, they were sure that Davis had trifled with Fate. His holdings of about ninety thousand acres south of Dallas had been partly proved and an oil company had offered a slight six million for the option to buy. Now the trustees had the acres and Davis had nothing. But the news was not sad to me. The signs all pointed to a newer and greater fortune and supreme happiness for a man who fought best against adversity, even if it were of his own making. For such was the pattern of his life, a pattern that had enabled him to win, and give away, three enormous fortunes.

There is so much to write about Edgar B. Davis that your correspondent finds it necessary to practice restraint and elimination, touching lightly on the phases of his life that have been printed many times before and emphasizing portions that have been known only to the writer and a few intimates.

We came upon Edgar B. Davis when he had just produced *The Ladder* in New York City. I had met him in a social way many years before, but only knew him casually as a three-hundred-pound Crœsus who ate terrapin, took orchestras and grand opera singers to his country home to entertain his guests and was something in rubber. *The Ladder*, written by J. Frank Davis, had been tried out in Stamford in the spring of 1926 and again in New York that autumn. The script had been doctored at the last minute by Edgar Stehli, one of the excellent actors in the cast, and by a famous English playwright. The latter, after reading the notices, became ashamed of his part in it; and, seeing this, Davis bought him out for enough to buy his monocles for life. About this time I was called in to see if I could help the thing with any ideas of publicity. I saw the show again, and having definite set opinions about what makes shows go, told Mr. Davis that it was a hopeless task and that he should close this endeavor and start out again. That was my undoing; for if there is anything that Edgar Davis likes it is a "no" man. I was dared to take the job and I did, beginning one of the most pleasant, exciting and unbelievable chapters of my life.

Once, with the aid of a psychiatrist, I had worked out a formula for the success of a Broadway play. There isn't space here to chart it, but the equation went something like this: the chances for a critic-condemned play varies directly with the distance away from the première. That is, that the adverse criticism travels so much faster, and, with its handicap, can never be overtaken and nullified by commendation. It is something like the front-page, column-one story saying that John Smith is a crook and a liar and beats his wife on Saturdays, compared to the efficiency of the denial printed in six lines on page nine a few days later. Millions see the first story while dozens see the latter. And half of those believe the first story anyway. Davis was interested in the formula, but he had a few of his own.

And too, he had seen *Abie's Irish Rose*, that confounder of all theories. And he had his own life pattern, which was no slouch in upsetting precedent. So your correspondent strung along with Mr. Davis, tickled to do so, for most of the time anyway, while he spent $1,255,384.11 on *The Ladder*. I never knew where the eleven cents went.

Speaking of Edgar Davis' patterns, a psychiatrist would have had a picnic working them out. They were as regular as wallpaper. As a kid, he had been a Y. M. C. A.'er, an insufferable little prig, he told me. When he came to later, the disdain for the old Puritan strain of running other people's morals and lives gave him a swell understanding viewpoint of the wider philosophy of life. And a few years in the East cured him of the last trait of bigoted Christianity. Shortly after the Y. M. C. A. years, Edgar Davis was in the shoe business. He is supposed to have brought the idea of national advertising into the shoe world. He started with the idea of the W. L. Douglas shoe, whiskered face of the proprietor on the sole and all. You can blame or praise him for that as you see fit. But Davis worked so hard on that, he had a crack-up. Then he started a trip around the world for a much needed rest.

It has always been his habit to make friends and talk to fellow travelers. On a boat going to the Straits he met a man interested in rubber in Sumatra. In a few conversations Davis had learned everything about rubber that he didn't already know. The shoe business had taught him that the United States depended upon the English and Dutch monopoly for their supplies and that we were at their mercy. Davis thought it would be a good idea if the U. S. firms produced rubber. He tried to interest rubber people. Finally one rubber company was willing to stake him for about one-tenth of what he thought adequate. But feeling it was a start, Davis went back to Sumatra, where he stayed a good many years as Managing Director for the U. S. Rubber Co. Now Sumatra is one of those countries that looks good in the movies. But every morning, Davis told me, he heard the funeral dirge for someone taken off by the cholera. And every time you sat down, you shook the chair first so that the cobras would fall out of the cushions. Likewise, you shook your shoes in the morning. Workers on the plantation always wore high leather boots or leggings, to ward off the snakes. But not Edgar Davis. He strode forth in his immaculate linen suit and white shoes without any leg protection. When his time comes, he will go; he knows that a few leggings won't stand in the way of Fate.

Another early pattern was set in Sumatra. Up to the time of the Davis regime it had been the practice to set out seedlings of the rubber trees and after a few seasons, cut down alternate trees, to give more room in the rows and eliminate the non-producers. This looked arbitrary and funny to Davis. So he made a card index and kept a case-history of all the seedlings. Just as he surmised, the system of cutting down seedlings 2 and 4 or 1 and 3 often resulted in indiscriminate killing of many fine producers and leaving duds. It took Davis a long time to break up an old Dutch custom, but he finally succeeded and his method made a fifty per cent more efficient plantation.

Coming back from Sumatra, Davis turned quickly to that other necessity of modern life oil. (There was a chapter in between when Edgar Davis gave the War Board a lot of good advice they didn't take. I personally think so much of it I wouldn't want to hand it over to a possible enemy.) The first oil adventure is perhaps the most colorful because there Davis had no easy scheme to follow except of course the subconscious general pattern of being sure he was right when so many said he was wrong.

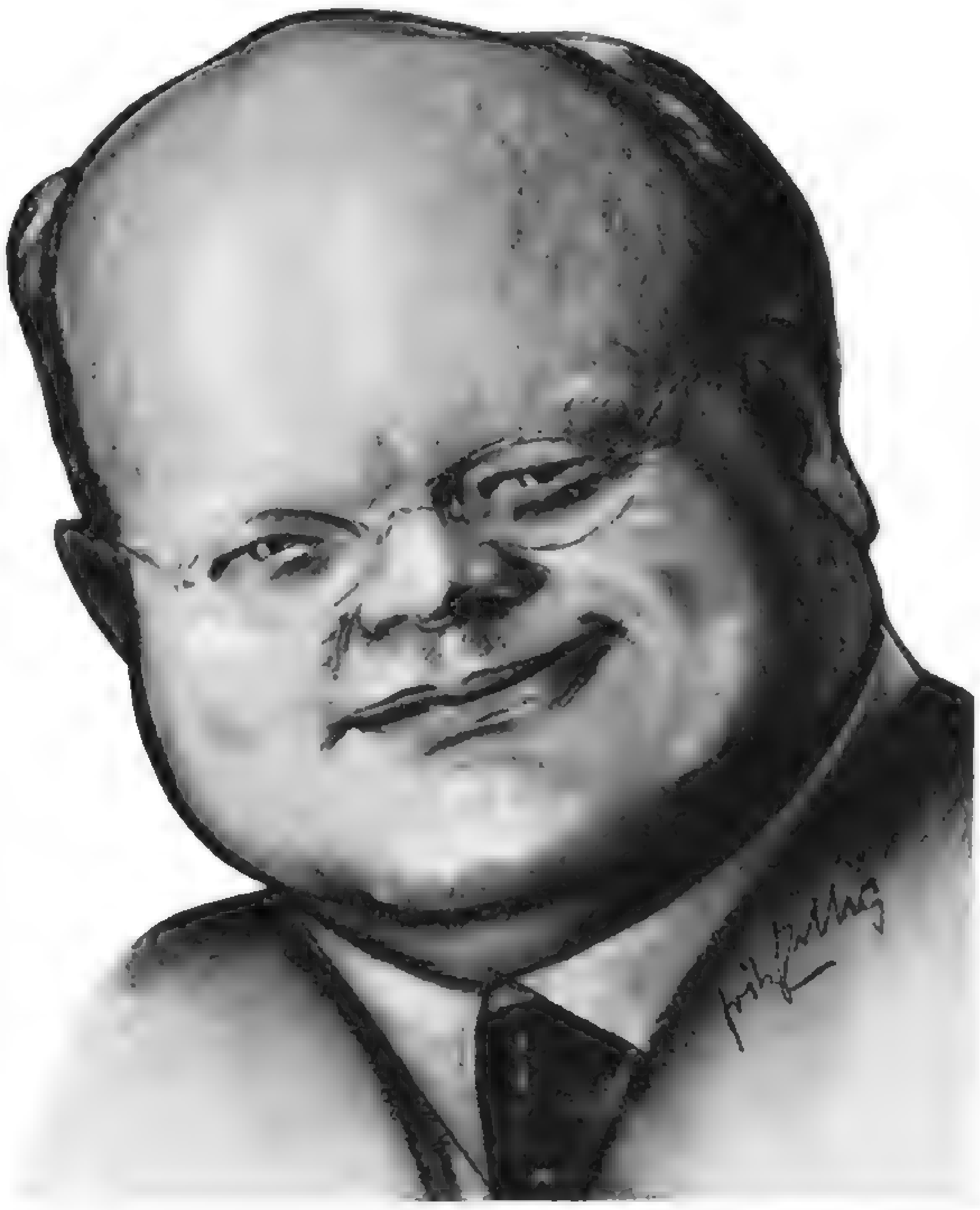
In his first drilling around Luling, Texas, there are enough episodes to make a separate book. The dramatic highlights only can be touched upon in this paper. When he had spent $600,000, and there was no oil, creditors began to press in, partners and advisers began to leave. Among the latter were two geologists who told him there wasn't a possibility of oil thereabouts. The last well attempted had met enough strange happenings to discourage any other man. After a few feet had been sunk, a company came along and said that the well was on their land, not on land belonging to Davis. They went to court about it; a survey was made and the other guy won the well. So Davis picked up his rig and moved it over the new line, fifty feet inside the division. Remember that for a few moments.

After the creditors had taken his furniture, his shirt studs, his old Ford, Davis was down to one suit of clothes on his back. That and an old black felt hat. The morning mail brought him one missive: a check he had issued for $7.40, returned, marked "no funds." Sadly Davis put on the old hat and went forth to the fields. They were carpeted at that time with bluebonnets, his favorite flower. He always liked to look at the waving sea of blue. As he walked along contemplating God, nature and oil, something struck his hat and in a moment he was drenched from head to foot. His well had just come in. It was a gusher. The whole field was rich. But the neighbor across the line, who began to drill frantically, found no oil. There wasn't a drop on all his holdings. Can you blame a man for believing in God, Himself or something, after that?

Davis proved up his field and began to dicker. Finally, with his usual Yankee shrewdness and threats to build pipe lines of his own and fight the trust, he sold out for $12,000,000. Six of that was to come in royalties; the other six was in the form of a check. For a long time Davis had a photostatic copy of that check on his desk. It was difficult to argue with a man sitting there facing that check.

The six million melted down rapidly, but that was as Davis wished. First he sent $200,000 each to the smart geologists who told him there was no oil near him. He also sent many smaller checks to friends who had invested small amounts with him, paying them back a thousand-fold. He spent a million for a charity bureau for his home town, Brockton, Massachusetts; a place where the needy could get help without red tape. He established a land experiment station at Luling, Texas, costing one million. He gave away a million in bonuses to his employes, alike to those who had stayed and those who had deserted him. He gave a public park to Luling, including swimming pool, game grounds, shaded walks, everything.

The Ladder was born out of this era of spending. It began merely as a generous gesture. In Texas, Edgar Davis met J. Frank Davis, a boy he had sat with in the Brockton grammar school and had not seen since. They were not related. J. Frank, as a Boston newspaperman going north to meet Perry, had slipped on the ice and suffered a serious spinal injury. He had gone South for his health. Edgar Davis suggested that J. Frank write a play. They talked of ideas. Edgar, who knew most of the Bible, liked the chapter that told of the renaissance of life, the hope for immortality, the biological stream or whatever you want to call it, the idea that has kept man going since he crept out of the mud. *The Ladder*, first edition, came out of that.



CARICATURE OF EDGAR B. DAVIS BY FRITZ ZILLIG

J. Frank had not been conversant with the theatre since the days of *The Road to Yesterday*. He wasn't aware that styles change at least every five years on Broadway. His version might have been a wow back in 1912. But, when produced in 1926, the critics found it dated and old-hat.

Just when your correspondent became one of the many *Ladder* authors he cannot remember. He has before him leaves from a diary, not his own, which has some startling revelations: "April 12: conferred with Miss O'Connor, a writer." And again, "Employed Miss Curtis, a writer, to work on *The Ladder*." Neither Miss O'Connor nor Miss Curtis strikes any responsive memory chord. Some one was always being employed to work on the play. Eugene O'Neill was made a handsome offer. One, I do remember, would take my latest effort, have the first three pages retyped, put on a new cover and then hand it back as his own. What I do remember is that I wrote at least eighteen versions of the play and saw four distinct versions played on the stage. When friends would say to me that they didn't think much of the play, I could truthfully reply that in all probability they hadn't seen it. In many respects like time and the streetcar, it waited for no man.

Other entries in the diary interest me. "Luncheon at the Ritz for the cast of the play," is a frequent item. Happy days for the cast, stage hands and electricians when the luncheons would come around. Davis always insisted that everyone come, there was no caste distinction in our company. The luncheons were rich and long, and often, as when Davis came back from abroad, they would be marked by little tokens, silk shawls, beaded handbags for the women, pipes, lighters, sweaters from Scotland, for the men.

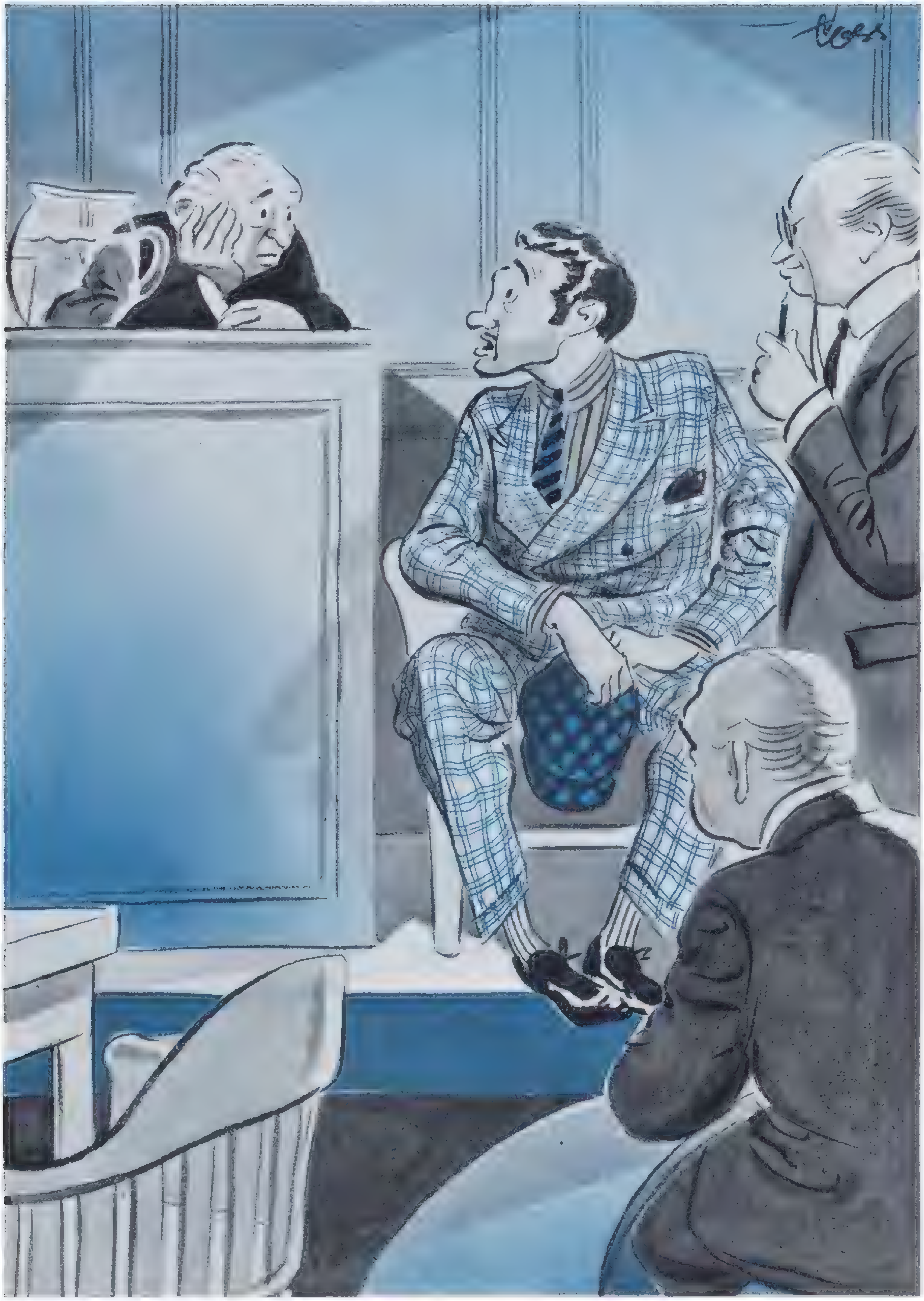
Another item is "rehearsals." They came as often as gifts and luncheons. And new directors came with them. This was orderly and not as confused as it sounds. We would all work on a play change and when it was ready we would either put in the changes, scene by scene, or if the change was a major one (say 90 per cent of the script) we would start out fresh. On one such occasion Margaret Anglin agreed to come in and direct. She saw something in the play and admired Mr. Davis' courage. She had been a trouper long enough to cherish any man who would give that many players employment. At that time Davis asked me the name of the best scene designer in the country. I said Robert Edmond Jones. Mr. Davis called in Jones, talked to him, hired him and gave him carte blanche. Jones read the script and thought there was something to it. He said the job was a "scene designer's holiday." And so it was. In twenty years of playgoing in this town, I do not recall a more beautiful set or more beautiful costumes than Jones turned out for that version of *The Ladder*. Laces at $50 a yard, rich brocades and satins. One scene, New York *circa* 1840, had a white and gold background. Against this was a sofa and two rosewood chairs of the period. Jones wanted to cover these in green brocade. The owners, who rented out such stage props, refused. So the set was bought.

It was during the Anglin regime that one of the minor amusements occurred. Miss Anglin's husband, Howard Hull, had been in the habit of aiding and abetting her labors with sandwiches and snacks during the long rehearsals. But Mr. Hull didn't follow our schedule carefully and one afternoon he walked down the aisle of the Cort Theatre, leading a terrier and holding aloft a sandwich. He didn't see his wife but he saw a few people on the stage and a few in the seats. Approaching the footlights, he cupped his hands and shouted: "Here's your lunch, Babs. I'm going out with the dog."

The few bewildered patrons didn't know whether this was a part of the show or not and the cast took some minutes to recover. You see, *The Ladder* had moved over from rehearsals to performances. Davis enjoyed that episode as much as anyone. In fact, he had a great time with all the humor that flowed out of the thing. You can imagine the columnist's holiday we afforded. When we started to charge admission, after months of giving the seats away, it was "Bugs" Baer who remarked in his paper, "Now that *The Ladder* is charging admission, again the best things in life are free."

One of the distinguished advertising agencies recently used as a text for its sermon the matter of *The Ladder* and its producer. The

Continued in center of page 155



"Oh I wouldn't lie, your honor—I know where people go when they lie"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Generalizing on a remark of Walt Whitman's: "Reader, this is no book: who touches this touches a man"

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

I was walking along the street. Not doing anything in particular. Just walking.

I bumped into an old lady. Nothing remarkable about her except that she was wearing her hat too much over one eye.

Hic, she said.

What was that? I said.

Who are you? She said.

I am a writer, I said.

What do you write? she said.

I write English, I said.

Of course. I don't expect you write Chinese, she said.

I write Chinese too, I said.

Say something, she said, in Chinese.

I don't know a word of Chinese, I said.

Then why—? she said.

I write in English in Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Portuguese, Armenian. In fact I write in everything, I said.

What's your name? she said.

Charles Rutherford, I said.

Never heard of it, she said.

I am happy, I said.

Hic, she said. Hic.

I passed on.

You too pass on, little book of mine. Make my fame bright. Be an example to the poor writers who want to write well, to those unpublished who want to learn how it is done....

* * *

How do you like it? That's as far as I care to go in my 18-karat, simonized and telescoped imitation of the classical style of that self-professed great writer, William Saroyan. The hic part and the description of the old lady are my own. They are the best parts. The rest is a paraphrase of the Master as he disports himself in *The Trouble with Tigers* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which ought to be called *The Trouble with Saroyan.*

Saroyan has been known to write a good short story. He also does tripe by the yard. I am particularly annoyed with this book because I have been watching eagerly for the bumptious and egoistic kid in William to mature into a man. He is thirty now, an advanced age for the kind of marmalade he spreads on this toasted muffin of a book.

William Saroyan has a style when he isn't being willful. He occasionally lets go something that makes you swear he has something to say. But he lacks, and I'm beginning to fear he may lack to the bitter end, the basic sincerity of the great writer, whose interest in what he sets out to tell you is so profound that he forgets about himself. For the love of heaven, Master, quit showing off and get down to business!

* * *

People are odder than anybody, and writers are no exception. There are those like Anne Lindbergh who (in *Listen! the Wind,* reviewed last month) get a world of color, emotion, and meaning out of one week's living. And there are others who go through a whole lifetime of adventures, escapades, brawls, and odd jobs all over the map, and come out with nothing but a blow-by-blow account—like a pugilistic mug who was too busy keeping from being knocked out to notice what was going on.

I have in mind Hilton Howell Railey's *Touched with Madness* (Carrick & Evans, $3)—adventures plus a collection of anecdotes of the great and near-great encountered by one who worked on the Panama Canal as a lad, became a crusading reporter and editor, directed a campaign to combat social disease in army camps, captained Polish troops against the Russians, "discovered" Amelia Earhart, managed Byrd's first Antarctic expedition, and so on.

But through this sea of unique experience, the reader feels a need for interpretation, for some meaning. As it stands, it's one of those books you leave with a "So What?" We've been too well entertained and taught by the Vincent Sheeans and Walter Durantys to be satisfied with less. A smaller dose of madness and a bigger one of philosophy would have served Mr. Railey better when he came to communicate his life's joys and jitters to those who gape and wonder.

Yes, people are odder than anybody, and their books are equally odd. This sort of heavy thinking is bound to come to a reviewer on an occasional midnight as he sits among the thirty or forty samples the publishers have sent him. Books are the people who write them. Walt Whitman need not have been so chip-on-the-shoulderish with his "Reader, this is no book—who touches this touches a man." It is generally true of books.

The Railey type and the Saroyan species—one plain, unimaginative; the other style-conscious, artistic, sensitive—might be members of different planets. Another of the raffiné and precious literary tribe is Michael Foster, author of *American Dream* and now of *To Remember at Midnight* (Morrow, $2.50). It's a good story, but slight and highly romantic. The author has put too much beautiful detail in it—too much lace on the panties. I can prove it better by giving you the first paragraph:

"Pouring a cup of tea for Jonathan, she wondered suddenly why no one ever mourns for the living. There was a little rum, black with a crystalline spark of burnt orange at its heart, in the bottom of Jonathan's cup, and the twisting runnel of tea, shining in the April afternoon, released from the cup a fragrance thin as remembered sunlight. A bumblebee, still drowsy from his winter's sleep, was butting his head stubbornly against the pot of marmalade: his wings blurred the hairy gold and black of his shoulders."

Still a third type is a book of a Norwegian engineer who rides across the Argentine plains. He has been riding for days, for weeks, making camp, sleeping under the stars. He sees riding toward him on a tired horse an old Indian woman with her little girl. They exchange greetings. The squaw is bound for the coast town to settle the legal rights to her land. She thinks the engineer can do the fixing for her, and offers the girl in payment. For a moment he weakens. Suddenly the maiden squats down and transacts some imperative business. This gives our engineer a new perspective and saves him from a moral slip.

That's a crude paraphrase of an incident in *Patagonian Year* (Knopf, $2.75) by Bruno Nordang, a meaty book which bestows on you the extraordinary privilege of living with a genuine, simple man, a strong man—and a strong writer—out there in the God-forsaken sheep country of Argentina which is a kind of repeat, with different colors, of our own Wild West. Nordang did the surveying for the old settlers who were being gypped and pushed out by a new wave of shrewder legal-minded pioneers.

Mr. Nordang has the rare skill of sketching character and telling a vivid story in few words. His observations are keen, but he rarely passes moral judgment on the hard men of the hard prairies. The portraits of Campos, the romantic dandy and politico, and of Toribio, the old gaucho guide who is a cripple afoot but a great man on horseback, are unforgettable.

In short, the kind of book that makes you want to ask the author to do another.

For a fourth type of book, consider the personality of William McFee's *Derelicts* (Doubleday Doran, $2.50). Here is intelligent irony plus cosmic pensiveness. It is the mood of Joseph Conrad's stories. Mr. McFee has written an essentially Conradesque novel. His Chief Engineer Spenlove of the *Sansovina* is

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You Have to Have Snow

Zealots can stay on skis all the year round, provided, of course, they know where to go

by M. SPRINGER & P. READ

• SPORTS •

Last summer, a group of fanatics clad only in shorts and skis attempted to slalom down the sand dunes of Long Island and Cape Cod. In September, one of the railroads ran a ski train out to a pine wooded slope where the customers essayed downhill skiing on a bed of pine needles. After an afternoon of getting the posterior "needle," they surrendered in favor of snowy slopes, in season.

Such instances show that ski fever is raging in a virulent form. Without resorting to such abortive methods, however, snow birds not content with a few month's skiing in the winter, can continue this form of excitement the year around *if they know where to go.*

Theoretically skiing in North America runs from early December to April, with glacier skiing in May and June. Maximum snowfall everywhere, however, comes in February.

Under ordinary circumstances you can count on good snow conditions at Lake Placid or in the Canadian Laurentians. Placid, pioneer skiing resort in the country, has maintained its self-sufficient stronghold for nigh unto thirty-two years.

Here in the heart of the Adirondacks are thousands of acres blanketed by fine white snow. Placid is aptly named, an atmosphere of well-ordered conservatism prevails. If you have social inclinations you can, by means of a guest card or if you are a friend of a friend, stay at the Lake Placid Club. The Club is an institution . . . many of the same people return year after year to this retreat with its phony phonetic spelling on the menus, its Sunday-night oatmeal suppers. No liquor is served here, and the guests create their own entertainment. In keeping with the rather stylized simplicity which amounts to almost a fetish at the Club, no one dresses for dinner, and you may remain in ski clothes constantly.

There are about two dozen hotels in town, biggest being the Marcy which houses two hundred guests with its small guest houses. The Marcy grill is the gathering spot for bibblers, or the Hotel Belmont with its famous "Cellar Athletic Club" as it was dubbed by Westbrook Pegler when, in 1932, it was the official hangout of the foreign contestants in the Olympics.

Life in Placid runs its course. They don't attempt to clear the snow from the streets, people ski to the drug store or down the main drag to the movies. There are no night "spots." Instead you ski at night on Stevens Hill which is well lighted, or skate on lovely Mirror Lake surrounded by ice walls equipped with lighted flares. Even if the weather blows temperamental, you can always skate by day or night in the huge Olympic indoor arena. Hockey games are held here and in February, the famous mid-winter figure skating carnival, a pageant of beauty which brings over one hundred of the leading ice skaters of the United States and Canada.

As to skiing, there are two hundred fifty miles of cleared, hard-packed runs radiating from the village. And for downhill skiers, Mt. Marcy, a six and one-half mile run down the highest mountain in the state; and Mt. van Hoevenberg, famous for its Olympic bobsled run where daredevil drivers whiz down iced chutes at better than a mile a minute. Ski jumpers have the sixty-meter Olympic jump at Intervales, just outside the village where crowds gather to watch them leap two hundred feet. Further thrills are provided by airplane skiing . . . you hang onto big ropes which dangle from a plane one hundred feet in the air going about sixty miles an hour. A six-passenger plane loads passengers and skis and flies them to the foot of Mt. Marcy from whence they can ski twenty-five miles downhill.

Because of their reliable snow conditions (a 62-inch average in 1937-38), the Laurentian Mountains, lying just North of Montreal and overnight from New York or Boston, are ideal for early winter skiing. Winters here are rigorous, heavy snows sometimes twenty feet deep, sub-zero temperatures. Take an Eskimo-like hooded parka, the hood of which can be drawn tightly around your face; better still let it be bordered with timber wolf which keeps you from becoming Old Frozen Face.

Miles of trails form connecting links between the numerous little villages. Every village is a little ski center . . . all houses, no matter how small, are rented well in advance. The Canadian Pacific Railroad covers the territory with thirty stations along one hundred fifty-six miles of line from Shawbridge, forty miles from Montreal, to St. Jovite and the Mt. Tremblant district some sixty-five miles away.

At St. Adele, about a mile from the Mount Rolland Station, there is the new Chantecler Hotel and the Habitant Club recently built on the outskirts of this quaint village, high up on the mountain side in a typically French Canadian atmosphere. In exterior appearance, the building has numerous stone turrets, French bellcast roof, hewn logs with white mortar, and the interior is furnished throughout in "habitant" style, with hand-wrought ironwork, handicrafts and native-made furniture. It is thoroughly modern with de luxe suites, rooms with bath, and all conveniences. Its intimate pine-paneled "habitant bar" will serve special hot concoctions to warm the chilly skier. Wide, open-hill skiing is found adjacent to the hotel, with two ski-tows in close vicinity. Hardly anyone in this little town speaks a word of English, but you will have a lot of fun with the hundreds of other people trying to make yourself understood.

At St. Jovite, on the foot of Mt. Tremblant you'll find the Gray Rock's Inn, a comfortable, informal hostelry which provides for some two hundred guests. (There is good cheer in the Grill, and dancing to a victrola.)* There are rides in the moonlight in sleighs manned by old drivers in their characteristic coon coats and beaver caps pulled down over their ears. People at St. Jovite are avid skaters and this goes on on Lake Ouimet. There are, it seems, two rival schools of skating: the English style which is aloof, precise, almost military . . . and the Continental, graceful and vivacious. You hear the Canucks talking about Mohawks, Choctaws and Babus. They ask you whether you can do a circular Babu followed swiftly by two Mohawks and a Cherokee. They talk about skates with and without gutta-percha insertions, with and without saw edges . . . great winter sportsmen, the Canadians.

There are many wild trails opening up into wild wooded country where foxes and deer abound. If you are not familiar with the terrain, do not venture forth alone. If you must be explorative, stick to the French guides or you'll find yourself frozen for posterity. On Mt. Tremblant, on which a chair tow is being built, is the famous Quebec-Kandahar race trail where the Quebec-Kandahar race is held, the premier event in eastern Canada. At the summit is a log cabin operated by the St. Jovite Ski Club for people who want to remain overnight. A so-called

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*Or you may want to stay at the new $500,000 hotel, "the Sun Valley of the Laurentians," now partially open, being built by the grandson of Thomas Fortune Ryan, who became interested in this territory and wanted to promote it.

"intermediate" run also descends Mt. Tremblant, two miles in length with a vertical drop of twenty-one hundred feet, hewn out of virgin forest . . . no place for bloody amateurs.

The Laurentide Inn at St. Agathe is also a popular rustic spot which offers two good movie houses a short walk from the Inn, and a coliseum where hockey matches are staged between pickup teams and the local boys. The French Canadian teams compare favorably in action and speed with many professional players.

St. Marguerite has the Alpine Inn, a log chalet where American- and English-speaking Montrealers gather. You live here in convivial comfort . . . there's a tavern and barroom downstairs, blazing fireplaces, inviting easy chairs. Their hot rum toddy is worth a try, and the wine list bears experimentation. Besides skiing, there is a toboggan run, open-air skating rink, saddle horses. Near St. Marguerite is the new Pointe Bleue Hotel on the Domaine d'Esterel, an ultra-modern edifice . . . reached by a special ski-plane service operated from Esterel connecting at St. Hubert Airport, Montreal, with airlines from the United States . . . a journey from New York of less than four hours. Here in an idyllic primitive setting is combined a sportsman's paradise with all the luxury and conveniences of a smart metropolitan hotel . . . and the rates are less than you would expect.

The village of St. Sauveur, about a half-hour's sleigh ride from the Canadian Pacific railroad station, is the home of the famous "Hill 70." The Canadian National Railways Station is right there. There's a good ski tow, but your arms will be pulled from their sockets before you get to the top. At the foot of the slope is the cabin of the Red Bird Ski Club, where the daredevils of McGill University practice like the wind. If you attempt the tow, wear windproof mittens reinforced with leather at the palm of the hand. Before grabbing the tow, apply the same kind of resin that violinists use on their strings. If rubbed well into the leather, it keeps the rope from slipping through your hands. Close by the slope is Chalet Cochand, meeting-place of the hardy. Pension is about three dollars a day.

A short run from Montreal on one of the convenient Canadian National Railways ski trains deposits you at some of the best ski runs in the Laurentian Mountains.

Rates at most of these hotels average about twenty-eight dollars a week, room and board. All-expense tours from New York, run by the New York Central . . . Friday till Monday morning run about forty-two dollars and include transportation by rail, meals on train, hotel room with private bath and meals at hotel.

Skiing is the Alpha and Omega in the Laurentians, and unless you have an avid interest in the sport, you had better head for Quebec and the fashionable Chateau Frontenac, the so-called Paris and St. Moritz of Canada. The Chateau stands like a great Norman castle overlooking the ice-bound St. Lawrence . . . truly urban with its six hundred rooms with bath, its wine cellars stocked with rare vintages, its badminton, billiards, pool, etc. They make quite a thing of Christmas . . . producing an old-fashioned Christmas dinner with imposing procession of "baron of beef" and the boar's head. New Year's Eve is celebrated by an elaborate carnival and ball. A famous social event which takes place here the third week in February is the Dog Derby Ball. You'll dress for dinner at the Chateau and like it.

Outdoor activity includes skating on the spacious Chateau rink at night, tobogganing down the famous triple-chute slide which starts high up under the guns of the citadel, and sweeps downward a full quarter of a mile to the Chateau. Old *cochers*, whose ancient *calèches* in summer stand along the Place d'Armes, exchange their quaint vehicles for brightly painted "traineaus" filled with warm fur rugs, which jingle you through the quaint town. The Chateau goes in for all-expense tours, three and a half days from New York, cost about fifty-nine-fifty . . . additional stay at approximately six dollars a day American plan . . . more than value received.

Skiers go to Lac Beauport, twelve miles from Quebec and connected by Chateau-operated electrically-heated busses. Beauport provides dry powder snow, easy slopes, cross-country runs, a downhill run some twenty-two hundred feet, slalom run eighteen hundred feet in length and a jump. There's a comfortable old-fashioned inn here which provides hot lunches, including old Quebec's famous "habitant pea soup" which warms your vitals.

The real society spot in Canada is the private Seigniory Club at Montebello on the north shore of the Ottawa River, eighty miles west of Montreal and an overnight journey from principal United States centers.

As society reports are wont to remark . . . the Club membership is made up of the "cream" of American and Canadian society. If you are lucky you can be a guest of a member and it's well worth it. The Club owns one hundred four square miles of forest and lake country. The Log Chateau, a star-shaped building, built completely of logs radiating from the center lounge, has two hundred twenty-eight rooms, each with tiled bath. There are stores, barbershop, hairdressers, ballrooms, sound motion pictures, a tavern and cocktail lounge, yet with all these urban touches the atmosphere is one of a gracious country house.

The Club has an open-air skating rink on the terrace just outside the mammoth dining room. In February comes the colorful Fête Nuit with torchlight parade and costume carnival.

Skiers may have their choice of slalom, downhill or cross-country skiing—the Club has its own ski school and various meets are held for all classes of skiers.

Biggest ski center in the East of the United States is in New England which now boasts of nearly eight hundred miles of carefully designed and charted runs—sixty-eight ski tows, seventy-one ski jumps and numerous easy open slopes for the uninitiated.

The smart set and "celebs" still flock to Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill near Franconia. Some years ago Kate Peckett went to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and came back with the idea of making Sugar Hill a second St. Anton. She put in a staff of skiing instructors, thus founding the first ski *school* in the country at a resort. It was at Peckett's that Sig Buchmayr taught the first low crouch with its pronounced up and down motion, its Christie achieved by a sharp jerk of the derrière. Peckett's is informally smart and nurtures a Tyrolean atmosphere. Tyrolean embroidered jackets and feathered hats abound . . . Tyrolean food is featured and *Glühwein* is the favorite beverage.

A short distance from Peckett's rises the towering Franconia range, like the Parsenn in Switzerland, the rendezvous of downhill fanatics. A new aerial tramway has been built up Cannon Mountain, somewhat like the funicular one finds in swank European resorts like Chamonix, France, or St. Anton on the Arlberg. The tram carries twenty-seven people up some two thousand feet in about eight minutes . . . the whole thing propelled and promoted by electrical equipment, suspended from steel cables hung on three massive steel towers.

Newest ski center to spring into prominence is Eastern Slope at North Conway, New Hampshire. Last season, a tragically snowless winter in the East, Eastern Slope was the only region within *miles* of New York to have *consistently* good skiing.

Center of festivities is Eastern Slope Inn, a typically New England colonial hostelry which achieves the air of a very cosmopolitan house party. Stunning girls stride in with mink coats thrown over their ski clothes . . . Boston Brookline hobnobs with New York Park Avenue. Last year accommodations were available only at the Inn, but this year the Sunset Inn, a renovated home-like old New England Inn, adjoining, is open. The former dining room of the inn has been converted into the "sunset ski barracks," a spacious lounge room with large open fireplace,

Continued in center of page 116

On the Record

For eight out of every ten record buyers, what really counts is the "celebrity's" name on the label

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

Like every intelligent man, I deplore the curse of celebrities and the plaything they make of music. It revolts me to watch gargantuan record companies neglecting rare masterpieces to press fifteen versions of *O Sole Mio* and eleven of *Trees* merely because there are as many ginks with names whose fans must be satisfied. It nauseates me to be imposed upon by nonsensical stories which everybody reads and nobody believes.

Music, of course, becomes articulate to the mob only through great interpreters and, if we are to believe an undisputed music critic, "every great performance is a resurrection and he who achieves it is a worker of miracles." He may be, but if the miracle failed, would all listeners take pains to know the difference?

Miracle-workers, as it happens, become famous the same way Al Capone did: by having their names repeated in print day after day until they are well known. Then they are celebrated and sometimes have no more to commend them than Capone.

* * *

For eight out of ten record buyers, the play's not the thing. Nor is the playing nor the singing. What counts is the name on the label. Be honest! What do you ask for when you buy a record, assuming that you know whether you favor the mouth organ or the piccolo?

Do you say, for instance, "Now, there is a tune I'd like for my collection . . .? Do you have the one that goes like this: *Tum-ta-tum-ta-ta-tum . . . Tum-ta-te-di-te-te?*"

I'll bet you don't. You saunter into a steam-heated, air-conditioned, plush-lined emporium which, judging by the goods displayed, pays dividends from the sale of photographs of Enrico Caruso, Eugene Ormandy, Jose Iturbi, Yehudi Menuhin, John Barbirolli, Arturo Toscanini, Rachmaninoff, and maybe Rudy Vallee. You inquire: "Have you the new Pons album? What is Flagstad's latest?" In a moment you find yourself in charge of a Stuffed Shirt who ushers you into another steam-heated super-steam-heated glass apartment not unlike that part of the aquarium which houses the Japanese codfish. You are told that Stuffed Shirt is in charge of "Celebrity" records. S. S. asks if you really would like to hear "our latest Flagstad."

"No!" you reply, trying to show your erudition. "I want to hear Dollmatch if I can."

"Oh-h-h . . . Dol*meeetsch?* Of course!"

"Yes," you continue, "I adore purism. The modern instruments disturb my ears. My soul craves the original ones, especially in pre-Bach composers."

"Then you'll be fascinated by the new Mozart recordings . . . original instruments from the Salzburg Museum . . ."

"Yes, I must hear them. By the way, have you heard of the young chap who got a fat contract in Celluloid City by announcing himself as the originator of the Salzburg Festivals?"

So the gossip continues with not a single mention of the composition on the records you are to hear. Perhaps you are not interested, you really don't care whether the disc reproduces a faint likeness of the sweating Dolmetsch family or of what Flagstad sang into the microphone. You pay to bathe in the reflected glory of a celebrity. Like 135 million other Americans, you are celebrity-conscious and the recording companies know that to give you a celebrity is the one sure way to get your greenbacks.

If you do actually buy some tune you have heard, it's only over a protest: "The low-priced records specialize in tunes, you know . . . and besides, they're out of date before you get the record home. They may even be out of date before they are composed. You'd better buy Mr. Pop-Eye's latest . . ."

* * *

We do buy stories and read them without bothering about who set the type or who ran the printing presses. We're interested in the story. Music, of course, requires an intermediary. Therefore, shareholders' money is sunk in celebrities who, then, must be treated as the geese of the golden eggs.

The only way to combat it is for you to concentrate your attention on quality and get it. Next time you bump up against the record counter, shout: "*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten*, *Meine Seele erhebt den Herren*, and *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*, choral preludes arranged by Bach for organ—no transcriptions, please." These are in Musicraft Album No. 22 along with *Wo soll ich fliehen hin. Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ, Kommst du nun, Jesu, von Himmel herunter*, and *An Wasserflussen Babylon, Valet will ich dir geben*, and *Ein' feste Burg*—all played by Carl Weinrich, organist of the Westminster Choir School, Princeton and they are the finest examples of organ recording available today. If you buy them, you'll shortly be adding Bach's Trio Sonatas for Organ (Musicraft Album No. 6), the album No. 9 of early organ music and the *C minor Passacaglia* (Musicraft Album No. 10).

To keep up the good work, ask some jittery charmer for the lesser-known Mozart symphonies. If he knows his stuff, he'll bring you Columbia sets Nos. 323 and 333. The first is Beecham's recording with the London Philharmonic of the Symphony in A, No. 29, composed in Salzburg in 1774, an exceptional example of a great work of art derived from simple materials. It is scored for oboes, horns, and strings, and Beecham's performance is full of spirited verve and beautiful round phrases. The second is the Symphony in G minor, No. 25, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. It is his gramophone debut and he deserves congratulations for the selection and the performance. Until he resurrected this superlative little gem recently, records indicate only one previous performance in this country, in Boston in 1899 under Wilhelm Gericke. The album includes a miniature score, which should come with every recorded symphony.

* * *

To test further your dealer's alertness and also to give yourself a choice hour and a half, ask for Doctor Boyce's eight Concerti Grossi, now labeled symphonies and written the year Bach died. Their sturdy, elegant form, vivacious rhythms, and rich unbridled tunes are a never ending delight. Timely Records have had the New York Symphonette record them and they must not be missed.

To establish yourself as a connoisseur of chamber music is easy if you ask for the *New Friends* recordings. If you wish to be more individual, demand Beethoven's quartet, opus 132, in A minor, played by the Busch Quartet (Victor M-490), the Flonzaley recording of Schubert's G major, opus 161 (Victor M-118), and Faure's quartet in C minor for piano and strings (Columbia Set 255). Should you tire of profundity, switch off Beethoven to

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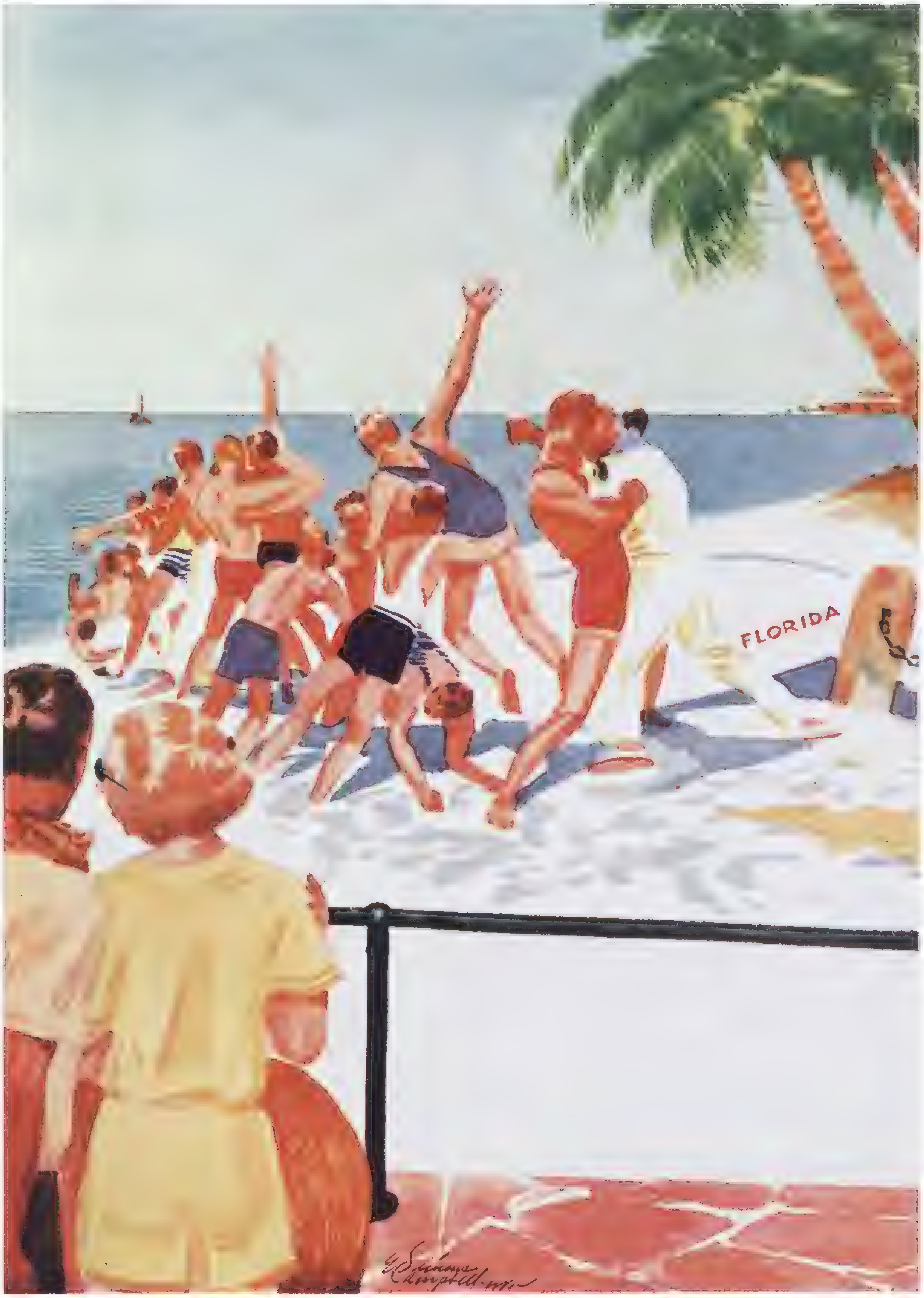
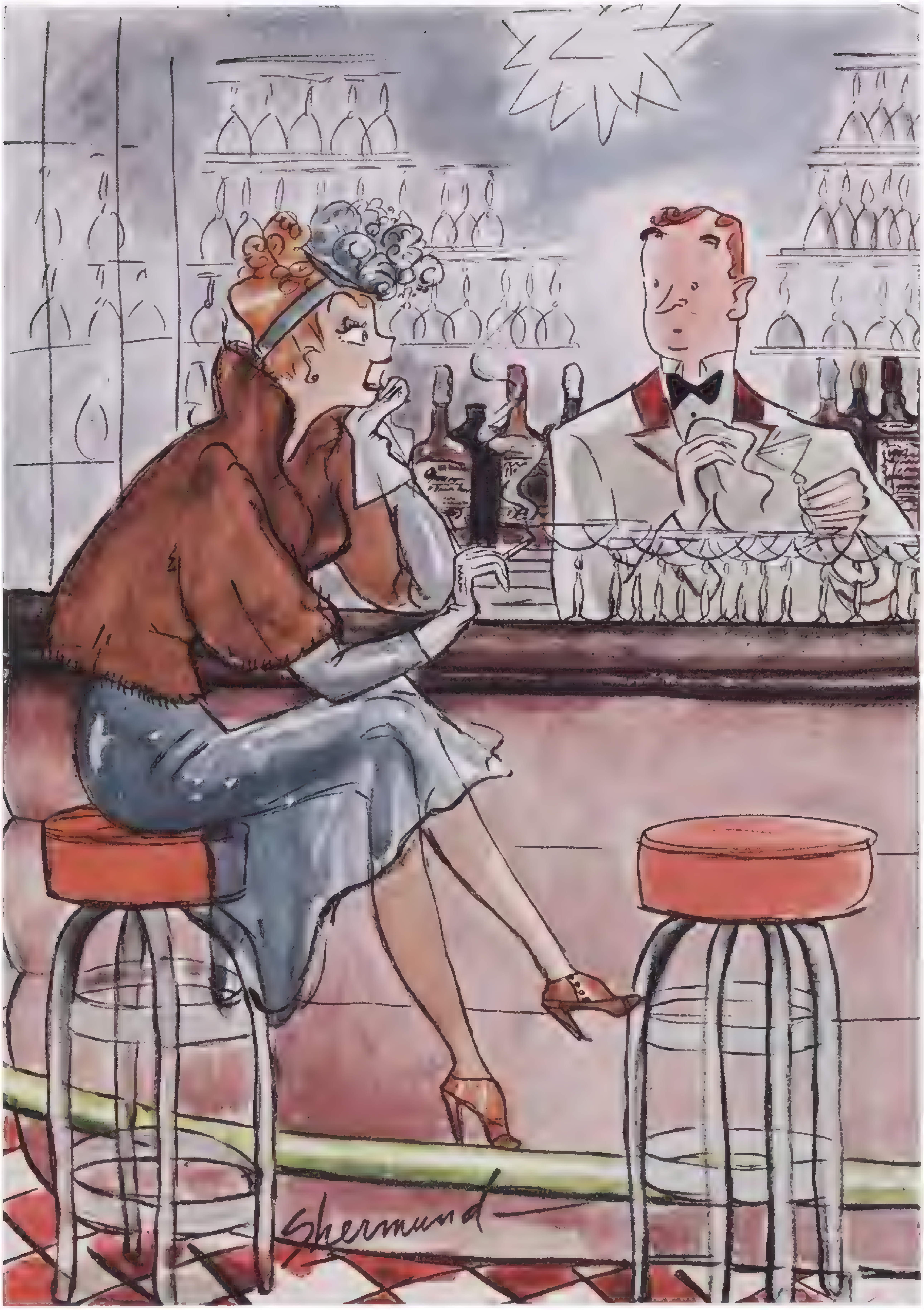

FLORIDA
E. Simms Campbell

"It's that new blonde who came here last week. She's drowning again"



"One Mickey Finn, please—my husband suggested it!"

Night Before Battle

Continued from page 29

true to him with everybody."

"Listen, Hank, what are you trying to promote me?"

"I just wanted to cheer you up."

"Grow up," he said. "What's one more?"

"One more."

"I don't mind dying a bit," he said. "Dying is just a lot of crap. Only it's wasteful. The attack is wrong and it's wasteful. I can handle tanks good now. If I had time I could make good tankists too. And if we had tanks that were a little bit faster the anti-tanks wouldn't bother them the way it does when you haven't got the mobility. Listen, Hank, they aren't what we thought they were though. Do you remember when everybody thought if we only had tanks?"

"They were good at Guadalajara."

"Sure. But those were the old boys. They were soldiers. And it was against Italians."

"But what's happened?"

"A lot of things. The mercenaries signed up for six months. Most of them were Frenchmen. They soldiered good for five but now all they want to do is live through the last month and go home. They aren't worth a damn now. The Russians that came out as demonstrators when the government bought the tanks were perfect. But they're pulling them back now for China they say. The new Spaniards are some of them good and some not. It takes six months to make a good tank man, I mean to know anything. And be able to size up and work intelligently you have to have a talent. We've been having to make them in six weeks and there aren't so many with a talent."

"They make fine flyers."

"They'll make fine tank guys too. But you have to get the ones with a vocation for it. It's sort of like being a priest. You have to be cut out for it. Especially now they've got so much anti-tank."

They had pulled down the shutters in Chicote's and now they were locking the door. No one would be allowed in now. But you had a half an hour more before they closed.

"I like it here," said Al. "It isn't so noisy now. Remember that time I met you in New Orleans when I was on a ship and we went in to have a drink in the Monteleone bar and that kid that looked just like Saint Sebastian was paging people with that funny voice like he was singing and I gave him a quarter to page Mr. B. F. Slob?"

"That's the same way you said 'Casa del Campo.' "

"Yeah," he said, "I laugh every time I think of that." Then he went on, "You see, now, they're not frightened of tanks anymore. Nobody is. We aren't either. But they're still useful. Really useful. Only with the anti-tank now they're so damn vulnerable. Maybe I ought to be in something else. *Not really.* Because they're still useful. But the way they are now you've got to have a vocation for them. You got to have a lot of political development to be a good tank man now."

"You're a good tank man."

"I'd like to be something else tomorrow," he said. "I'm talking awfully wet but you have a right to talk wet if it isn't going to hurt anybody else. You know I like tanks too, only we don't use them right because the infantry don't know enough yet. They just want the old tank ahead to give them some cover while they go. That's no good. Then they get to depending on the tanks and they won't move without them. Sometimes they won't even deploy."

"I know."

"But you see if you had tankists that knew their stuff they'd go out ahead and develop the machine gun fire and then drop back behind the infantry and fire on the gun and knock it out and give the infantry covering fire when they attacked. And other tanks could rush the machine gun posts as though they were cavalry. And they could straddle a trench and enfilade and put flanking fire down it. And they could bring up infantry when it was right to or cover their advance when that was best."

"But instead?"

"Instead it's like it will be tomorrow. We have so damned few guns that we're just used as slightly mobile armored artillery units. And as soon as you are standing still and being light artillery, you've lost your mobility and that's your safety and they start sniping at you with the anti-tanks. And if we're not that we're just sort of iron perambulators to push ahead of the infantry. And lately you don't know whether the perambulator will push or whether the guys inside will push them. And you never know if there's going to be anybody behind you when you get there."

"How many are you now to a brigade?"

"Six to a battalion. Thirty to a brigade. That's in principle."

"Why don't you come along now and get the bath and we'll go and eat?"

"All right. But don't you start taking care of me or thinking I'm worried or anything because I'm not. I'm just tired and I wanted to talk. And don't give me any pep talk either because we've got a political commissar and I know what I'm fighting for and I'm not worried. But I'd like things to be efficient and used as intelligently as possible."

"What made you think I was going to give you any pep talk?"

"You started to look like it."

"All I tried to do was see if you wanted a girl and not to talk too wet about getting killed."

"Well I don't want any girl tonight and I'll talk just as wet as I please unless it does damage to others. Does it damage you?"

"Come on and get the bath," I said. "You can talk just as bloody wet as you want."

"Who do you suppose that little guy was that talked as though he knew so much?"

"I don't know," I said. "But I'm going to find out."

"He made me gloomy," said Al. "Come on. Let's go."

The old waiter with the bald head unlocked the outside door of Chicote's and let us out into the street.

"How is the offensive, Comrades?" he said at the door.

"It's O. K., Comrade," said Al. "It's all right."

"I am happy," said the waiter. "My boy is in the one hundred and forty-fifth brigade. Have you seen them?"

"I am of the tanks," said Al. "This Comrade makes a cinema. Have you seen the hundred and forty-fifth?"

"No," I said.

"They are up the Extremadura road," the old waiter said. "My boy is political commissar of the machine gun company of his battalion. He is my youngest boy. He is twenty."

"What party are you Comrade?" Al asked him.

"I am of no party," the waiter said. "But my boy is a Communist."

"So am I," said Al. "The offensive, Comrade, has not yet reached a decision. It is very difficult. The fascists hold very strong positions. You, in the rear-guard, must be as firm as we will be at the front. We may not take these positions now but we have proved we now have an army capable of going on the offensive and you will see what it will do."

"And the Extremadura road?" asked the old waiter, still holding to the door. "Is it very dangerous there?"

"No," said Al. "It's fine up there. You don't need to worry about him up there."

"God bless you," said the waiter. "God guard you and keep you."

Outside in the dark street, Al said, "Jees he's kind of confused politically, isn't he?"

"He is a good guy," I said. "I've known him for a long time."

"He seems like a good guy," Al said. "But he ought to get wise to himself politically."

The room at the Florida was crowded. They were playing the gramophone and it was full of smoke and there was a crap game going on the floor. Comrades kept coming in to use the bathtub and the room smelt of smoke, soap, dirty uniforms, and steam from the bathroom.

The Spanish girl called Manolita, very neat, demurely dressed, with a sort of false French chic, with much joviality, much dignity and closely set cold eyes, was sitting on the bed talking with an English newspaper man. Except for the gramophone it wasn't very noisy.

"It *is* your room isn't it?" the English newspaper man said.

"It's in my name at the desk," I said. "I sleep in it sometimes."

"But whose is the whisky?" he asked.

"Mine," said Manolita. "They drank that bottle so I got another."

"You're a good girl, daughter," I said. "That's three I owe you."

"Two," she said. "The other was a present."

There was a huge cooked ham, rosy and white edged in a half opened tin on the table beside my typewriter and a comrade would reach up, cut himself a slice of ham with his pocket knife, and go back to the crap game. I cut myself a slice of ham.

"You're next on the tub," I said to Al. He had been looking around the room.

"It's nice here," he said. "Where did the ham come from?"

"We bought it from the intendencia of one of the brigades," she said. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Who's we?"

"He and I," she said, turning her head toward the English correspondent. "Don't you think he's cute?"

"Manolita has been most kind," said the Englishman. "I hope we're not disturbing you."

"Not at all," I said. "Later on I might want to use the bed but that won't be until much later."

"We can have a party in my room," Manolita said. "You aren't cross are you, Henry?"

"Never," I said. "Who are the Comrades shooting craps?"

"I don't know," said Manolita. "They came in for baths and then they stayed to shoot craps. Everyone has been very nice. You know my bad news?"

"No."

"It's very bad. You knew my fiancé who was in the police and went to Barcelona?"

"Yes. Sure."

Al went into the bathroom.

"Well he was shot in an accident and I haven't any one I can depend on in police circles and he never got me the papers he had promised me and today I heard I was going to be arrested."

"Why?"

"Because I have no papers and they say I hang around with you people and with people from the Brigades all the time so I am probably a spy. If my fiancé had not gotten himself shot it would have been all right. Will you help me?"

"Sure," I said. "Nothing will happen to you if you're all right."

"I think I'd better stay with you to be sure."

"And if you're not all right that would be fine for me wouldn't it?"

"Can't I stay with you?"

"No. If you get in trouble call me up. I never heard you ask anybody any military questions. I

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think you're all right."

"I'm *really* all right," she said then, leaning over, away from the Englishman. "You think it's all right to stay with him? Is *he* all right?"

"How do I know?" I said. "I never saw him before."

"You're being cross," she said. "Let's not think about it now but everyone be happy and go out to dinner."

I went over to the crap game.

"You want to go out to dinner?"

"No, Comrade," said the man handling the dice without looking up. "You want to get in the game?"

"I want to eat."

"We'll be here when you get back," said another crap shooter. "Come on, roll, I've got you covered."

"If you run into any money bring it up here to the game."

There was one in the room I knew beside Manolita. He was from the Twelfth Brigade and he was playing the gramophone. He was a Hungarian, a sad Hungarian, not one of the cheerful kind.

"Salud Camarade," he said. "Thank you for your hospitality."

"Don't you shoot craps?" I asked him.

"I haven't that sort of money," he said. "They are aviators with contracts. Mercenaries . . . They make a thousand dollars a month. They were on the Teruel front and now they have come here."

"How did they come up here?"

"One of them knows you. But he had to go out to his field. They came for him in a car and the game had already started."

"I'm glad you came up," I said. "Come up any time and make yourself at home."

"I came to play the new discs," he said. "It does not disturb you?"

"No. It's fine. Have a drink."

"A little ham," he said.

One of the crap shooters reached up and cut a slice of ham.

"You haven't seen this guy Henry around that owns the place, have you?" he asked me.

"That's me."

"Oh," he said. "Sorry. Want to get in the game?"

"Later on," I said.

"O. K.," he said. Then his mouth full of ham, "Listen you tar heel bastid. Make your dice hit the wall and bounce."

"Won't make no difference to you, Comrade," said the man handling the dice.

Al came out of the bathroom. He looked all clean except for some smudges around his eyes.

"You can take those off with a towel," I said.

"What?"

"Look at yourself once more in the mirror."

"It's too steamy," he said. "To hell with it. I feel clean."

"Let's eat," I said. "Come on Manolita. You know each other?"

I watched her eyes run over Al.

"How are you?" Manolita said.

"I say that is a sound idea," the Englishman said. "Do let's eat. But where?"

"Is that a crap game?" Al said.

"Didn't you see it when you came in?"

"No," he said. "All I saw was the ham."

"It's a crap game."

"You go and eat," Al said. "I'm staying here."

As we went out there were six of them on the floor and Al Wagner was reaching up to cut a slice of ham.

"What do you do, Comrade?" I heard one of the flyers say to Al.

"Tanks."

"Tell me they aren't any good any more," said the flyer.

"Tell you a lot of things," Al said. "What you got there? Some dice?"

"Want to look at them?"

"No," said Al. "I want to handle them."

We went down the hall, Manolita, me and the tall Englishman, and found the boys had left already for the Gran Via restaurant. The Hungarian had stayed behind to replay the new discs. I was very hungry and the food at the Gran Via was lousy. The two who were making the film had already eaten and gone back to work on the bad camera.

This restaurant was in the basement and you had to pass a guard and go through the kitchen and down a stairs to get to it. It was a racket.

They had a millet and water soup, yellow rice with horse meat in it, and oranges for dessert. There had been another dish of chickpeas with sausage in it that everybody said was terrible but it had run out. The newspaper men all sat at one table and the other tables were filled with officers and girls from Chicote's, people from the censorship, which was then in the telephone building across the street, and various unknown citizens.

The restaurant was run by an anarchist syndicate and they sold you wine that was all stamped with the label of the royal cellars and the date it had been put in the bins. Most of it was so old that it was either corked or just plain faded out and gone to pieces. You can't drink labels and I sent three bottles back as bad before we got a drinkable one. There was a row about this.

The waiters didn't know the different wines. They just brought you a bottle of wine and you took your chances. They were as different from the Chicote's waiters as black from white. These waiters were all snotty, all over-tipped and they regularly had special dishes such as lobster or chicken that they sold extra for gigantic prices. But these had all been bought up before we got there so we just drew the soup, the rice and the oranges. The place always made me angry because the waiters were a crooked lot of profiteers and it was about as expensive to eat in, if you had one of the special dishes, as Twenty-One or the Colony in New York.

We were sitting at the table with a bottle of wine that just wasn't bad, you know you could taste it starting to go, but it wouldn't justify making a row about, when Al Wagner came in. He looked around the room, saw us and came over.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"They broke me," he said.

"It didn't take very long."

"Not with those guys," he said. "That's a big game. What have they got to eat?"

I called a waiter over.

"It's too late," he said. "We can't serve anything now."

"This Comrade is in the tanks," I said. "He has fought all day and he will fight tomorrow and he hasn't eaten."

"That's not my fault," the waiter said. "It's too late. There isn't anything more. Why doesn't the Comrade eat with his unit? The army has plenty of food."

"I asked him to eat with me."

"You should have said something about it. It's too late now. We are not serving anything any more."

"Get the headwaiter."

The headwaiter said the cook had gone home and there was no fire in the kitchen. He went away. They were angry because we had sent the bad wine back.

"The hell with it," said Al. "Let's go somewhere else."

"There's no place you can eat at this hour. They've got food. I'll just have to go over and suck up to the headwaiter and give him some more money."

I went over and did just that and the sullen waiter brought a plate of cold sliced meats, then half a spiny lobster with mayonnaise, and a salad of lettuce and lentils. The headwaiter sold this out of his private stock which he was holding out either to take home, or sell to late comers.

"Cost you much?" Al asked.

"No," I lied.

"I'll bet it did," he said. "I'll fix up with you when I get paid."

"What do you get now?"

"I don't know yet. It was ten pesetas a day but they've raised it now I'm an officer. But we haven't got it yet and I haven't asked."

"Comrade," I called the waiter. He came over, still angry that the headwaiter had gone over his head and served Al. "Bring another bottle of wine please."

"What kind?"

"Any that is not too old so that the red is faded."

"It's all the same."

I said the equivalent of like hell it is in Spanish, and the waiter brought over a bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1906 that was just as good as the last claret we had was rotten.

"Boy that's wine," Al said. "What did you tell him to get that?"

"Nothing. He just made a lucky draw out of the bin."

"Most of that stuff from the palace stinks."

"It's too old. This is a hell of a climate on wine."

"There's that Wise Comrade," Al nodded across at another table.

The little man with the thick glasses that had talked to us about Largo Caballero was talking with some people I knew were very big shots indeed.

"I guess he's a big shot," I said.

"When they're high enough up they don't give a damn what they say. But I wish he would have waited until after tomorrow. It's kind of spoiled tomorrow for me."

I filled his glass.

"What he said sounded pretty sensible," Al went on. "I've been thinking it over. But my duty is to do what I'm ordered to do."

"Don't worry about it and get some sleep."

"I'm going to get in that game again if you'll let me take a thousand pesetas," Al said. "I've got a lot more than that coming to me and I'll give you an order on my pay."

"I don't want any order. You can pay me when you get it."

"I don't think I'm going to draw it," Al said. "I certainly sound wet, don't I? And I know gambling's bohemianism too. But in a game like that is the only time I don't think about tomorrow."

"Did you like that Manolita girl? She liked you."

"She's got eyes like a snake."

"She's not a bad girl. She's friendly and she's all right."

"I don't want any girl. I want to get back in that crap game."

Down the table Manolita was laughing at something the new Englishman had said in Spanish. Most of the people had left the table.

"Let's finish the wine and go," Al said. "Don't you want to get in that game?"

"I'll watch you for a while," I said and called the waiter over to bring us the bill.

"Where you go?" Manolita called down the table.

"To the room."

"We come by later on," she said. "This man is very funny."

"She is making most awful sport of me," the Englishman said. "She picks up my errors in Spanish. I say, doesn't *leche* mean milk?"

"That's one interpretation of it."

"*Does* it mean something beastly too?"

"I'm afraid so," I said.

"You know it *is* a beastly language," he said. "Now Manolita stop pulling my leg. I say stop it."

"I'm not pulling your leg," Manolita laughed. "I never touched your leg. I am just laughing about the *leche*."

"But it *does* mean milk. Didn't you just hear Edwin Henry say so?"

Manolita started to laugh again

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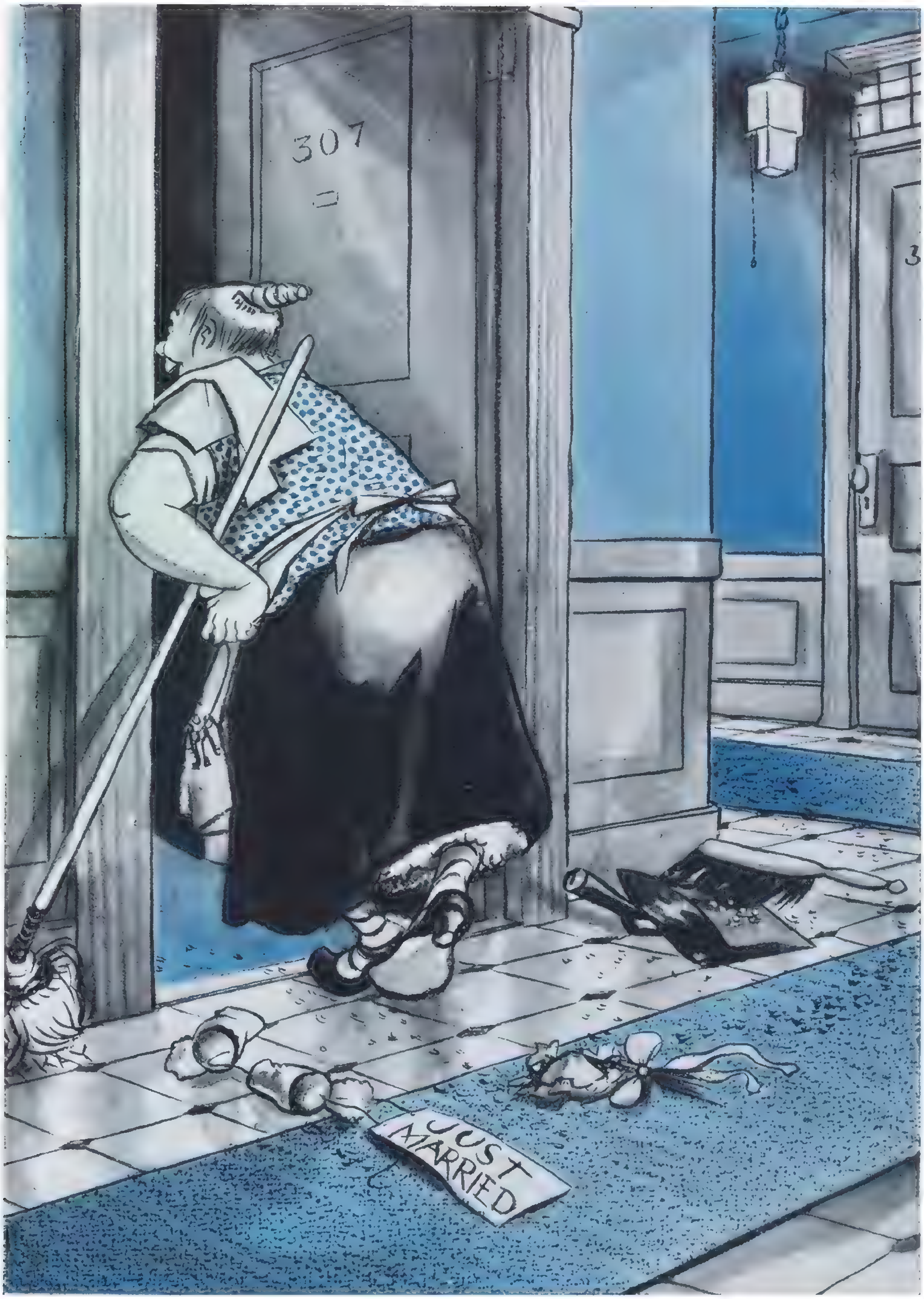
307
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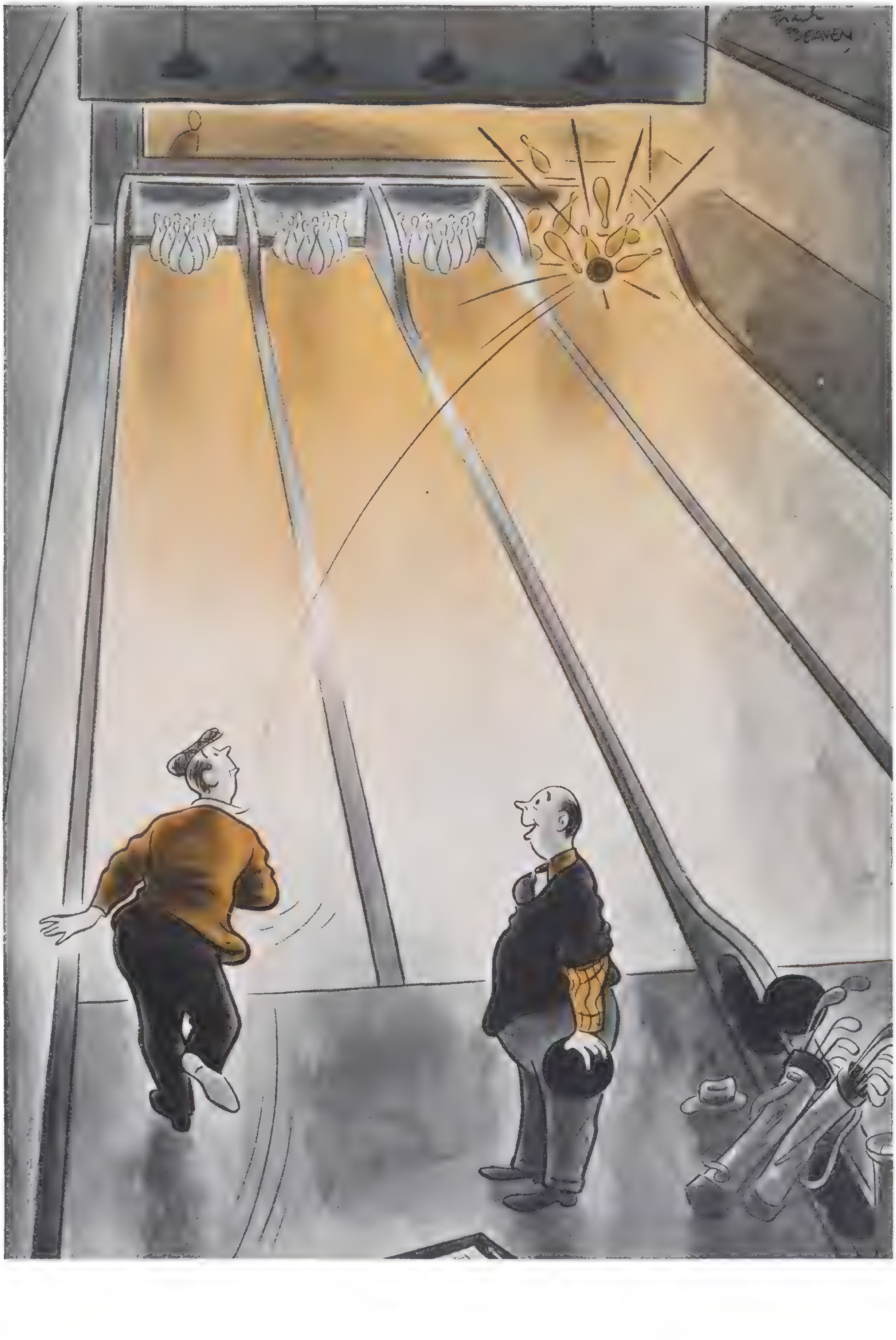
JUST MARRIED

"Well, bless my soul, honey—congratulations!"


Frank Beaven

"I see you've still got that slice, Monty!"

Night Before Battle

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and we got up to go.

"He's a silly piece of work," Al said. "I'd almost like to take her away because he's so silly."

"You can never tell about an Englishman," I said. It was such a profound remark that I knew we had ordered too many bottles. Outside, in the street, it was turning cold and in the moonlight the clouds were passing very big and white across the wide, building-sided canyon of the Gran Via and we walked up the sidewalk with the day's fresh shell holes neatly cut in the cement, their rubble still not swept away, on up the rise of the hill toward the Plaza Callao where the Florida Hotel faced down the other little hill where the wide street ran that ended at the front.

We went past the two guards in the dark outside the door of the hotel and listened a minute in the doorway as the shooting down the street strengthened into a roll of firing then dropped off.

"If it keeps up I guess I ought to go down," Al said listening.

"That wasn't anything," I said. "Anyway that was off to the left by Carabanchel."

"It sounded straight down in the Campo."

"That's the way the sound throws here at night. It always fools you."

"They aren't going to counter-attack us tonight," Al said. "When they've got those positions and we are up that creek they aren't going to leave their positions to try to kick us out of that creek."

"What creek?"

"You know the name of that creek."

"Oh. *That* creek."

"Yeah. Up that creek without a paddle."

"Come on inside. You didn't have to listen to that firing. That's the way it is every night."

We went inside, crossed the lobby, passing the night watchman at the concierge's desk and the night watchman got up and went with us to the elevator. He pushed a button and the elevator came down. In it was a man with a white curly sheep's wool jacket, the wool worn outside, a pink bald head, and a pink, angry face. He had six bottles of champagne under his arms and in his hands and he said, "What the hell's the idea of bringing the elevator down?"

"You've been riding in the elevator for an hour," the night watchman said.

"I can't help it," said the woolly jacket man. Then to me, "Where's Frank?"

"Frank who?"

"You know Frank," he said. "Come on help me with this elevator."

"You're drunk," I said to him. "Come on skip it and let us get upstairs."

"So would you be drunk," said the white woolly jacket man. "So would you be drunk Comrade old Comrade. Listen, where's Frank?"

"Where do you think he is?"

"In this fellow Henry's room where the crap game is."

"Come on with us," I said. "Don't fool with those buttons. That's why you stop it all the time."

"I can fly anything," said the woolly jacket man. "And I can fly this old elevator. Want me to stunt it?"

"Skip it," Al said to him. "You're drunk. We want to get to the crap game."

"Who are you? I'll hit you with a bottle full of champagne wine."

"Try it," said Al. "I'd like to cool you, you rummy fake Santa Claus."

"A rummy fake Santa Claus," said the bald man. "A rummy fake Santa Claus. And that's the thanks of the Republic."

We had gotten the elevator stopped at my floor and were walking down the hall. "Take some bottles," said the bald man. Then, "Do you know why I'm drunk?"

"No."

"Well I won't tell you. But you'd be surprised. A rummy fake Santa Claus. Well well well. What are you in Comrade?"

"Tanks."

"And you Comrade?"

"Making a picture."

"And I'm a rummy fake Santa Claus. Well. Well. Well. I repeat. Well. Well. Well."

"Go and drown in it," said Al. "You rummy fake Santa Claus."

We were outside the room now. The man in the white woolly coat took hold of Al's arm with his thumb and forefinger.

"You amuse me, Comrade," he said. "You truly amuse me."

I opened the door. The room was full of smoke and the game looked just as when we had left it except the ham was all gone off the table and the whisky all gone out of the bottle.

"It's Baldy," said one of the crap shooters.

"How do you do, Comrades," said Baldy bowing. "How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

The game broke up and they all started to shoot questions at him.

"I have made my report, Comrades," Baldy said. "And here is a little champagne wine. I am no longer interested in any but the picturesque aspects of the whole affair."

"Where did your wing men muck off to?"

"It wasn't their fault," said Baldy. "I was engaged in contempiating a terrific spectacle and I was ob-*livious* of the fact that I had any wing men until all of those Fiats started coming down over, past and under me and I realized that my trusty little air-o-plane no longer had any tail."

"Jees I wish you weren't drunk," said one of the flyers.

"But I *am* drunk," said Baldy. "And I hope all you gentlemen and Comrades will join me because I am very happy tonight even though I have been insulted by an ignorant tank man who has called me a rummy fake Santa Claus."

"I wish you were sober," the other flyer said. "How'd you get back to the field?"

"Don't ask me any questions," Baldy said with great dignity. "I returned in a staff car of the Twelfth Brigade. When I alighted with my trusty par-a-chute there was a tendency to regard me as a criminal fascist due to my inability to master the Lanish Spanguage. But all difficulties were smoothed away when I convinced them of my identity and I was treated with rare consideration. Oh boy you ought to have seen that Junker when she started to burn. That's what I was watching when the Fiats dove on me. Oh Boy I wish I could tell you."

"He shot a tri-motor Junker down today over the Jarama and his wingmen mucked off on him and he got shot down and bailed out," one of the flyers said. "You know him. Baldy Jackson."

"How far did you drop before you pulled your rip cord Baldy?" asked another flyer.

"All of six thousand feet and I think my diaphragm is busted loose in front from when she came taut. I thought it would cut me in two. There must have been fifteen Fiats and I wanted to get completely clear. I had to fool with the chute plenty to get down on the right side of the river. I had to slip her plenty and I hit pretty hard. The wind was good."

"Frank had to go back to Alcala," another flyer said. "We started a crap game. We got to get back there before daylight."

"I am in no mood to toy with the dice," said Baldy. "I am in a mood to drink champagne wine out of glasses with cigarette butts in them."

"I'll wash them," said Al.

"For Comrade Fake Santa Claus," said Baldy. "For old Comrade Claus."

"Skip it," said Al. He picked up the glasses and took them to the bathroom.

"Is he in the tanks?" asked one of the flyers.

"Yes. He's been there since the start."

"They tell me the tanks aren't any good anymore," a flyer said.

"You told him that once," I said. "Why don't you lay off? He's been working all day."

"So have we. But I mean really they aren't any good, are they?"

"Not so good. But he's good."

"I guess he's all right. He looks like a nice fellow. What kind of money do they make?"

"They got ten pesetas a day," I said. "Now he gets a lieutenant's pay."

"Spanish lieutenant?"

"Yes."

"I guess he's nuts all right. Or has he got politics?"

"He's got politics."

"Oh well," he said. "That explains it. Say Baldy you must have had a hell of a time bailing out with that wind pressure with the tail gone."

"Yes Comrade," said Baldy.

"How did you feel?"

"I was thinking all the time, Comrade."

"Baldy, how many bailed out of the Junker?"

"Four," said Baldy, "Out of a crew of six. I was sure I'd killed the pilot I noticed when he quit firing. There's a co-pilot that's a gunner too and I'm pretty sure I got him too. I must have because he quit firing too. But maybe it was the heat. Anyhow four came out. Would you like me to describe the scene? I can describe the scene very well."

He was sitting on the bed now with a large water glass of champagne in his hand and his pink head and pink face were moist with sweat.

"Why doesn't anyone drink to me?" asked Baldy. "I would like all comrades to drink to me and then, I will describe the scene in all its horror and its beauty."

We all drank.

"Where was I?" asked Baldy.

"Just coming out of the McAlester Hotel," a flyer said. "In all your horror and your beauty—don't clown, Baldy. Oddly enough we're interested."

"I will describe it," said Baldy. "But first I must have more champagne wine." He had drained the glass when we drank to him.

"If he drinks like that he'll go to sleep," another flyer said. "Only give him half a glass."

Baldy drank it off.

"I will describe it," he said. "After another little drink."

"Listen Baldy take it easy will you? This is something we want to get straight. You got no ship now for a few days but we're flying tomorrow and this is important as well as interesting."

"I made my report," said Baldy. "You can read it out at the field. They'll have a copy."

"Come on Baldy, snap out of it."

"I will describe it eventually," said Baldy. He shut and opened his eyes several times then said "Hello Comrade Santa Claus," to Al. "I will describe it eventually. All you Comrades have to do is listen."

And he described it.

"It was very strange and very beautiful," Baldy said and drank off the glass of champagne.

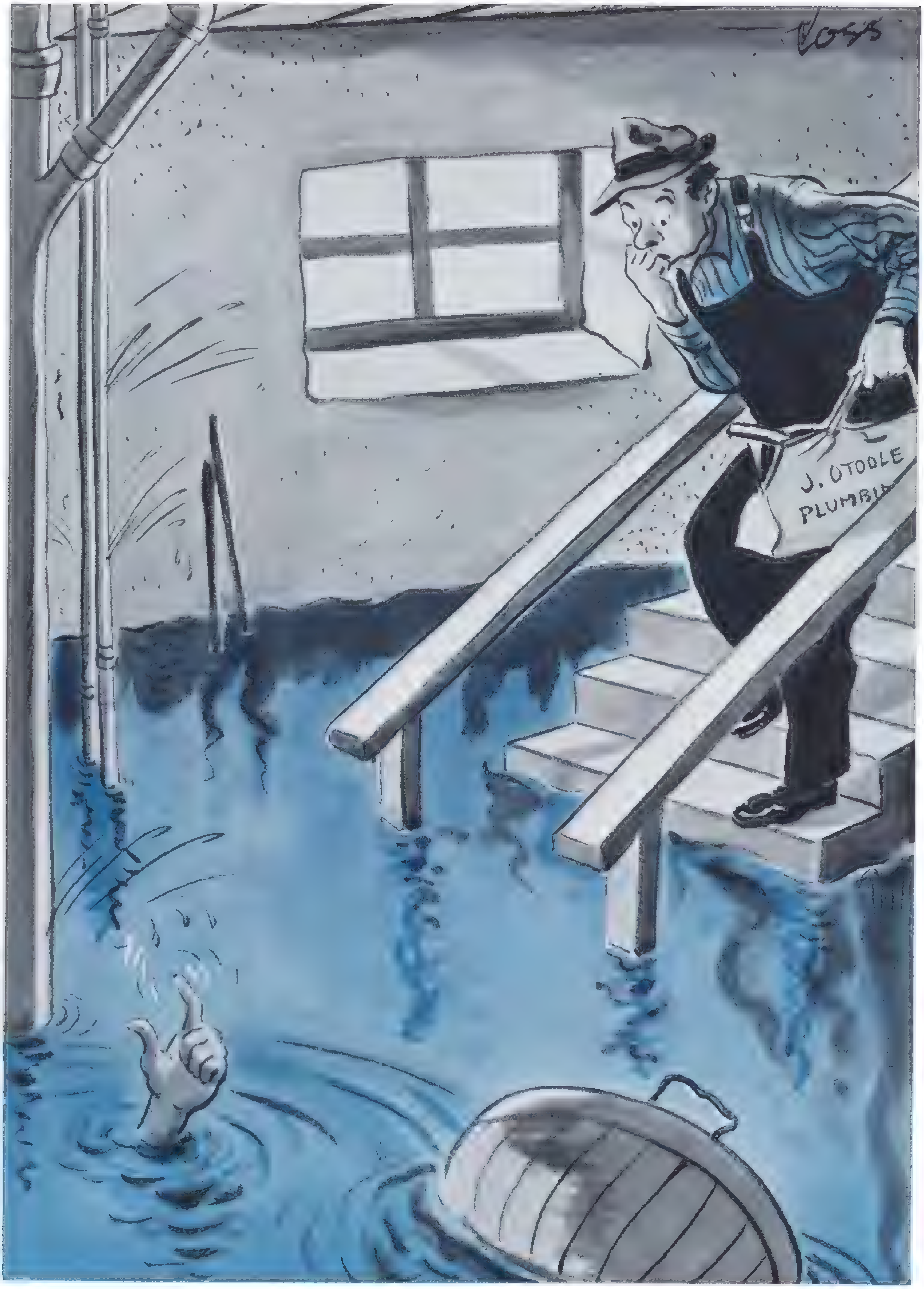
"Cut it out, Baldy," a flyer said.

"I have experienced profound emotions," Baldy said. "Highly profound emotions. Emotions of the deepest dye."

"Let's get back out to Alcala," one flyer said. "That pink head isn't going to make sense. What about the game?"

"He's going to make sense," another flyer said. "He's just winding up."

Continued on page 97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PLUMBIN

Night Before Battle

Continued from pages 29-91-92-95

"Are you criticizing me?" asked Baldy. "Is *that* the thanks of the Republic?"

"Listen Santa Claus," Al said. "What was it like?"

"Are you asking me?" Baldy stared at him. "Are *you* putting questions to me? Have you ever been in action, Comrade?"

"No," said Al. "I got these eyebrows burnt off when I was shaving."

"Keep your drawers on, Comrade," said Baldy. "I will describe the strange and beautiful scene. I'm a writer you know as well as a flyer."

He nodded his head in confirmation of his own statement.

"He writes for the Meridian, Mississippi *Argus*," said a flyer. "All the time. They can't stop him."

"I have talent as a writer," said Baldy. "I have a fresh and original talent for description. I have a newspaper clipping which I have lost which says so. Now I will launch myself on the description."

"O.K. What did it look like?"

"Comrades," said Baldy. "You can't describe it." He held out his glass.

"What did I tell you?" said a flyer. "He couldn't make sense in a month. He never could make sense."

"You," said Baldy, "you unfortunate little fellow. All right. When I banked out of it I looked down and of course she had been pouring back smoke but she was holding right on her course to get over the mountains. She was losing altitude fast and I came up and over and dove on her again. There were still wingmen then and she'd lurched and started to smoke twice as much and then the door of the cockpit came open and it was just like looking into a blast furnace, and then they started to come out. I'd half rolled, dove, and then pulled up out of it and I was looking back and down and they were coming out of her, out through the blast furnace door, dropping out trying to get clear, and the chutes opened up and they looked like great big beautiful morning glories opening up and she was just one big thing of flame now like you never saw and going round and round and there were four chutes just as beautiful as anything you could see just pulling slow against the sky and then one started to burn at the edge and as it burned the man started to drop fast and I was watching him when the bullets started to come by and the Fiats right behind them and the bullets and the Fiats."

"You're a writer all right," said one flyer. "You ought to write for *War Aces*. Do you mind telling me in plain language what happened?"

"No," said Baldy. "I'll tell you. But you know, no kidding, it was something to see. And I never shot down any big tri-motor Junkers before and I'm happy."

"Everybody's happy, Baldy. Tell us what happened, really."

"O.K.," said Baldy. "I'll just drink a little wine and then I'll tell you."

"How were you when you sighted them?"

"We were in a left echelon of V's. Then we went into a left echelon of echelons and dove onto them with all four guns until you could have touched them before we rolled out of it. We crippled three others. The Fiats were hanging up in the sun. They didn't come down until I was sightseeing all by myself."

"Did your wing men muck off?"

"No. It was my fault I started watching the spectacle and they were gone. There isn't any formation for watching spectacles. I guess they went on and picked up the echelon. I don't know. Don't ask me. And I'm tired. I was elated. But now I'm tired."

"You're sleepy you mean. You're rum-dumb and sleepy."

"I am simply tired," said Baldy. "A man in my position has the right to be tired. And if I become sleepy I have the right to be sleepy. Don't I Santa Claus?" he said to Al.

"Yeah," said Al. "I guess you have the right to be sleepy. I'm even sleepy myself. Isn't there going to be any crap game?"

"We got to get him out to Alcala and we've got to get out there too," a flyer said. "Why? You lost money in the game?"

"A little," said Al.

"You want to try to pass for it once?" the flyer asked him.

"I'll shoot a thousand," Al said.

"I'll fade you," the flyer said. "You guys don't make much do you?"

"No," said Al. "We don't make much."

He laid the thousand peseta note down on the floor, rolled the dice between his palms so they clicked over and over, and shot them out on the floor with a snap. Two ones showed.

"They're still your dice," the flyer said picking up the bill and looking at Al.

"I don't need them" said Al. He stood up.

"Need any dough?" the flyer asked him. Looking at him curiously.

"Got no use for it," Al said.

"We've got to get the hell out to Alcala," the flyer said. "We'll have a game some night soon. We'll get hold of Frank and the rest of them. We could get up a pretty good game. Can we give you a lift?"

"Yes. Want a ride?"

"No," Al said. "I'm walking. It's just down the street."

"Well we're going out to Alcala. Does anybody know the password for tonight?"

"Oh the chauffeur will have it. He'll have gone by and picked it up before dark."

"Come on Baldy. You drunken sleepy bum."

"Not me," said Baldy. "I am a potential ace of the people's army."

"Takes ten to be an ace. Even if you count Italians. You've only got one, Baldy."

"It wasn't Italians," said Baldy. "It was Germans. And you didn't see her when she was all hot like that inside. She was a raging inferno."

"Carry him out," said a flyer. "He's writing for that Meridian, Mississippi paper again. Well so long. Thanks for having us up in the room."

They all shook hands and they were gone. I went to the head of the stairs with them. The elevator was no longer running and I watched them go down the stairs. One was on each side of Baldy and he was nodding his head slowly. He was really sleepy now.

In their room the two I was working on the picture with were still working over the bad camera. It was delicate, eye-straining work and when I asked, "Do you think you'll get her?" the tall one said "Yes. Sure. We have to. I make a piece now which was broken."

"What was the party?" asked the other. "We work always on this damn camera."

"American flyers," I said. "And a fellow I used to know who's in tanks."

"Goot fun? I am sorry not to be there."

"All right," I said. "Kind of funny."

"You must get sleep. We must all be up early. We must be fresh for tomorrow."

"How much more have you got on that camera?"

"There it goes again. Damn such shape springs."

"Leave him alone. We finish it then we all sleep. What time you call us?"

"Five?"

"All right. As soon as is light."

"Good night."

"Salud. Get some sleep."

"Salud," I said. "We've got to be closer tomorrow."

"Yes," he said. "I have thought so too. Much closer. I am glad you know."

Al was asleep in the big chair in the room with the light on his face. I put a blanket over him but he woke.

"I'm going down."

"Sleep here. I'll set the alarm and call you."

"Something might happen with the alarm," he said. "I better go down. I don't want to get there late."

"I'm sorry about the game."

"They'd have broke me anyway," he said. "Those guys are poisonous with dice."

"You had the dice there on that last play."

"They're poisonous fading you too. They're strange guys too. I guess they don't get overpaid. I guess if you are doing it for dough there isn't enough dough to pay for doing it."

"Want me to walk down with you?"

"No," he said, standing up, and buckling on the big web-belted Colt he had taken off when he came back after dinner to the game. "No, I feel fine now. I've got my perspective back again. All you need is a perspective."

"I'd like to walk down."

"No. Get some sleep. I'll go down and I'll get a good five hours sleep before it starts."

"That early?"

"Yeah. You won't have any light to film by. You might as well stay in bed." He took an envelope out of his leather coat and laid it on the table. "Take this stuff will you and send it to my brother in N.Y. His address is on the back of the envelope."

"Sure. But I won't have to send it."

"No," he said. "I don't think you will now. But there's some pictures and stuff they'll like to have. He's got a nice wife. Want to see her picture?"

He took it out of his pocket. It was inside his identity book.

It showed a pretty, dark girl standing by a rowboat on the shore of a lake.

"Up in the Catskills," said Al. "Yeah. He's got a nice wife. She's a Jewish girl. Yes," he said. "Don't let me get wet again. So long, Kid. Take it easy. I tell you truly I feel O.K. now. And I didn't feel good when I came out this afternoon."

"Let me walk down."

"No. You might have trouble coming back through the Plaza de Espana. Some of those guys are nervous at night. Good night. See you tomorrow night."

"That's the way to talk."

Upstairs in the room above mine, Manolita and the Englishman were making quite a lot of noise. So she evidently hadn't been arrested.

"That's right. That's the way to talk," Al said. "Takes you sometimes three or four hours to get so you can do it though."

He'd put the leather helmet on now with the raised padded ridge and his face looked dark and I noticed the dark hollows under his eyes.

"See you tomorrow night at Chicote's," I said.

"That's right," he said, and wouldn't look me in the eye. "See you tomorrow night at Chicote's."

"What time?"

"Listen, that's enough," he said. "Tomorrow night at Chicote's. We don't have to go into the time." And he went out.

If you hadn't known him pretty well and if you hadn't seen the terrain where he was going to attack tomorrow, you would have thought he was very angry about something. I guess somewhere inside of himself he was angry, very angry. You get angry about a lot of things and you, yourself, dying uselessly is one of them. But then I guess angry is about the best way that you can be when you attack.#

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 63

hands of Maurice Evans have laid hold of his *Hamlet* and, say what my opening paragraph will, Evans merits his boss's congratulations. Unless I am seriously mistaken, this is the most intelligent performance of the role of the Dane that our local stage has seen since the time of Forbes-Robertson. A large share of the credit goes to Margaret Webster, the director. This Miss Webster is a girl far above the ordinary, and that—when it comes to the Shakespearean drama—she knows a heap more than three-fourths of the persons who set him upon the stage is again clearly discernible in her present exhibit.

We have seen many Hamlets in later years. In Fritz Leiber's interpretation the melancholy prince was a descendant of Robert B. Mantell who had matriculated at a Düsseldorf stock company theatre under the impression that it was the University of Wittenberg. In Walter Hampden's, he was Professor William Lyon Phelps with a hangover. In John Barrymore's, he was alternately Boris Karloff crossed with Henry E. Dixey and Papa Maurice Barrymore crossed with Richard Bennett. In Leslie Howard's, he was the Duke of Windsor out to get Stanley Baldwin and wife, with Winston Churchill playing both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In John Gielgud's, he was Lord Alfred Douglas having an exciting melodramatic cup of tea with Beverly Nichols. In Basil Sydney's modern dress version, he had a considerable share of the intelligence that Evans gives him, and also a poise and power above the average. Sydney's interpretation, in point of fact, was critically pretty good. But, pretty good or very bad, there has been seen none, I think, on the latter-day American stage that comes anywhere near to matching Evans'.

In his unabridged presentation of the tragedy, this Evans' Hamlet abjures all the egregious devices and grease-paint colorings more usually associated with a performance of the role. Clearly and sharply, like a saw gradually and cruelly cutting through the character's icy intelligence, it slowly engenders the saw's incidental accretion of heat and gives us the perfect picture of a cold mentality sundered from its equilibrium by a hot emotionalism. The customary elocutionary exercises, the customary anatomical quivers, the customary struts and bounds, the customary stomachical growls and laryngeal gargles are missing. It is, in short, the best thought-out and the most thoroughly rounded-out and convincing Hamlet of our day.

If, parenthetically, anyone thinks that this is greasing an actor somewhat too voluptuously, I ask him to hang his head in shame when he makes comparison with the following, written a couple of months ago about the late Robert Loraine by my valued friend and distinguished critical colleague, Mr. St. John Ervine, in the *London Observer*. "Who that was present on the terrible night at the Apollo, in 1927, when Loraine revived *Cyrano de Bergerac* in a succession of troubles, will ever forget the calmness—I had almost written the majesty—of the man when, as he prepared to die in the last act, the scenery fell and he had to interrupt his dying to hold it up? He went to the back of the stage and sustained the falling flats until the stagehands could repair them, and then he returned to his seat and died like a gentleman. No one laughed or indicated by a flicker of an eyelid that anything untoward had happened. Such was the authority of this extraordinary actor!"

If it was the authority of an extraordinary actor rather than the delicatesse and politeness of a fashionable London audience, to say nothing, surely, of a deficiency in irresistible if deplorable low humor, that was responsible for the absence of laughter and eyelid-flickering, I shall be glad to present you, my dear St. John, with skeleton keys to my wine closet, my safe deposit box, and my old clasp-album with the pictures of Lydia Thompson, Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Camille D'Arville, Marie Jansen, Madge Lessing, and Marie Doro (that one will wobble you, old boy!) in tights.

The Kaufman-Hart tribute to the nostalgic glamor and the immortality of the theatre, *The Fabulous Invalid*, missed fire for two reasons. First, because most of the persons in its audience knew nothing or very little of the bygone plays which the authors selected to suggest and establish that nostalgic glamor and, secondly, because you can't work up any particular reminiscential heartburn by getting a woman who looks like Apple Mary and who can't act impersonate Mrs. Fiske, or a girl with knees like cauliflowers pass herself off for Ann Pennington. Even if an audience-imagination succeeds in remitting its judgment in such directions, the authors and producer find themselves so far up a tree that they can never get down when they further demand of that imagination that it accept any substitute at all for girls like Lotta Faust, Marilyn Miller and Adele Astaire. I myself, a fellow whose imagination is so notoriously hospitable that it has gone to the length even of accepting Olga Nethersole as such a sexual tornado as never had been seen in the world before and Mrs. Leslie Carter as an actress, couldn't get myself, though fortified with half a dozen Daiquiris, to go *that* far.

This business of impersonations, save it be handled by someone like Cissie Loftus or Ruth Draper, or possibly even Cornelia Otis Skinner, is always dangerous. And even the ladies in question, very considerably talented though they grantedly are, are wholly unimpressive when called upon to suggest the youth and beauty of certain of those young women of the past they may elect to try to personify. (It is to their credit that, wise women that they are, they rarely attempt it.) You may handily mimic mannerisms, vocal inflections, carriage, gestures and other such attributes and peculiarities, but there are some things the greatest mimic living—and certainly the forty-dollar-a-week mimics of *The Fabulous Invalid*—can never mimic, and these things are the inner spirits, the natural excitement of youth and the visual loveliness of the theatre's girls of yesterday who are tucked securely away in the memories of audiences.

But even were these defects absent, there is another reason for the Messrs. Kaufman's and Hart's critical failure. Skillful and ingenious boys though they admittedly are, the one thing they apparently are neither skillful nor ingenious at is fantasy. Their attempt at it in the exhibit in point was accordingly pretty disastrous. At moments it became downright embarrassing, as when the ghosts of two long defunct actors stood in the balcony boxes and moaned for the return of the dear old bygone theatre and as when the Holy Ghost, dressed in an LL.D. gown and closely resembling Bernie Baruch, moseyed backstage and tried to persuade the two spooks to come back to heaven. There were several passages in the play that were not bad, and the whole, for all its obvious faults, exercised a measure of the automatic sentimental effect implicit in such analogous hokum as the sound of a distant steamboat whistle at night or the silent tears of a child. But the whole, too, disclosed its authors as having unfittingly selected for dramatization a Dresden doll in the hope that when they squeezed it, it would say "Papa" and finding, when their heavy hands did, it only squeaked.

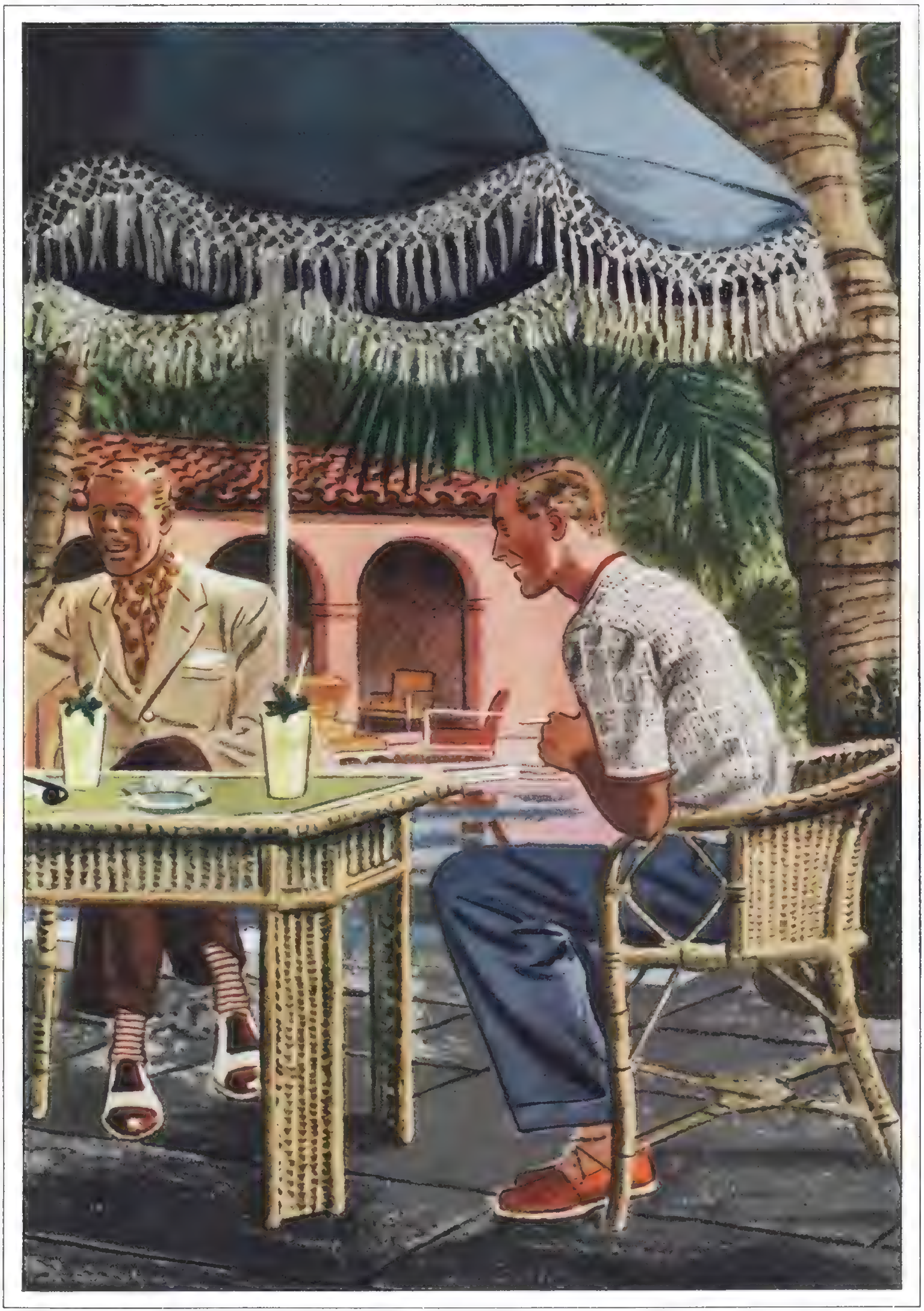
In *Madam Capet*, dealing with the life of Marie Antoinette (and dealing it a deuce), Miss Eva Le Gallienne, the eminent recitationalist (with gestures), again presented herself to her public. One cannot help admiring the pertinacity of the lady, as one cannot help deploring the churlishness of a critic who yearly calls attention to it. But criticism, unfortunately, has nothing to do with gallantry—save in the instance of young critics who still have not outgrown their sentimentality for ladies of the stage regardless and of old ones who fear an actress may be a friend of the boss's wife and who do not, at their age, wish to put themselves to any discomfiture—and so it is that one between the two groups finds himself in the same old infelicitous spot. For the fact persists that Miss Le Gallienne, seemly and ambitious, literate and highly purposed as she is, is a pretty bad actress and one whose efforts to soar like an eagle with only a pair of cuckoo wings at her command provide a severe tax on chivalrous reporting.

In this play, as in almost every other play she has appeared in since her early epiphany in the purely pictorial role of *The Swan*, Miss Le Gallienne disclosed herself devoid of most of the attributes that go to constitute not only a sound, but even a moderately effective, actress. Her emotional scenes again suggested that she feels nothing below her larynx. Her gestures—she uses half a dozen in the course of a single line—often have little or no relation to what she is saying and are apparently employed merely, in her idea, to give "life" and "movement" to her interpretation. What they give, I fear, is rather the picture of an actress who, like the rest of us, admires Gertrude Lawrence but who, attempting to duplicate her method, has somehow got Miss Lawrence mixed up with Hugh Herbert.

In the matter of speech, Miss Le Gallienne has certain virtues. She speaks well and clearly, but here, too, she invalidates the good impression by an intermittent preciousness of pronunciation that suggests a Berlitz pupil trying to get in big with teacher. I appreciate that Miss Le Gallienne knows French better than most American actresses, but why must she always so superiorly and disturbingly seek to impress us with the fact? Her bearing, when she stands still, is admirable, but her carriage when she moves, except when she moves in a straight line, is jerky, forced and awkward, suggesting a very proficient but unfortunately slightly arthritic Delsartian. And, though it is evident she has a good head and knows fully the meaning of the lines she speaks, she cannot for the life of her fuse them with the least sincerity.

Madame Capet, derived from the French of Marcelle Maurette (I once knew a pretty waitress by that name at the charming little inn in Tilliers, but it can't possibly be the same girl; the waitress was a nice hand at literature, if I remember rightly from her letters), was a sentimental schoolgirl's view of the tragic queen. It followed Marie Antoinette's record from the Versailles of 1777 to her death in 1793, and it followed it like whipped cream follows a charlotte russe. The result was a choppy series of episodes that showed Marie in various elaborate pictorial poses and that needed only twenty or thirty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer press agents, working overtime and occasionally getting themselves philosophically cockeyed, to pass them off in the sticks as a valuable contribution to historical biography.

Miss Le Gallienne and her exhibit opened on a Tuesday night, played to empty houses, and closed on Saturday night. ##

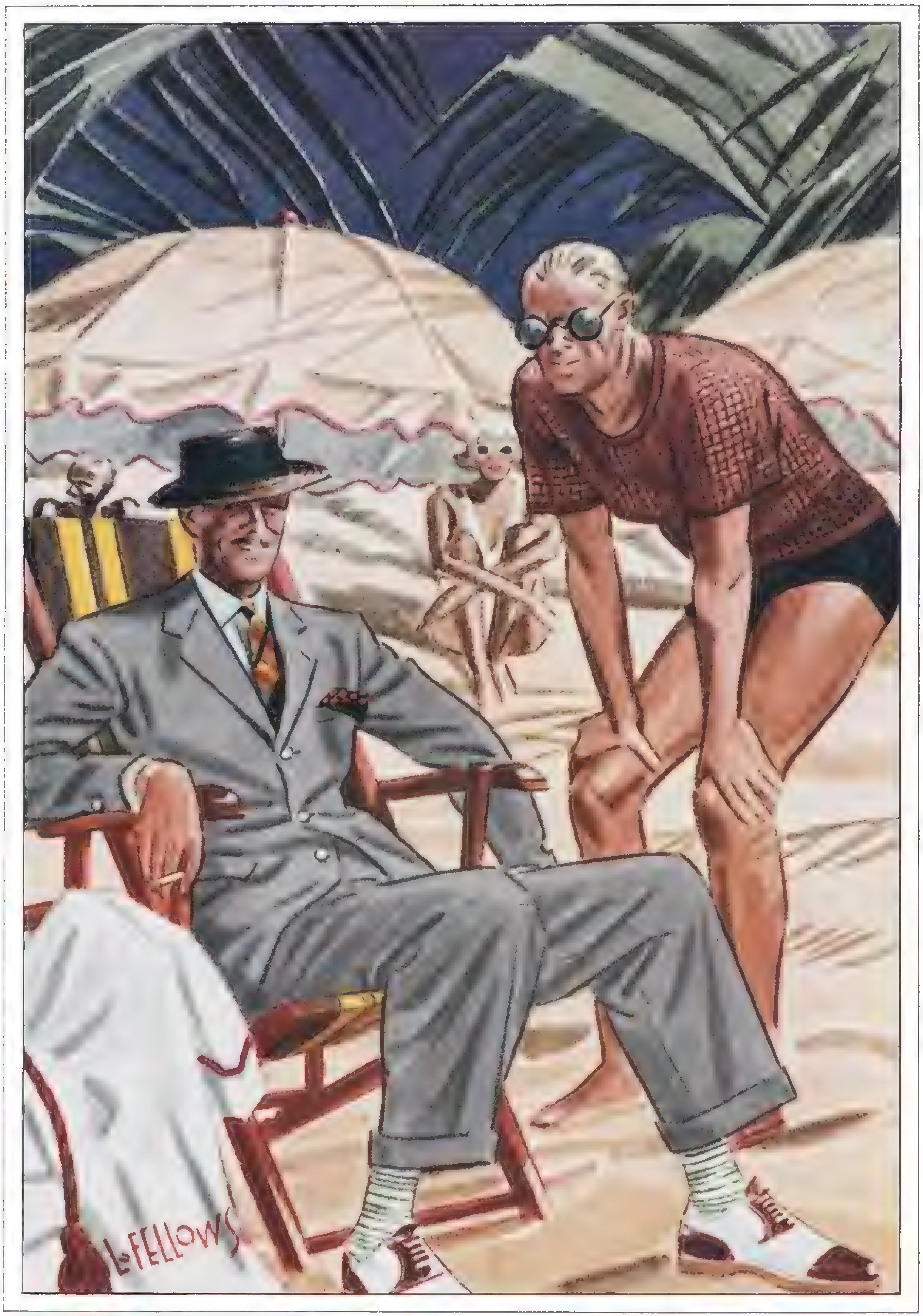


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, BY LESLIE SAALBURG

WINTER RESORT SCENE WITH SUMMER OVERTONES

No picture of current winter resort fashions, with strong implications of what will be worn next summer, would be complete without a Palm Beach setting. Here it is, with a private swimming pool for the locale. The man at the left wears a single breasted notch lapel hemp color lightweight jacket with nickel buttons and washable slacks in the new cabana brown. Lightweight wool hose in horizontal stripes, brown and white shoes with crepe soles, and a colorful silk scarf complete the outfit. Even more informal in his attire is the man at the right. He wears an open mesh cotton shirt with red border at the neck and sleeves, lightweight blue slacks, and French peasant canvas espadrilles with rope soles– an ideal combination for wear to and from the beach, for lunch, cocktails, fishing and cycling. Noteworthy is the mesh shirt, whose popularity has been amply pre-tested.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

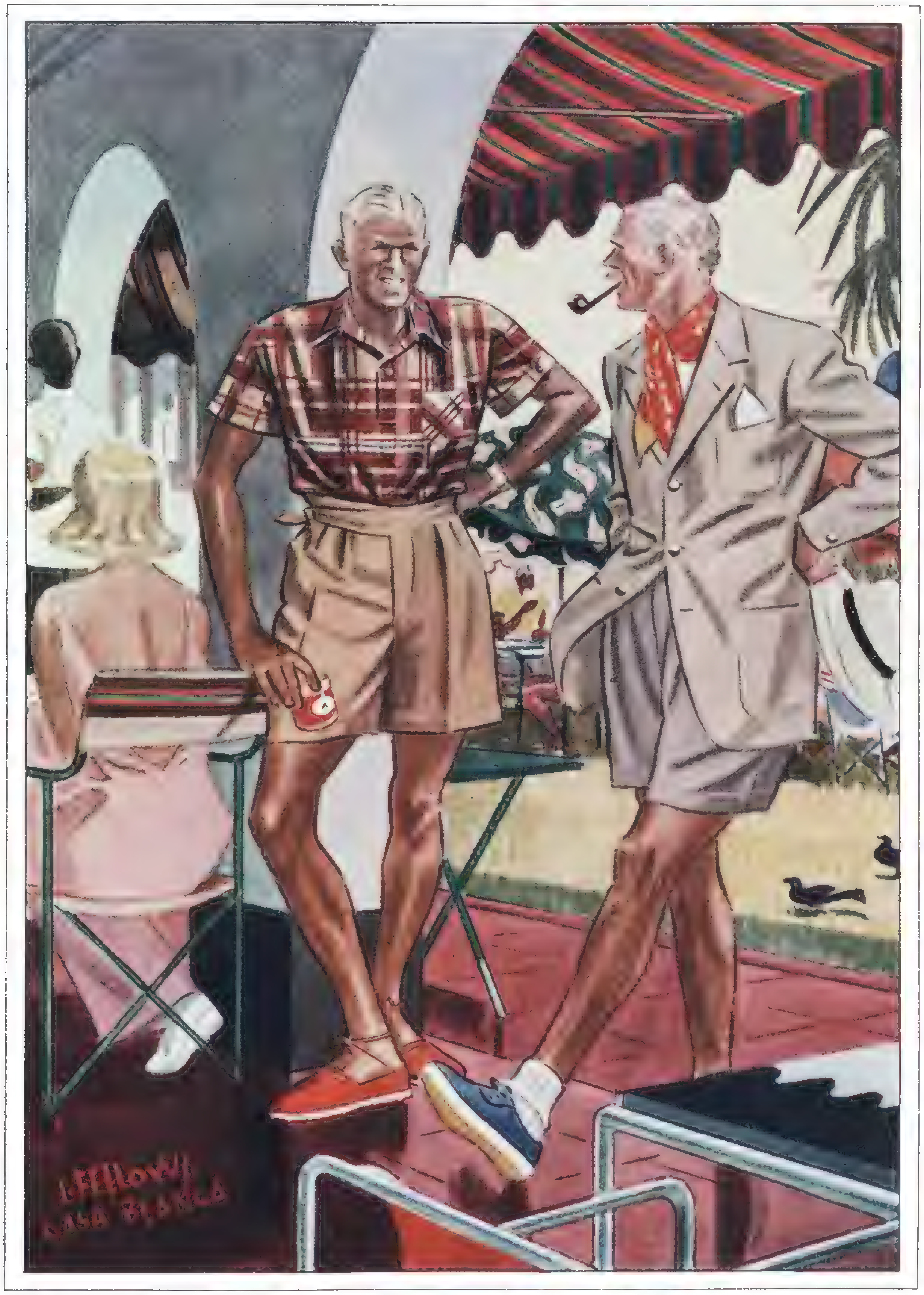


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT NASSAU BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

FASHION REPORT DIRECT FROM PARADISE

If you see it worn at Paradise Beach, Nassau, or on any of the smart South American beaches, you know it has high fashion standing. Take the three-button single breasted grey flannel suit, for instance. The shiny nickel buttons are the tip-off; this idea, cribbed from the blazer, is the newest detail for lightweight jackets. The green oxford shirt with the new widespread collar attached is set off by an India madras tie in the equally new bar shape. Horizontal striped wool hose, brown and white crepe-soled shoes, and foulard handkerchief complete the accessories, except for the native-inspired coconut straw hat with wide puggree band. At the right is the cabana red string mesh pullover, fresh from the Riviera, worn with moss green trunks. The pullover has the virtue of cautiously admitting the rays of the sun at the same time that it guards the overly-modest from over-exposure.

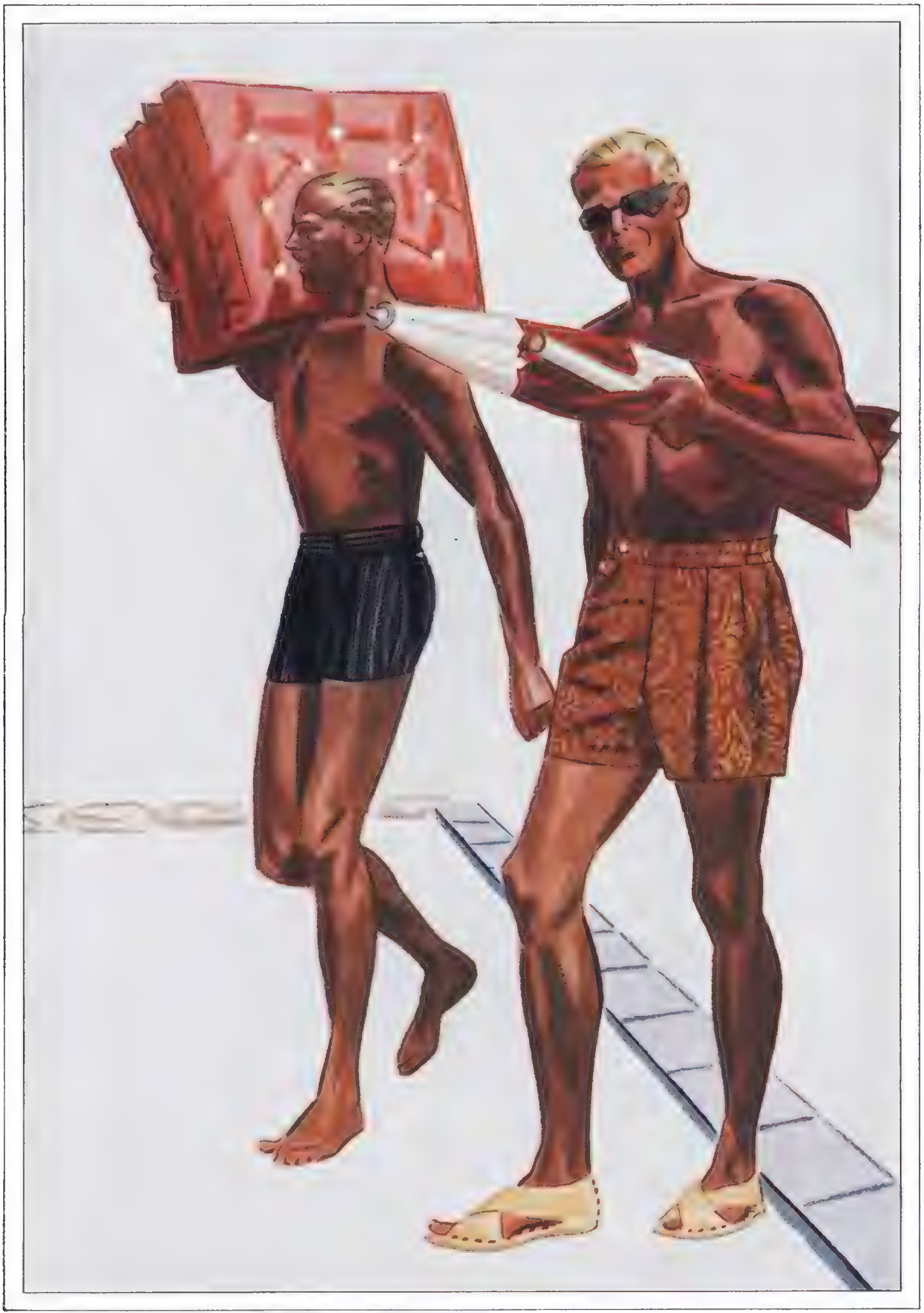
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



REMINDER: SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS SHINING

If you're lucky enough to be holiday-bound for the West Indies or South America, this page has a here-and-now application. Otherwise, you'll have to file it for future reference under the heading of potential Summer Ideas. Here-and-nowers should bear in mind that the sun puts in a full twelve-hour day, thus placing the emphasis on a lightweight wardrobe. Shorts are very much in order. The man at the left has the right idea in the form of a colorful native madras shirt, colonial khaki drill shorts with waistband extended to the side buckle, and red canvas rope sole shoes. The other outfit consists of a lightweight hemp color jacket with nickel buttons and patch pockets, grey flannel shorts, lisle or mesh half-sleeve sports shirt, India print neckertie, Jippi Jappa hat with telescoped crown, lightweight wool anklets and blue canvas shoes with rubber soles—all very practical.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA, BY CHARLES FOX

DOUBLE EXPOSURE OF AN UNSINGULAR TREND

There is no longer anything very daring about the degree of undress depicted above. It's simply practical advice to those who expect to be in the swim at the fashionable resorts this season. A bit more practical and they would belong in a different department, but as it is this still remains the fashion section. The man at the left wears lightweight knitted alpaca swimming trunks of a variety originally introduced at Palm Beach. The man at the right wears Paisley pattern cut and sewn swimming trunks, which are incidentally better adapted to a generously proportioned torso than the knitted type. The Paisley pattern first blossomed on the beaches in the West Indies where color runs riot, although it may be pointed out that well-tanned limbs make the most flamboyant color seem subdued. Sandals are currently coming to the fore, and this hand-sewn goatskin pair is rugged enough for the most masculine male.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Dog Owners Are Crazy

Continued from page 47

not let that dear dog of yours interfere with our equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

If my mother, dear though she is to me, were by some inconceivable freak of fantasy to bark at you while you were trying to sleep, I would remonstrate with her, gently but firmly. Will you not do the same with your dog? Will you not persuade your dog to keep his dirty paws off my lap? I can guarantee in advance that my mother will keep her clean hands off your lap, if you ever have the pleasure of meeting her.

Let us, in the name of common sense, take dogs out of that fairy-tale world where mothers very properly belong—that world of deep emotions and undying love—and admit that dogs are, in cities, mere pests. The fact that a dog is in peril of its life in crowded city streets is, of course, a consideration that would never enter into the skull of a devoted dog lover.

Last evening I was talking with one of the nicest and most intelligent men I know. It is his fate to be a waiter in a restaurant, just as it is my fate to be a writer on this magazine. I was asking him what he thought about dogs in cities. He said:

"Dogs are fine, mister; I don't question dogs. But when it comes to the question of who is right, then I ain't so certain. Now take this: I work hard, and my wife works hard: if you think it's easy for a woman to keep house for a family and to take care of three kids, you would be mistaken. Now, my kids have no place to play after school except the big vacant lot across the street. There ain't no parks out that way, by Sunnyside. And all the old ladies out there, the ones with chauffeurs and everything, they take their dogs over to that lot, too, because the dogs is happier there when they have to get out. You understand? I don't blame the dogs—but it's awful hard on my wife when the kids come home at six o'clock, all covered with dirt from them dogs. You understand me? Is that right?"

Of course dogs were originally wild animals, and they were presumably tamed and domesticated by primitive man because of their usefulness in aiding him to pursue and kill the game that he needed for his food. That was a very sensible and ingenious thing for man to do. But the kind of game which the old or the young ladies of today are out for is not rounded up by a pack of baying dogs: it is much better caught with bait. One kind of bait is abundantly at the disposal of the elderly ladies I have in mind: they have it right in their checkbooks. The other kind of bait was given to the younger ladies by God himself—and do they know how to use it in these days! So why drag in the dog to do their hunting for them?

Perhaps it is true, as some dog lovers believe, that when dogs die they go to Heaven. I wish they would hurry up and go there, and stay out of cities. #

Adventure in the Sea of Marmora

Continued from page 49

"I'm bound for Chanak Kalessi."

"What cargo have you?"

I thought of that long gun from the *Göben*. I prevaricated.

"I'm only a newspaper man. I'm not supposed to know such things."

"What is your crew?"

"Just a lot of Greeks," I said, lying frankly.

"Then be so good as to throw me a rope."

I scurried about to pick up a rope. Now of course all ships have ropes, in every nook and cranny. But the *Nagara* was unique. Not a rope was to be seen. I ran hither, I ran thither, upstairs and downstairs. There just wasn't a rope. And nobody had ever wished to find a rope as I wished at that moment.

Finally the submarine commander said pleasantly:

"Never mind the rope. Your boat's launched. Better get in."

I looked about me from the top deck. I realized I was the only person left aboard the *Nagara*. I was being the last to leave "my" ship. It gave me a smiling feeling, for I had no illusions about my courage. However, I took a look around; never again should I be the last to leave a ship in the open sea. Then I shinnied down the rope.

The five sailors in my boat gave me the seat of honor in the stern, and waited for me to tell them what to do. Down in the water meant seeing life on a new level. I realized for the first time that the sea was filled with floating persons, held up by their life belts. Half the crew had gone in the first boat, which I now saw in the offing, crowded. The rest had gone straight into the water. One sailor, whose belt had caught around his neck, was bellowing like a calf. I looked over at him and saw he was quite safe. I decided I should pick him up last to punish him for yelling. I saw the doctor in his gray fur-trimmed cap, bobbing up and down in the water, with startled, huge eyes, and signaled that he should be saved first. All six of us had trouble pulling his dripping hulk into the rowboat.

The third boat, the one which had swamped in the launching, had by now been bailed out enough to join in picking up the men in the water, and in a few minutes all the rescues were complete.

The young submarine officer in the white sweater had boarded the *Nagara* and, of course, had at once found the gun and shells. He waved his hand to me and I waved back. I felt a combined elation over the excitement of the experience and gratitude for the decency of those English officers.

The next time I looked at the *Nagara* the officer had gone and the *E-11* was backing slowly away. It backed for several minutes, then stopped. And by some sixth sense our three rowboats stopped, too, and we watched the *Nagara*. Our little transport lay there, deserted. Then as we watched, it opened up from the inside like a flower of orange hue. It opened up before we heard or felt the explosion. The orange cloud of smoke expanded rapidly, flaming timbers flew up, and the middle of the vessel was blown to the sky. What remained were the stern and the prow separate, and they began sliding obliquely into the sea toward each other. Not a minute elapsed before they sank and nothing remained but the orange cloud, now rising and thinning, far above. The *E-11* then began slipping into the water too, and in a moment it had vanished. The three lifeboats were alone on the Sea of Marmora, two hours' row from shore.

"What a wonderful picture!" I exclaimed to Dr. Selling.

He sat dripping and looking very crestfallen.

"Shut up with your wonderful picture!" he growled. "Gott strafe England. I never knew till today what those words meant. Gott strafe England!"

"But Herr Doktor! This has been a marvelous experience."

"What a horrible thing a submarine is! Who invented it, anyway?"

"An American named John Holland had the most to do with it. He died the other day in New York."

"Glad he's dead!"

"Come, doctor, enjoy yourself!"

"Why, you, you've not even been wet," chided the doctor.

Finally we touched shore at the tiny village of Kum Bal. The three boats unloaded their men. Thirty-seven! Every man was there.

The local bey took us to his home for food and warmth. For my honor he produced a resident who had worked five years in a Chicago shoe factory and spoke English. He insisted on my looking through his thick pile of American picture postcards. A couple of hours later carriages were ready to take us to the nearest railroad station.

We set forth from the unpainted, weather-brown house of the bey, and in the yard stood at attention all of Kum Bal's school children, who suddenly burst into the Turkish flag song. The entire village had watched the encounter of the *Nagara* with the *E-11*, and was thrilled. The World War had finally reached Kum Bal.

The next time I went to Gallipoli it was in a torpedo boat.

The story does not end there. Eighteen years later I was a correspondent in London, and hoped some day somehow to "run into" that pleasant English commander who had spared my life and to thank him for it. I wasn't going to revive the memories of "Silas Q. Swing" by asking questions. I simply trusted to chance.

One evening, taking a train out of London, my wife asked me to buy a popular literary magazine, and she opened it casually, then gasped.

"Look!" She pointed out a page review of a new book *By Guess and By God*, a story of British submarines in the war. With it was reproduced a half-column excerpt about Silas Q. Swing. The account was quite unimaginatively wrong, but I didn't care. For I had the name of the commander. He was, by then, Rear Admiral Martin Eric Dunbar-Nasmith, commander of submarines of His Majesty's Navy. His first in command on the *E-11* was now Captain D'Oily Hughes of H. M. S. *Tiger*.

I wrote to Admiral Nasmith. We once had had a conversation, I said in my letter, which had been interrupted by circumstances beyond my control. I wanted to resume the conversation some time at his convenience. I signed myself "Silas Q. Swing," with a postscript giving my correct name and address. I sent this to the British submarine base headquarters. The Admiral was doing service in the Mediterranean and weeks passed before I had my reply. It came with a cordial invitation to meet him at the United Service Club. He would try to find Hughes, so the three of us could have a reunion.

Rear-Admiral Dunbar Nasmith today is a full admiral, chief of Naval Personnel, and a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. I found him as unaffected and courteous as he had been on the *E-11*. I told him my side of the *Nagara* story, he told me his. Unfortunately Captain Hughes was at sea and I never met him. It had been Hughes, and not Kipling as I always supposed, who had invented the name "Silas Q. Swing." The much amused officer had so entered it in writing the adventure of the *Nagara* in the log of the *E-11*.

Sitting over coffee and cognac in his London club I thanked the Admiral for having spared my life. I did it sincerely enough, but it was a foolish use of words. The Admiral didn't seem impressed by his own mercy. I think he felt that he had been more than repaid by having contributed an enduring anecdote to the annals of the British Navy. But I think he rather regretted that my father hadn't christened me Silas Q. #

At Home Aboard

Offering a twelve-point program that solves the wardrobe problems of the short or long winter cruise

by FASHION STAFF

• WEARABLES •

Time was when vacation, to the average office worker, meant two weeks off with pay during the dog days, with a choice of spending it at the mountains or the shore, and plenty glad to get that. But advertising, with its insidious means of spoiling us for anything but the best, has extolled the virtues of the winter vacation to a point where we have even begun to feel a little sorry for the poor chap who must spend his holiday lying under the summer sun. Not for him the "glamor-laden breath of exotic ports"—"the potent spell of old-world villages"—alas, not even a casual reference to Sloppy Joe's or Dirty Dick's, or whatever high spot is included in the itinerary of the luxury liner destined to enliven his conversational sallies.

And so the mid-winter exodus is on. And, strangely enough, the cruise does manage to live up to its optimistic build-up, which is why Esquire has elected, in this second of its correct clothing series, to analyze the fundamental requirements of the cruise wardrobe.

The first consideration is to get you on the boat looking like a seasoned wayfarer, and whether you're getting away from it all for a four-day jaunt or a 'round the world cruise, your getting away outfit is substantially the same: a California weight polo coat of camel's hair or, alternatively, a tweed coat; a soft felt hat (one of the legion of semi-sports hats Esquire pictures on its fashion pages); a single or double breasted grey flannel suit (this might carry chalk stripes); brown calf or reverse calf shoes; a soft colored shirt; a striped or figured tie, and just to complete the picture, a pair of gloves (*sketch 1*).

Now you're on the boat. The bon voyage boys have departed, you're wondering where they hide the bar, and who's the lovely thing with all the orchids. You're off—but first this is what you should be preparing to unpack:

For a short cruise (four days to a week), you'll want a tweed sports jacket, a pair of grey, white or fawn flannel slacks, and a tweed cap. This is for wear aboard ship (*sketch 2*). In addition to the suit you've worn to the boat you might take a suit of Palm Beach cloth, or synthetic fabric, for ports of call in the tropics. Three shirts, a couple of sports shirts in lisle, cotton or wool, and a sleeveless or long-sleeved sweater for cool days on deck will prove adequate.

Three pairs of shoes will cover a multitude of activities—the shoes in which you came aboard; rubber- or crepe-soled shoes in white buck, brown buck or combination saddle (you may substitute colored canvas if you like) to prevent you from falling on your face on slithery decks; and, finally, patent pumps or patent monk front shoes for evening wear. You've taken your dinner jacket, and since formal wear aboard is on the informal side, this is a double breasted model, in midnight blue (*sketch 3*). You will wish, if you haven't taken it, that you had brought an extra white dinner jacket, with black lightweight dress trousers in the same material as the jacket.

With these two outfits wear soft shirts—silk, broadcloth or piqué, with a soft or stiff white turnover collar. Contrary to a prevalent theory it's not incorrect to dress the first night out, but it is not customary. Of course you haven't forgotten that you will want your bathrobe or a terry robe—you'll need it—especially around the swimming pool. And that goes for swimming trunks too, knitted or cloth, as you will (*sketch 4*). One sizable piece of luggage should take all the foregoing, and we're not going into the underwear question for two very good reasons. One is that you know how often you change your underwear, and nothing we could say would even make you change your mind. The other is that Esquire never reports anything that it hasn't actually seen worn.

The long cruise requires a wardrobe similar to that for the short cruise, but well amplified. You'll need two or three odd sports jackets, additional pairs of shoes, a dozen shirts, and a variety of slacks. For cruising in the hot sun, colorful beach slacks (*sketch 8*) and shirt and shorts outfits in bold colors (blue, wine, green, etc.); for cruising on cool days, the more sweaters the merrier, sports shirts in wool, cotton and lisle, and your flannel slacks.

A flannel blazer and colorful scarf (*sketch 5*) strike a nice note on board, and will be useful upon various occasions ashore, such as at the beach club. Deck games are played in lightweight lisle sports shirts, flannel or lightweight slacks, rubber-soled shoes and colorful scarfs (*sketch 6*). On a longish cruise there will be days when you'll be grateful that we reminded you to slip a raincoat into your bag. In addition to your regulation midnight blue evening kit you should have a tropical dinner jacket (*sketch 7*). The polo or tweed coat in which we sent you aboard is right for deck wear, right over evening clothes, and right for cooler weather at ports of call . . . you can't go wrong in it as far as a coat is concerned.

Many ports of call in South America are metropolitan cities and these call for ordinary business clothes—you'll find your flannel suit, felt hat and brown shoes fill the bill perfectly. Formal evenings in these cities find the tailcoat in evidence. The Riviera, between November and April, demands spring clothing—lightweight tweeds and flannels. Gabardines, seersuckers and cotton suits are all good when you hit the tropics (*sketch 9*). In Hawaii and the South Seas, clothing of linen, white drill and Palm Beach are in order (*sketch 10*). We haven't mentioned lightweight headgear because if you couldn't resist the cruise catalogue how could you resist buying a panama in the Canal Zone? And if Jamaica has called so will a floppy Jippi Jappa; and the natives of Nassau weave hats from the braids of the coconut tree. You may even come back to astound the family with a wide-brimmed porous straw with a colorful puggree band—and why not? If you've ever had a yen to wear a cork sun helmet, here's your chance—pick it up at any one of the little local general stores in the West Indies.

The accompanying illustration on packing (*sketches 11 and 12*) shows pretty well the best method of disposing your clothing to achieve a minimum of wrinkles, and is the result of years of trial and error. A wardrobe trunk isn't essential, as most of the liners have adequate closet space. Two or three suitcases are usually sufficient.

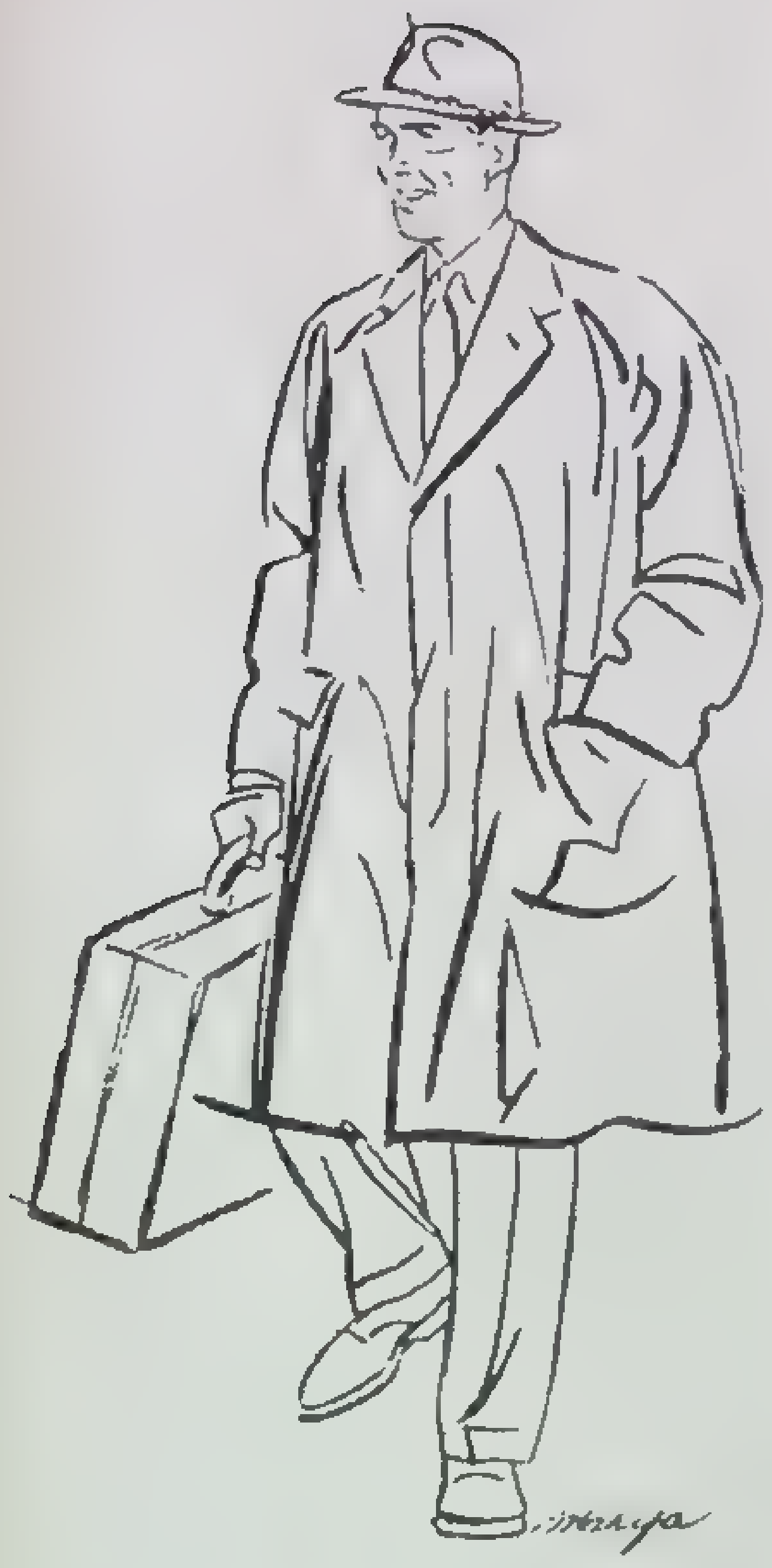
Under the heading of incidental information, it should be mentioned that the travelwise usually make a point of unpacking and arranging their clothing in closets as soon as they arrive on board the ship. This is common sense for the traveler under any circumstances and a special bit of forethought on the part of the voyager, since pressing expenses are apt to run comparatively high aboard ship. A corollary injunction is to take along sufficient linen to last you for as much of the duration of the trip as is feasible, since laundering is also expensive.

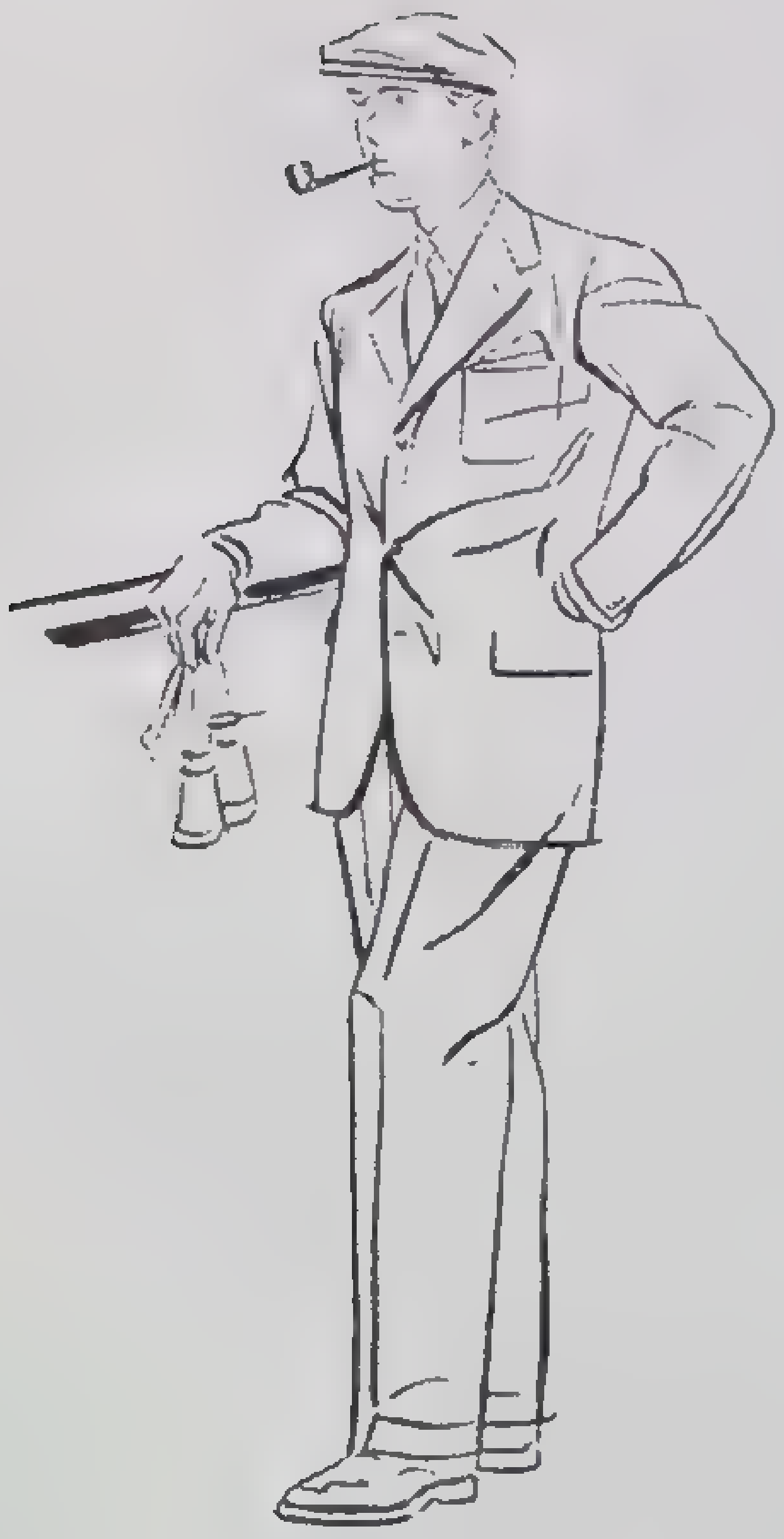
When visiting ports of call you will be well advised to think twice before purchasing every item that happens to strike your fancy. It isn't the first cost—it's the upkeep, since there is a taxable duty on incoming ships.

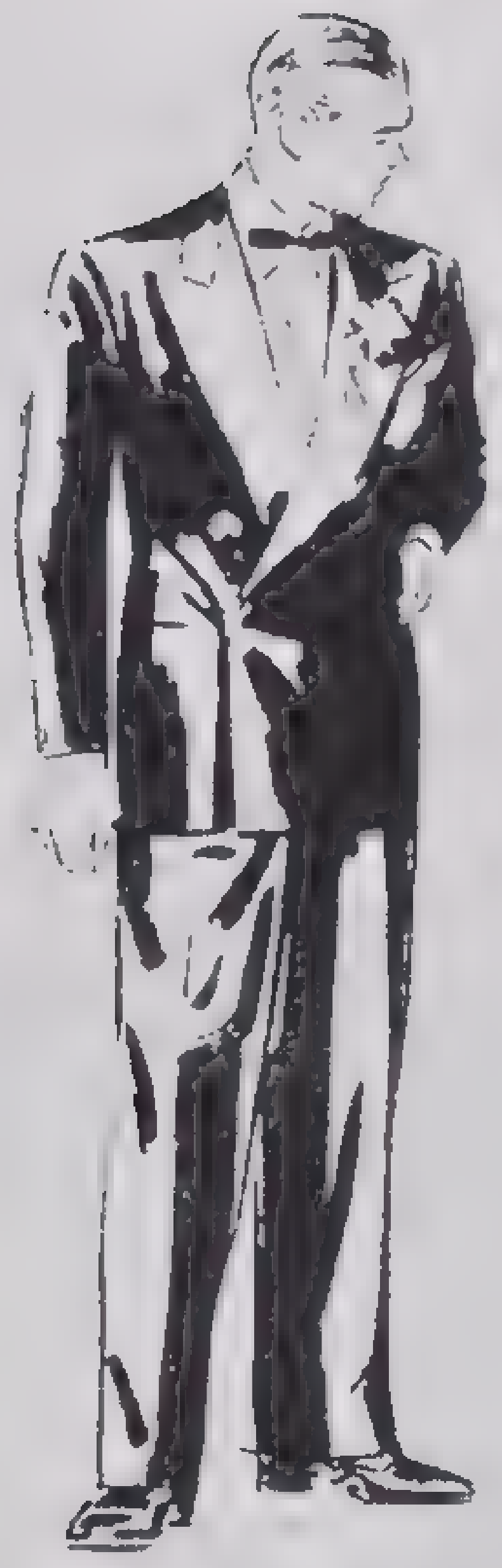
Following is standard tipping practice: Cabin steward, $5.00 or more if he has surpassed himself; bath steward (if you haven't a private bath) $2.50; dining room steward, $5.00 to $7.00; chief steward, $2.50; wine steward, $1.50; deck steward, $1.50; head bar man (depending upon his services) $2.50; and if they pass the hat for the crew, throw in $1.00. This applies to a cruise of approximately two weeks—apply *pro rata* rates to a longer or shorter cruise. If you want to change currency before putting in at ports of call, see the purser.

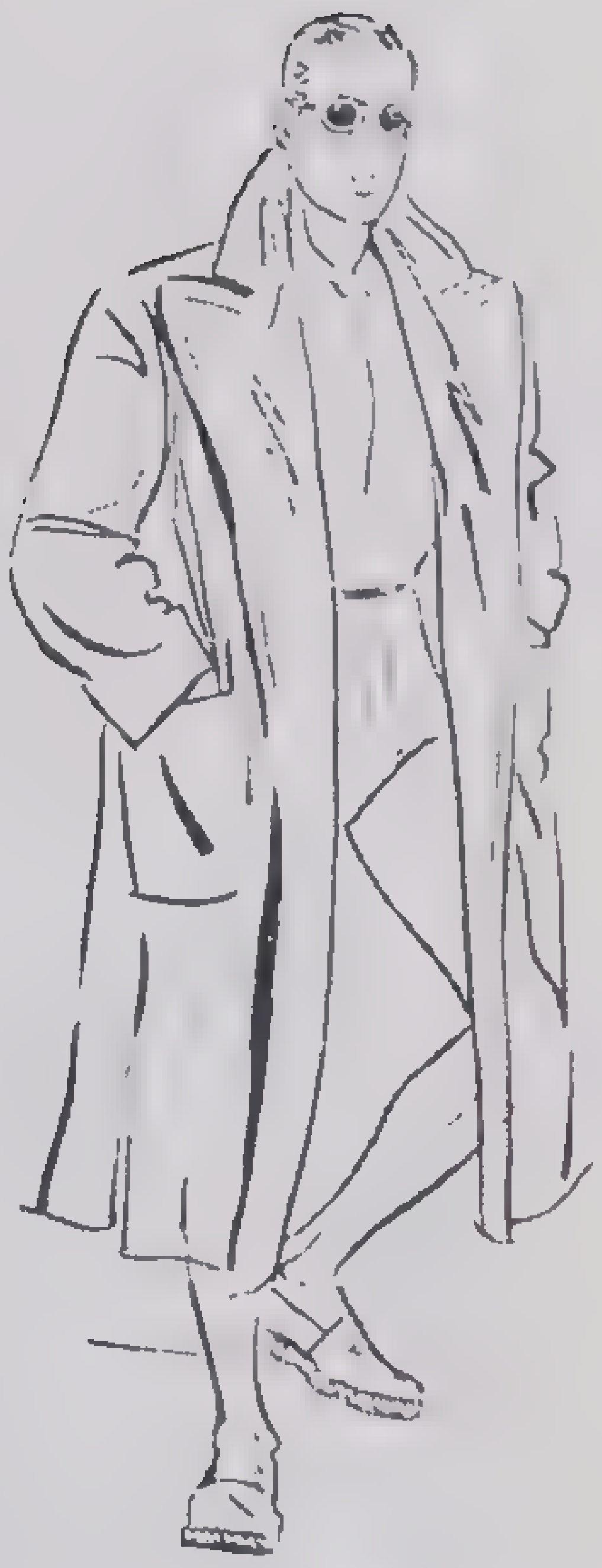
If you leave your shoes outside your cabin at night you'll find them there in the morning—but cleaned or polished. Don't attempt to lunch in the dining room in deck clothes—either have your luncheon served on deck or slip on a jacket and cover your Adam's apple with a neckerchief. And don't forget . . . sunglasses, sun-oil, camera, a bathing bag, shoehorn, field glasses, fountain pen, brush and comb, hair lotion, talcum powder, and a present for Aunt Emma.

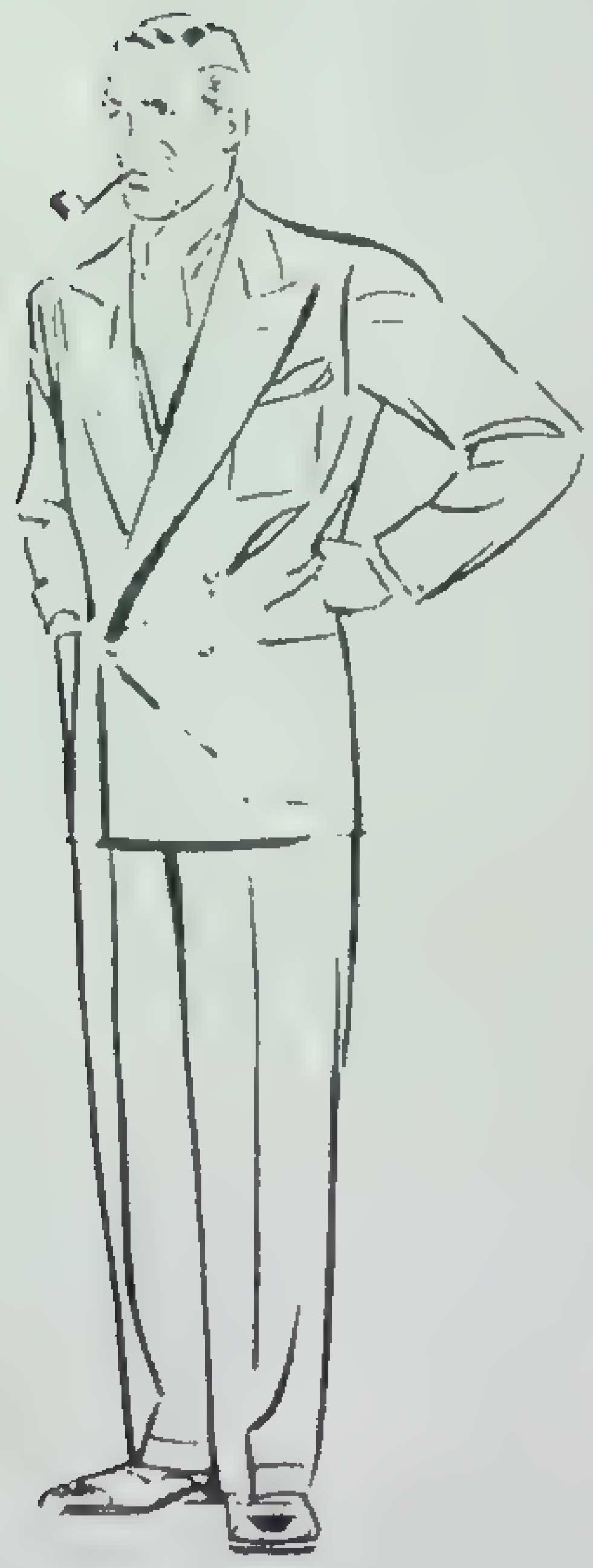
Aloha oe! ##

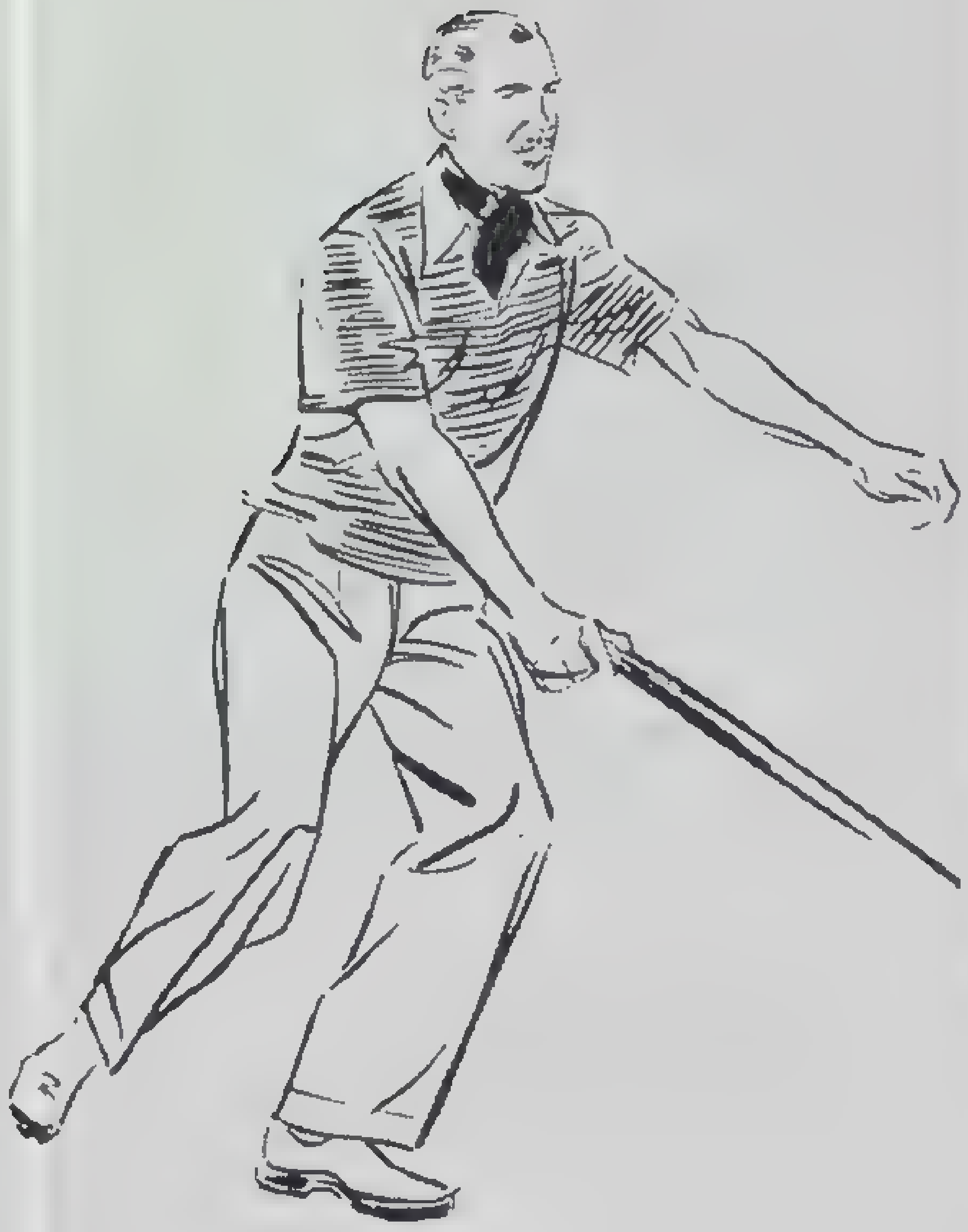


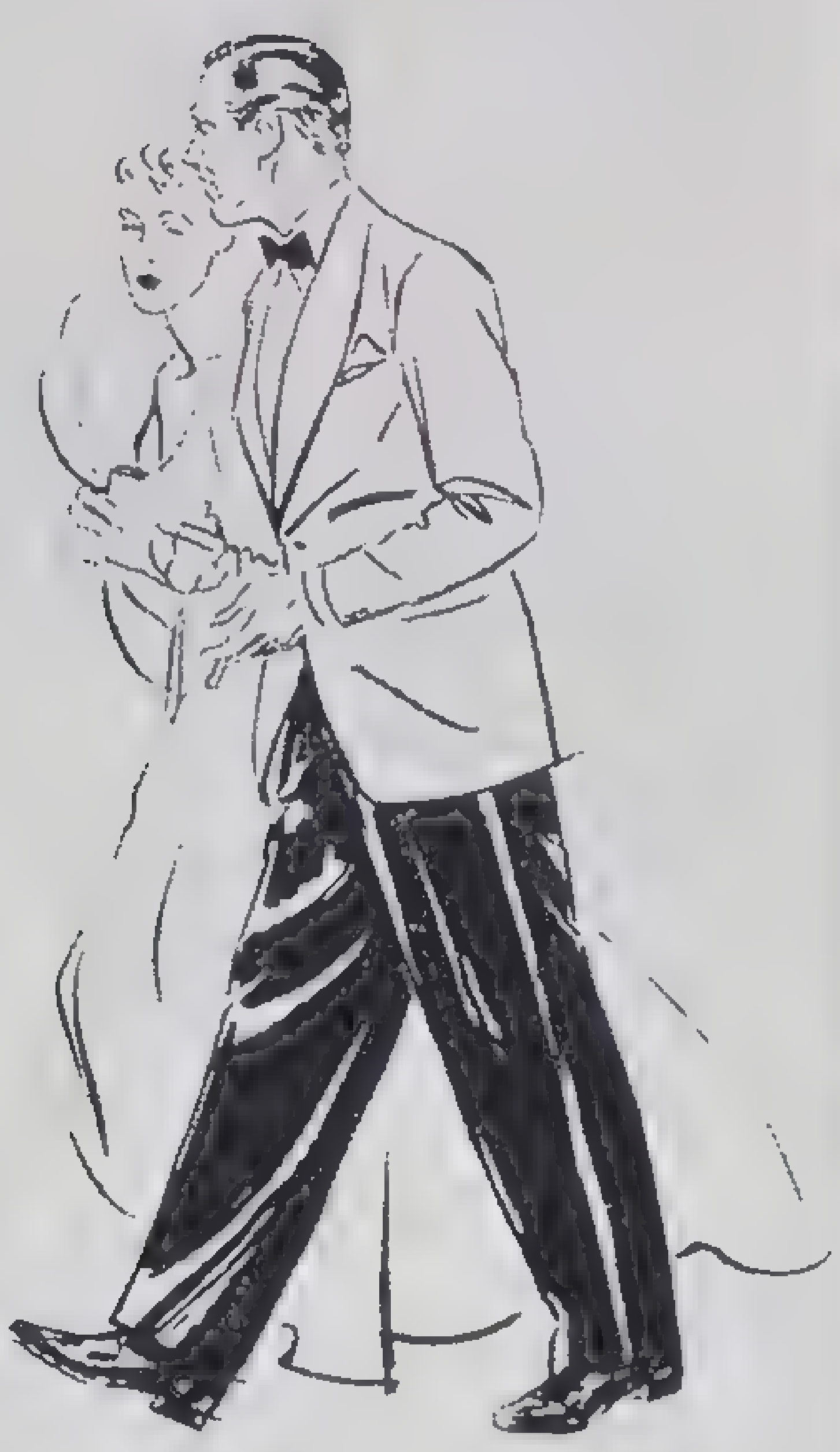


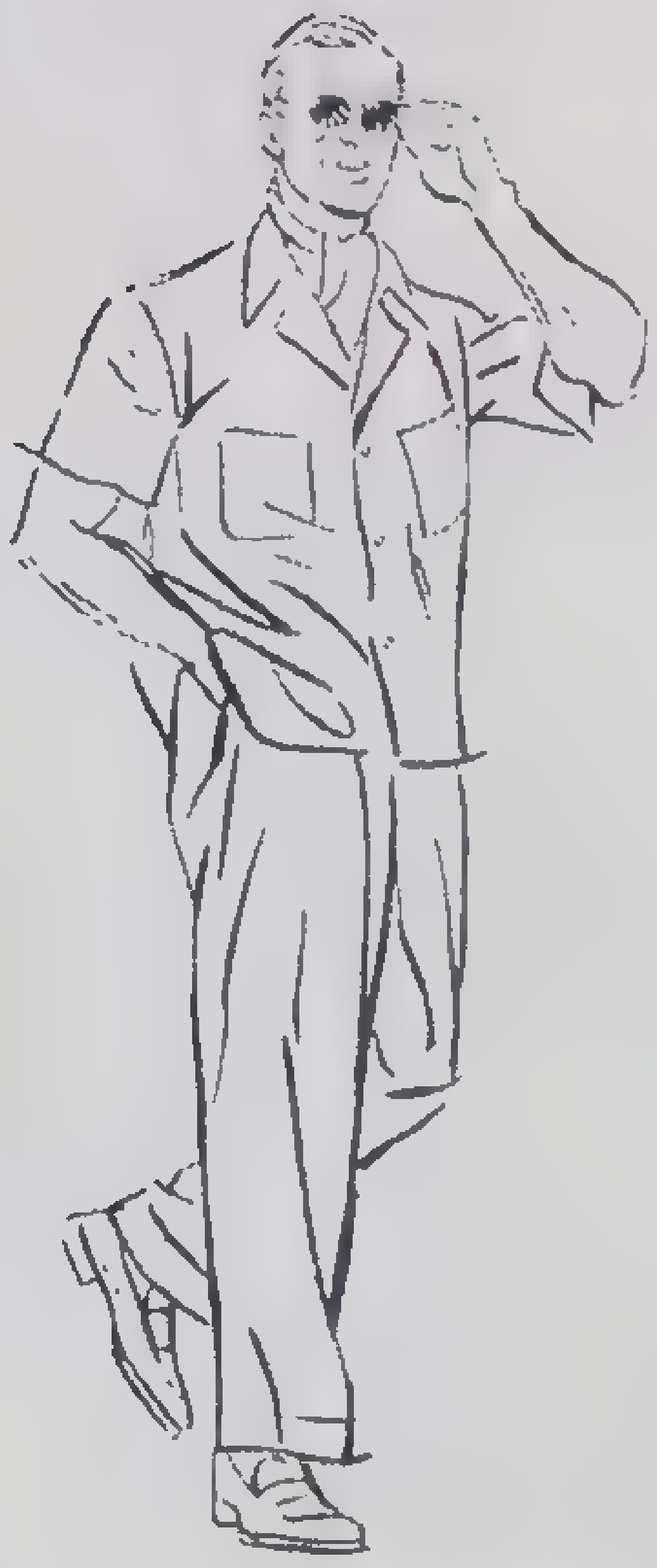


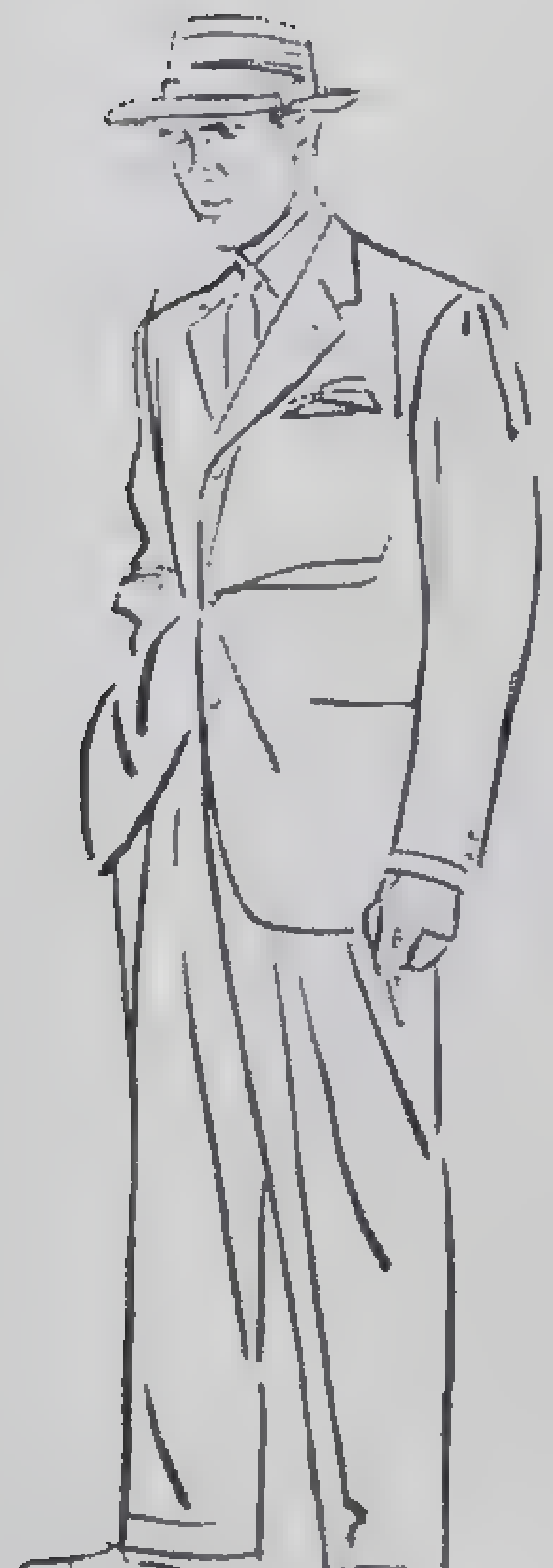


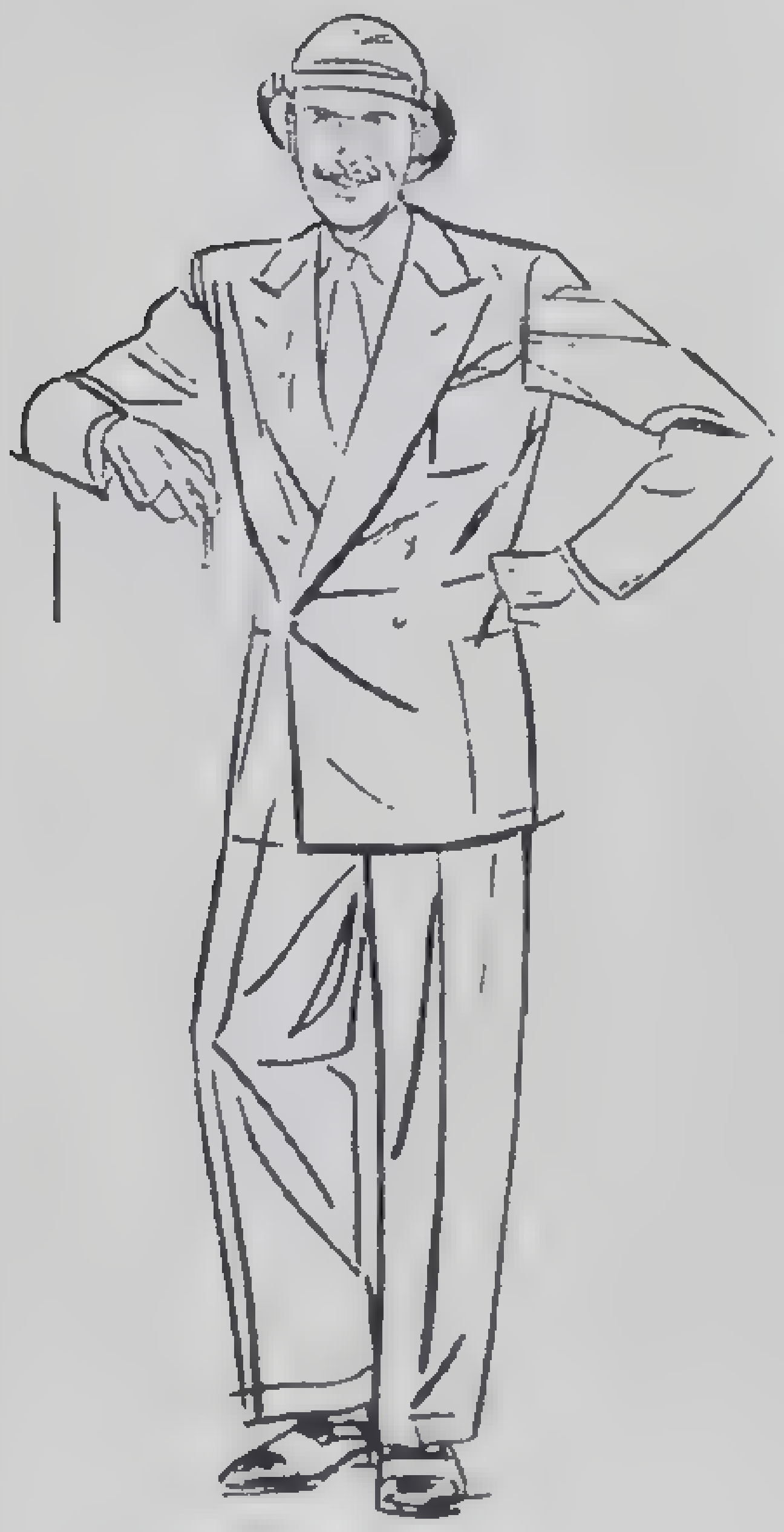


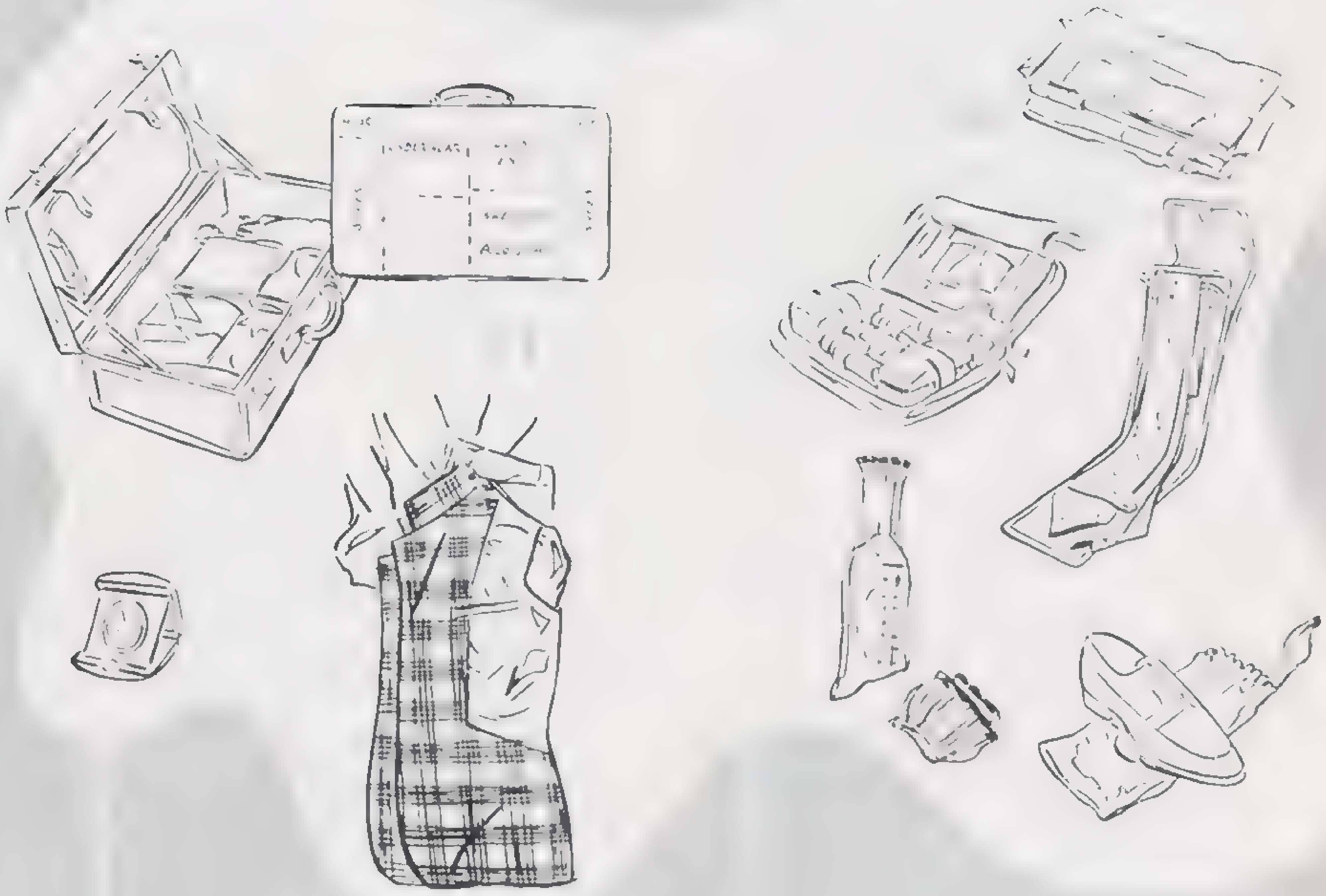












Is Nothing Sacred, Perhaps?

Continued from page 61

good bourgeois he is pleased that he has a job and that his belly is full. Nevertheless I like him. He does not sing at his work, which is perhaps just as well. His sense of solidarity is toward his Union which, in this nation is, as I understand it, an aristocracy of working peoples. Imagine being permitted to strike! The salvation of the American worker resides in his Union. Since he will not conceive of himself as a proletarian in a single workers' party he forms himself into specific trade-union groups. What these individual and exclusive groups do not realize is that only a small fraction of the actual workers is organizable in this way. In America there is no conception of the mutual interests of the many millions which work for a wage as distinct from those who profit by the employment of labor. Most wage earners are taught that it is possible for them to become rich capitalists themselves. The American worker cannot improve his condition, therefore, unless he widens the unionizing influence to include all wage earners.

No examination of the complexion of this great metropolis of New York, the epitome of all things American, is complete without a report on the art and entertainment prevalent here. The Americans, I should hazard, are not an artistic people. What is admired is speed, slickness, finish. All radio programs begin and end precisely with the second hand on great electric clocks. The clock is the ruler of destiny. Poster art and advertising is smooth and brilliantly executed. The American cinema is technically dazzling. Intellectually the majority of the pictorial arts are completely vacuous. The passion is for finish, not content. The Americans will buy anything in a pretty box and give not the slightest critical thought to its contents. The physical appearance of books, however, while expensively manufactured, is distressing. A book in this country costs as much as a pair of pants in Russia. Very few people buy books, therefore; they borrow them. Perhaps that is why they cost so dearly. It is easier to borrow a book than a pair of pants. As for entertainment the people are somewhat pleasure-crazy in reaction, no doubt, against the deteriorating influences of the competitive system. No one, under any circumstances, ever goes home except to sleep—unless Charlie McCarthy is on the radio. Charlie McCarthy, it may surprise my readers to discover, is a wooden dummy. He is immensely popular, and, if the time were propitious, could unquestionably be elected at least to the office of Vice-President. There are also night clubs and theatres. When these pall the inhabitants get into their expensive cars and ride around in circles.

Let me pause to relate the essentially insane but lovable character of the American people. A man with a large family, who had once been a competent scientist, was starving for lack of bread—a thing, I may add, impossible in our country. He had applied to every agency in this metropolis of vast resources for employment, without success. Refusing in his pride to accept the dole of charitable relief which the authorities supply in extreme cases, he silently went about selling for a mere pittance the invaluable library of scientific works which had been the working tools of his profession. A bookseller mentioned this man casually to a newspaper reporter. The reporter sensed a "story" in the situation. A human-interest story, I believe it was termed. As a consequence of the resultant publicity the scientist was proffered innumerable positions by public-spirited employers, many offers being more lucrative than those he had ever enjoyed. Sums of money were provided anonymously. Countless orders on markets for food were sent gratuitously. The scientist was literally inundated with assistance. A Hollywood motion picture company offered to pay the huge sum of ten thousand dollars for his story. Yet other scientists, in like condition, continued to suffer the same fate, as all cases of injustice cannot achieve the boon of newspaper publicity. Yet the Americans seem to love this haphazard way of life, and have little intention of exchanging it for any other.

It is my mature opinion, calmly considered, that the American people possess too broad a sense of humor. Things come too easily to this gay, lighthearted folk. When I interrogate a well-known author on the means employed to deal with the ravages of the capitalist depression, he informs me seriously that the population of his country have laughed themselves out of it. When I insist upon a concrete example of his generalization he tells me that indigent persons who found it necessary to apply for government charity jokingly employed the euphemism, "I guess I'll apply for a shovel to lean on." This is a humorous reference to the haphazard manner in which work projects were administered. I came upon a reference to a person who had declared that he intended to kill himself rather than live together with his mother-in-law as a consequence of the hard times. It was some time before I discovered that mothers-in-law are considered invariably as subject matter for the crudest sarcasms. It may be noted that mothers-in-law enjoy these jokes on themselves, and are often the first to circulate such stories. It seems to me impossible to instill a sense of the tragic nature of human existence into such artless and ingenuously deranged a people.

The time comes soon when I must leave this strange country. I am happy to aver that all the efforts of Muni-Tourist to put the pleasantest foot forward have been vain to stir in me the slightest dissatisfaction with my own, my native land. I would not exchange a handful of Russian soil for the entire metropolis of New York. I cannot possibly conceive how human beings having the same general racial characteristics, products of an identical evolution as we, can endure the turbulence, the insecurity, the chaos of such a frantic civilization. I can only suppose that one suffers least the defects that afford of no disparaging contrast. Our American friends seem hardly to be aware that they live by institutions antique, villainous, essentially destructive to the dignity, completely unfitted to cope with human need. The place does, however, get into the blood. I must leave soon. Very soon. ⧻

The Royal Road to Wrestling

Continued from page 43

gambling. Sixty per cent of the net gate was to be paid to the Levinsky entourage, out of which he was to give Griffiths his $25,000 and they could keep all the rest.

The fight drew much less than anticipated and the Levinsky share was only $27,670. Griffiths received his promised $25,000, leaving a skimpy $2,760 to pay off training expenses and other incidentals.

Lena didn't devote all her time to managing the King's ring affairs. She also figured prominently in the only formal romance which has marked his career to date. One day during the 1933 Century of Progress in Chicago, she tipped off some of her newspaper friends to the impending elopement of the King and a pretty fan dancer named Roxanne Carmine, nee Rosie Glickman.

"It's a secret, of course," she confided. "Where? Don't ask me, but try Crown Point tonight."

At 3:16 a. m., before one of the marrying justices in Indiana's famous Gretna Green, the knot was tied. Eight hours later, bride and groom were discovered under the covers in a Chicago hotel suite, surrounded by admirers, reporters and photographers. Stopping now and then amid the flare of flashlights to pose, the King expounded from his bridal bed on the details of the romance.

"Baby, what a dream!" he exclaimed tenderly, as he poked his beaming bride under the chin with a huge paw. "I guess it was the dimples. I'll tell you how hard I fell. I was in the boxing show at the Fair when I seen her sitting at the ringside. I walked right over to her, without knowing her even, and handed her fifty bucks to hold for me while I went through my bout.

"I went in and put on my trunks then and came out and proposed to her. What did she say? Well, she said no. But I stopped for the fifty bucks after the bout and I proposed again. What did she say? She said no. Anyway, I kept right on proposing every time I saw her in the next week, which was plenty."

"And finally I said 'yes' to keep him quiet," interposed the bride.

"Nuts!" gallantly answered the King. "She was just as goofy about me as I was about her."

It seems that they decided to wait until he became the heavyweight champion, but on second thought they felt it might be too long a delay. The King continued:

"We wanted to go to Waukegan, but I didn't have a dime. I asked Lena for a sawbuck, but she told me it was all foolishness. She raised hell. Said we were too young. So I braced Dave Barry for a fifty-buck advance and picked up a couple of pals and went to Crown Point."

Lena chimed in to explain her change of sentiment. "She's a nice kid. Besides, when I figured it all out, I thought it would be all right, because after all the King is just a boy and being married would probably keep him from running around with a lot of wild women."

Then she turned to the blushing bridegroom.

"Remember, King," she warned. "Never lead with your right!"

Thirty days later the romance had crashed. Preparing for his next bout, the King commented bitterly on the fickleness of women and the perfidy of mothers-in-law. As he banged away at a punching bag on which he had drawn a crude likeness of Rosie's mamma, he muttered:

"Just Monday I give Rosie sixty dollars for while I'm away, and she runs to a lawyer to get a divorce. She says I beat her. She can't prove nothing. So can the mother-in-law."

Tenderness crept into his voice.

"I tell you, I still love her. She was just a forty-dollar-a-week fan dancer eating hamburgers when the King took pity on her and married her. Now she's eating steak with mushrooms. And the King's paying."

Aside from Max Schmeling, there has been no outstanding heavyweight in the past ten years with whom the King didn't trade punches. Probably no fighter in history can equal his record of having fought five men who held the heavyweight title—Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Max Baer, Primo Carnera and Joe Louis.

Besides this array of real heavyweight kings, the record-books show that he also fought such luminaries as Leo Lomski, Jimmy Maloney, Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery, Johnny Risko, Ace Hudkins, Paulino Uzcudun, Charley Retzlaff, Art Lasky—in fact, anyone who amounted to anything as a leather-pusher.

Pugilistically, the King's greatest performance was given in Madison Square Garden, New York, one night in 1933. He fought Tommy Loughran, an amazingly clever boxer. Loughran had met Levinsky previously, and in ten rounds the King hadn't come close enough to greet him. This night Tommy was a bit careless. He forgot to get his chin out of the way and Levinsky sent him to the resin with a terrific right to the jaw. With Loughran on the canvas, the King climbed on the ropes and crowed like a rooster. Tommy got up and managed to last out the fight, but Levinsky won the decision. It was a tremendous triumph for him—one that elevated him from a semi-windup puncher to a headliner.

When he was stopped by Max Baer in Chicago three years later—the beginning of the end—it was more or less due to his eagerness to give the crowd a thrill. Max had met him once before in 1932 at Reno in a twenty-round bout, one of the last marathon battles in modern ring history. Baer won, but it was close. The King, as usual, was convinced Max couldn't hurt him in a week of Sundays.

Baer went on to win the heavyweight championship and began an exhibition tour. When he encountered Levinsky, it was tacitly understood the scrap would go four rounds with no "monkey business." The King decided otherwise.

In the first round he opened up with everything except the water bucket. Baer, taken by surprise, received a shellacking which few other fighters could have weathered.

Elated by his success, the King, with a derisive gesture, invited Baer to come out and fight at the start of the second round. Max did.

Fifty-three seconds later he drove Levinsky across the ring, dazed him with two booming rights to the chin and then sent him helpless to the floor with a terrific left hook. The King was still in slumberland when the referee finished the count of ten.

A year later Joe Louis had skyrocketed to fistic fame. No fighters who valued their lives or reputations wanted any part of him. Promoter Mike Jacobs wasn't considering the King, who had made some sort of a comeback with a dozen straight victories, but Levinsky pleaded so hard he got the fight.

"I ain't afraid of him," was his most telling argument. "Besides, I'm still the King. I'll pack 'em in."

That seemed reasonable enough, for with all his faults he had never lacked courage nor the belief in his own ability. But on this occasion something happened. Perhaps the King had been reading the newspapers. At any rate, the closer the fight approached, the more worried he became. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat. As he explained to a friend later:

"It was like I was in a transom for a couple of weeks."

Came the night of the battle and whispers that he might never leave his dressing room. Without a cloud in the sky, Promoter Jacobs moved up the bout half an hour, officially "to beat the rain," but in reality to keep Levinsky from collapsing before he entered the ring. The "last mile"—the walk between the rows of seats, was pathetic. Like a condemned criminal being led to the chair the King tottered to his doom—and his extinction as a boxing attraction.

During the ten top years of his career, it is estimated that Levinsky's purses totaled around $300,000. How much does he have left? For his last American fight with Bob Nestell he received $2700. The government took $591 for back income taxes. Creditors grabbed $500 more before he could get away.

The King counted the few dollars which remained after paying training expenses, felt his jaw where Nestell's knockout blow had landed, and then announced:

"This boxing game is getting too tough. I'm quitting. From now on, I'm a rassler."

After all, it was inevitable. You couldn't keep corned beef and cabbage apart forever. Nor King Levinsky and wrestling. ##

Jacob Smiles at Fortune

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structure were largely open, exposing the coolness of the interior and allowing breezes to enter. Jacob was near enough to watch the waiters, and to hear not only the noise of the dishes but the sound of their voices. They were black boys like himself, but they were dressed in two-piece suits of white duck trimmed with blue striping.

All this interested Jacob, but it did not sustain him, and he was hungry. He thought of the advice given to him by Mr. Guinn, the white man at Lukisiki, Mr. Hinton, and others. The wondering look in his eyes grew and grew. Still hungry, he found himself a place to sleep in a rondavel with sunken roof, back in the tangle at the end of the settlement. Another day he watched the waiters at the hotel, and continued his wondering. The words of the white men must have some meaning in his present desperate plight, but what?

At last he gave over philosophy because it confused and wearied him, and depressed his spirit. The understanding, he felt, was made for different things—the enjoyment of sunlight, music, rain, and trekking over the countryside. To tax it for severe ends was a prerogative of the white people.

Jacob went up and down, watching and reconnoitering, until finally he could exchange a bicycle bell and other trophies for a cotton jumper and cotton shorts. These garments he washed and dried in the sun. When he was dressed in them he looked not unlike the waiters in the hotel dining room.

At mealtime he went to the place nearest the hotel dining room and watched and listened. When he saw no one near the wall window where meals were ordered and passed through from the kitchen, he crossed the lane and went in, standing by the opening. He spoke with his Colonial accent, and in the same manner as the waiters.

"Steak and kidney pie," he said, for this was what the waiters were saying most often.

Almost in a moment there was the steak and kidney pie on the shelf which ran through the window. Jacob took the plate in his hands, but just then a waiter came past and pushed a tray at him, making him understand this was the way to carry food. He left the hotel and walked back to the ruin where he lived, there consuming the food slowly, with great enjoyment.

From that time on, Jacob visited the hotel regularly, and ordered what he heard the waiters ordering. Once he saw Mr. Guinn.

"Where are you taking that?" the landlord demanded.

A little frightened, Jacob pointed up the narrow street. It seemed to Mr. Guinn that he was pointing toward the home of Colonel Horatio Waterman. Now it was not unusual for Colonel Waterman to order meals from the hotel, and Mr. Guinn assumed that Jacob was the colonel's new house boy. Later he tried to find the Waterman account in the hotel office, but there were no new entries. This puzzled Mr. Guinn, and made him feel guilty, for he sometimes failed to make proper record of orders. Some day soon, he said, he would straighten the matter out. But the season was busy, and he did not do so.

Day by day Jacob rested in the sun, except when the bell sounded for meals at the Royal. Everyone was used to seeing him come and go. Before long he was the envy of other black boys, most of whom worked hard and received less. Some of them squatted on their haunches and marveled to see Jacob eat.

At first he began to share his bounty out of sheer surfeit and natural generosity. To those who had gathered to watch him dine, he tossed bits of food. He had not foreseen that this custom would naturally attract more and more retainers each day. Soon the demand for food was so great that Jacob's sense of surfeit was gone. He brought more and more from the hotel, giving Colonel Waterman's appetite an amazing reputation, but most of his uninvited guests were bigger black boys than he, and they took from him what they wanted, without asking. He was surrounded, hemmed in, by a circle of black, hungry faces in which the hunger was always a threat, less and less covert as the days went by.

Toward the end of that busy season in the resort, when Mr. Guinn thought he really must see about the Waterman account, the tall figure of Atlee Hinton appeared at the Royal bar. It was inevitable that he and Mr. Guinn should talk about Jacob, and his luck in becoming Colonel Waterman's boy.

"So the old colonel is here now!" said Mr. Hinton.

"Yes, and he's eating like a horse," replied Mr. Guinn.

"I think I'll look 'him up," said Mr. Hinton.

But the doors of the Waterman house were fast closed and shuttered. It was obvious the colonel was not in residence. Mr. Hinton thought this over, and discussed the matter with his wife. There was no doubt that Jacob was making away with quantities of food.

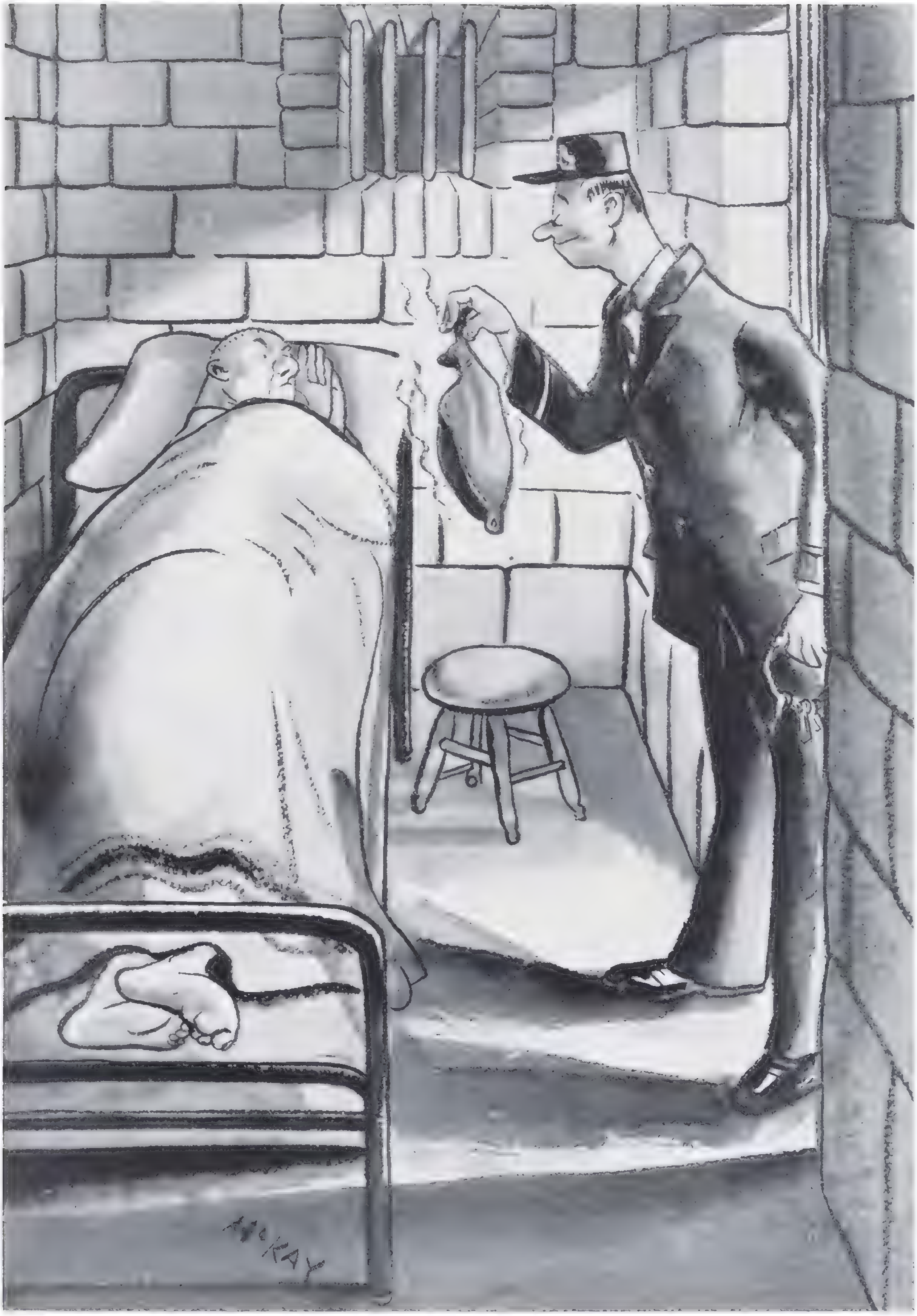
"I would never have thought him capable of such a piece of trickery," observed Mrs. Hinton. "Poor Jacob! He won't be smiling now. His luck has run out at last."

"Yes," said Mr. Hinton. "I shall have to go and tell Guinn right away."

The two men spoke of the native problem, of their trials and disillusionments, of the necessity for retribution. What is to be done, they inquired of one another, when a boy like Jacob will not respond to kindness and will not make the most of opportunities which are offered to him?

Mr. Guinn, in a sort of stew, and Mr. Hinton in sober and regretful resignation, consulted upon the fate of Jacob and upon the perversity of nature under which he must have been born in the hills. But when their stern purpose had collared a black boy in faded white at the next ringing of the dinner bell, Mr. Guinn puffed his purple cheeks and swore more mightily than before. A black boy was taken in crime, but not Jacob. It was only one of the many who had looked upon Jacob's miracle of plenty, envied it, intruded upon it. And the one who, at the last, had traded for it.

Jacob, at that moment, was climbing into the hills again, no longer barefoot and in tatters. He wore a blue wool hat, a khaki suit, two overcoats of uncertain color, plaid golf hose of a reddish cast, and three belts, one adorned with a large silver buckle. Inside all this raiment Jacob puffed and sweltered, but he proceeded on his way with magnificent pride. His heart was carefree and untroubled. ##



"Put your little tootsies up against this—and before you know it they'll be as warm as toast!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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old Marlowe all over again, wise, tolerant, curious, with a pathetic weakness for speculation about people, the things they do, the ends to which they come. The strange dramatic story of Captain Remson, who finally found in the back-country of Honduras, what he was looking for—a woman, and peace—is pieced together with jig-saw skill in the book-long dialogue between Spenlove and a passenger, Mrs. Colwell. This sort of thing may be caviar to the general you have to be a kind of Spenlove to enjoy it; but certainly to all Conrad fans it will be a rare dish.

No. 5: "An immigrant day laborer, who had no time to paint, no money to paint, no earthly provocation or encouragement to paint." At 67 he emerged as "the most significant painter America has produced during the past quarter-century." The man is John Kane, and his story is contained in *Sky Hooks* as he told it to Miss Marie McSwigan, a working girl who devoted her spare evenings and Sundays to the job because she knew, when no one guessed, that John Kane was a great man. Sky hooks, by the way, are the gadgets that hold up the platform of the house-painter, and it was as a house-painter and box-car painter that Kane got his start. As Frank Crowninshield says in his fine introduction, the man is a kind of Biblical figure, a great brawler and drinker as well as lover of beauty, and this autobiography, with its reproductions of many of his paintings, is a moving document.

No. 6: A couple of hard hitters, John Strachey and Robert Briffault. Strachey's *Hope in America* (Modern Age, 50c) is as level-headed and easy to read as his earlier books, and the publicity given his forced detention at Ellis Island has made the little volume a sellout. Briffault's *Decline and Fall of the British Empire* (Simon & Schuster, $2) is as savage as his *Breakdown*. The Prime Minister figures in it as "the Right Dishonorable Mr. Chamberlain." The manuscript was finished last summer, but the author didn't have to change a line—he had foretold the British betrayal of the Czechs. The book is a must for anybody who wants to understand the behavior of Nigger No. 1 in the international woodpile. I shall devote more space to it next month.

Among the books that call a spade a spade must also be listed George Seldes' *Lords of the Press* (Messner, $3), which goes over the ground of the same author's *Freedom of the Press*, but from the angle of personalities behind the dirty work. The first section debunks in 22 chapters the leading publishers; the second covers the foreign correspondents, the Washington staffs, the "plutogogues," the columnists; and the third takes an audit to show, from where George Seldes sits, where we are.

Type No. 7: The gents of sophistication and high life; the men, in short, of the world. One of these, Frank Case, presents in *Tales of a Wayward Inn* (Stokes, $3) the story of himself and of his glittering caravansary, New York's Hotel Algonquin, famous haunt of writers and stage folk. Interesting anecdotes by the yard of the three- and five-star personalities: Benchley, Mencken, La Bankhead, John Drew, Irvin Cobb, Orson Welles. . . . The other exhibit is Englishman *Cecil Beaton's New York* (Lippincott, $4). Beaton is both an ace photographer and a pen-and-ink man; result, his offering is a triple-threat affair, a sprightly text profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs—a keen Britisher's report on the motley American scene, from the Bowery flophouse to the garish night club.

Pigeonhole No. 8 has explorers in it. Here is Admiral Richard E. Byrd's *Alone* (Putnam, $2.50), printed in blue type. It is the personal record of a strange adventure. In 1934, from March until September, Byrd lived alone in a hut ("Advance Base") about 125 miles from Little America headquarters. In 45 degrees below zero, in the long Antarctic night, with no human contact but a radio message two or three times a week, the author carried on in his cramped quarters, and almost died. An engrossing story of a unique experience.

Worth reading too is Robert Henriques' *Death by Moonlight* (Morrow, $3.50), an excellently illustrated narrative of game hunting and travel in Darfur, a remote part of the Sudan in Africa. There is excitement in the lion shooting passages and plenty of good stuff in the quieter accounts of the natives and the Arab life.

But the medal in this field goes to Norbert Casteret for his *Ten Years Under the Earth* (Greystone, $3). With shame I confess to having tossed this book aside at first with a grimace—phooey, a book about caves. Later I discovered my wife couldn't be dragged off to bed on account of it. Suspecting something Freudian in this passion of my spouse for underground tunnels, I began to prowl through it. Final judgment (by Rutherford duet): this mixture of science, fun, and adventure is irresistible, results in one of the exciting books of the year.

A leader in a comparatively new branch of science, the author has made invaluable discoveries in pre-history, and had a hell of a good time doing it. (Hear that deep sigh from the man chained to his desk!) He seems to have been preordained for the career. Born and reared in the Pyrenees abounding in caves that have been woven into native legend, he is the son of a family of mountain climbers, and found himself a wife as daring as he. He is a champion athlete to boot, who enjoys the tests of stamina this exploration entails.

If an underground river blocked his way, he swam it, praying there was an opening at the other end that would save him from a particularly lonesome kind of death. If he was stopped by an underground falls with a sheer drop of a hundred feet or so, he came back with helpers to lower him under the icy deluge. When cave ceiling bowed to meet cave floor, he stripped, and wriggled like an eel as far as he could, often finding that at the price of a little skin he had gained admission into a whole series of vast caverns where no man had ever been.

He discovered in many caverns ancient traces of our cave-dwelling ancestors; found great ice-halls, and the mysterious beginnings of rivers. Three years of work and a hunch led him to find the source of the Garonne River in time to stop a Spanish power company from diverting water from the Spanish Garonne which would have dried up the fertile valley across the border in France. To prove his hunch—for of course the officials laughed at his assertion that the geographies were wrong—he poured barrels of harmless green coloring matter into the river at one point, then crossed the mountains to find that he was right. Incidentally, he got the stuff all over himself, and the peasants, scared half to death to see their familiar stream turning green, were suddenly confronted by what looked like The Green Man of the River. He made the return trip in record time, a jump ahead of the village posse.

Of still another type is F. Van Wyck Mason, an author who keeps regular office hours, working with a secretary from 9:30 to 4 with an hour out for lunch, flies in from Bermuda with the ms., flies back to begin work on another, flies in to New York again for ten days of mirth and jollity with the publishers and lectures, autographs, and broadcasts for his public. Mr. Mason is one of the Dream Men of two hundred thousand scribblers hypnotized by You-Too-Can-Write—he sold his first eighteen stories without a rejection. (One wonders what happened to the nineteenth.)

As we go to press, I hear that Mr. Mason's *Three Harbours* (Lippincott, $2.75), his twentieth book, is selling near the top of the class. After the jacket blurb and the Wyeth picture showing a fair maiden (colonial costume) in the clutches of three villains, one is prepared for the worst. The novel turns out to be a well-executed, pleasantly romantic story of the Revolution, which manages to convey some of the economic truths behind the idealistic slogans of the "Sons of Liberty." The author, by working in Bermuda's role in our Revolution, makes an additional contribution to the average reader's knowledge.

France is represented by three novels this trip, and two of them are of high order. The tail-ender is Charles Plisnier's *Nothing to Chance* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50), a Goncourt prize winner, which touches with technical competence on an ancient theme: how women who do not marry for love are generally miserable, and how marriages of convenience are sad affairs. The two women in the book certainly have a bad time of it. One becomes a high-class kleptomaniac, and the other poisons her husband. But a cousin, who ran off to live with her lover without benefit of clergy, is very happy. M. Plisnier is an excellent writer who wastes himself trying to raise some dust out of the old carpet that Flaubert, Brieux, Hervieu, Bourget, de Maupassant, and a flock of others had already given a severe beating.

Many years ago, when literary fads interested me, I met in *Transition*, international magazine of the faddists, the interesting work of a young Frenchman. Louis Aragon in those days was the pride of the Dadaists, that queer coterie of nonsense writers obsessed with the cosmic interiority of selves and things. I put it down then that we would hear more from M. Aragon. Well, he has emerged from his experiments, he came out of that interiority into the street and the square. In this new novel of his, *Residential Quarter* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), the two Aragons are fused, for here is strict attention to the detail of everyday life in a French provincial town, with sketches of families, their economic entanglements, love affairs, political stew all carefully adding up to a story tremendous in scope and implication. It is a fictitious French *Middletown*.

André Malraux's latest novel, *Man's Hope* (Random House, $2.50), is the deeply moving "inside story" of the Spanish Republic's fight for life. Malraux, fighter as well as writer, Colonel of the International Air Force of Loyalist Spain, lived and fought the book he wrote. He was a soldier by day, and "in the evening," he says, "it gets dark - and I write."

You meet all the Spanish republican types here—anarchists, devout Catholics, communists, liberals, idealists, veteran officers of the old army, and plain people. The bottom drops out of their free and easy world. The efficient ruthlessness of the fascists pushes them to the wall. Slowly, with infinite pain, they adjust their lives to catastrophe and death. The war on everyone's doorstep remolds the people, gives them, in the face of these terrible odds of treachery from within and invasion from outside, new strength and dignity.

The hope which is the theme of this book is that people *will* take arms against a sea of fascist troubles which may be taken by you and me to mean that one sellout

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at Munich need not set the democratic pattern for dealing with the bullies' threats of war. *Man's Hope*, irrespective of your attitude toward its message, is a powerful story, and as hard to forget as an experience of a bombing raid.

Briefer Mention:

U. S. Camera 1939 (Morrow), edited by T. J. Maloney, about 190 large-size pages of camera shots, many of them in color, selected by Steichen. A beautiful collection, and helped out by an absorbing index which gives all the technical dope on the shots.

Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers (Random House, $3.50). America's foremost poet of storm and stress handsomely printed by the house that, in my opinion, does the best book designing.

Poems and Plays of Tennyson (Modern Library Giant, $1.25). Eleven hundred twenty-two pages of the Victorian Jeffers, or almost ten pages for a cent.

Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics, by C. E. M. Joad (Random House, $2.50). Takes in considerable territory (Plato to today) in compact form, and really goes to town with handy discussions and ready references on communism, socialism, democracy, their backgrounds, their idea-systems. Unbiased, objective, organized, readable, the book would make a good deal of discussion less futile if discussers would consult it.

The Start of the Road, by John Erskine (Stokes, $2.50), is readable, with picturesque chunks of American social history, but no extra shakes as a novel.

Count Belisarius, by Robert Graves (Random House, $3), is a fascinating picture in novel form of life in the little-known sixth century A.D.—the hero a noble but unreal general who serves the enigmatic mug Justinian without asking why, and two high-class prostitutes who work up pretty high in society. Fails to meet the promise of the early chapters, but none the less compelling in its restoration of the crazy mosaic of the period.

Wait until Spring, Bandini, by John Fante (Stackpole, $2.50). Strikes a chord in me, partly because, wherever I have had to lecture at writers and incipient writers, I have insisted that the racial groups in the U. S. have not had their fictional due. Mr. Fante does a vivid novel in this field of "regionalism" which the regionalists have neglected. But you, the reader, are probably interested in story, not in literary jargon—you'll find in this a first-rate tale, the first novel of a man you will hope to hear from again.

Burro Alley (Random House $2.50), is by Edwin Corle, another fictioneer of great promise. It's an economically told, stripped, rapidly-moving story of a New Mexican town, with an ominous atmosphere of tragedy brewing.

What's in It for Me? by Jerome Weidman (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). If you've read *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* you won't need a sales talk, and if you haven't, make some haste to meet this louse Bogen, who is a vital part of the great and bawdy American scene. Meaning, you meet him everywhere—in the office, among your acquaintances, among your uncles or brothers-in-law.

Roaring Guns (Simon & Schuster, $1) by eight-year-old David Statler—and so far as I am concerned, his sponsors could have let the lad mature. Sixty-one pages of this juvenility, this cowboys and bandit stuff, is too much. When I was eleven I wrote two better novels than this one: *Sir Cuthbert, the Boy Knight*, and *A Race for the Pennant*. But no one published me.

The New Home Owner's Handbook (Modern Age, 75c), invaluable guide to home repair, remodeling, and building, with drawings by the score.

It's fun even for a writing guy living twelve stories up in a furnished apartment.

Detective stories: These are all good, in the order named: *Four of Hearts*, by Ellery Queen (Ellery is improving), (Stokes, $2). *Murder at the New York World's Fair*, by Freeman Dana (Random House, $2); *Death in a White Tie*, by Ngaio Marsh (Furman, $2); *The Death Syndicate*, by Judson Philips (Washburn, $2). Speed, humor, and action—mysteries are going streamlined.

Daily except Sunday, or What Every Commuter Should Know, by Ed Streeter (author of *Deer Mable*), (Simon & Schuster, $1.25). Author takes pride in having traveled 216,000 miles without having got anywhere (don't we all?). Plenty of humor in this distracted guide to the techniques and problems of catching the 8:21. Sketches by Gluyas Williams at his best.

Advice to a Lover, by William Cobbett (Emerson, $1). Cobbett wrote this essay 110 years ago; it has been a collector's item, and here it comes along, just in time for the Valentine Day debauch. (Better read it first before giving it to the sweet maid!) ⧻

Corbino: Artist on Horseback

Continued from page 55

America. They returned to Italy and came again to New York when Jon was eight, by which time his father had succeeded in reaching the metropolis. They lived on the East Side, in a turbulent fighting section of it, when gangs of one block fought gangs of the next and the daily trips to and from school were fraught with terrible hazards. On Jon's block they merely threw stones, but on the next, through which he had to pass to reach school, they used blackjacks. At school Jon was most proficient in languages, drawing and carpentry. His special aptitudes were remarked at high school, from which he won a scholarship in art to the Ethical Culture School in which, he reports, he spent a good deal of his time beating up unethical classmates, a not entirely unwelcome diversion, one gathers. Scholastically he was engaged in making up his college entrance requirements and the rest of his time he spent in drawing and painting and in learning about the history and appreciation of art. He took a course also in the chemistry and manufacture of colors and spent much of his time at home drawing and painting.

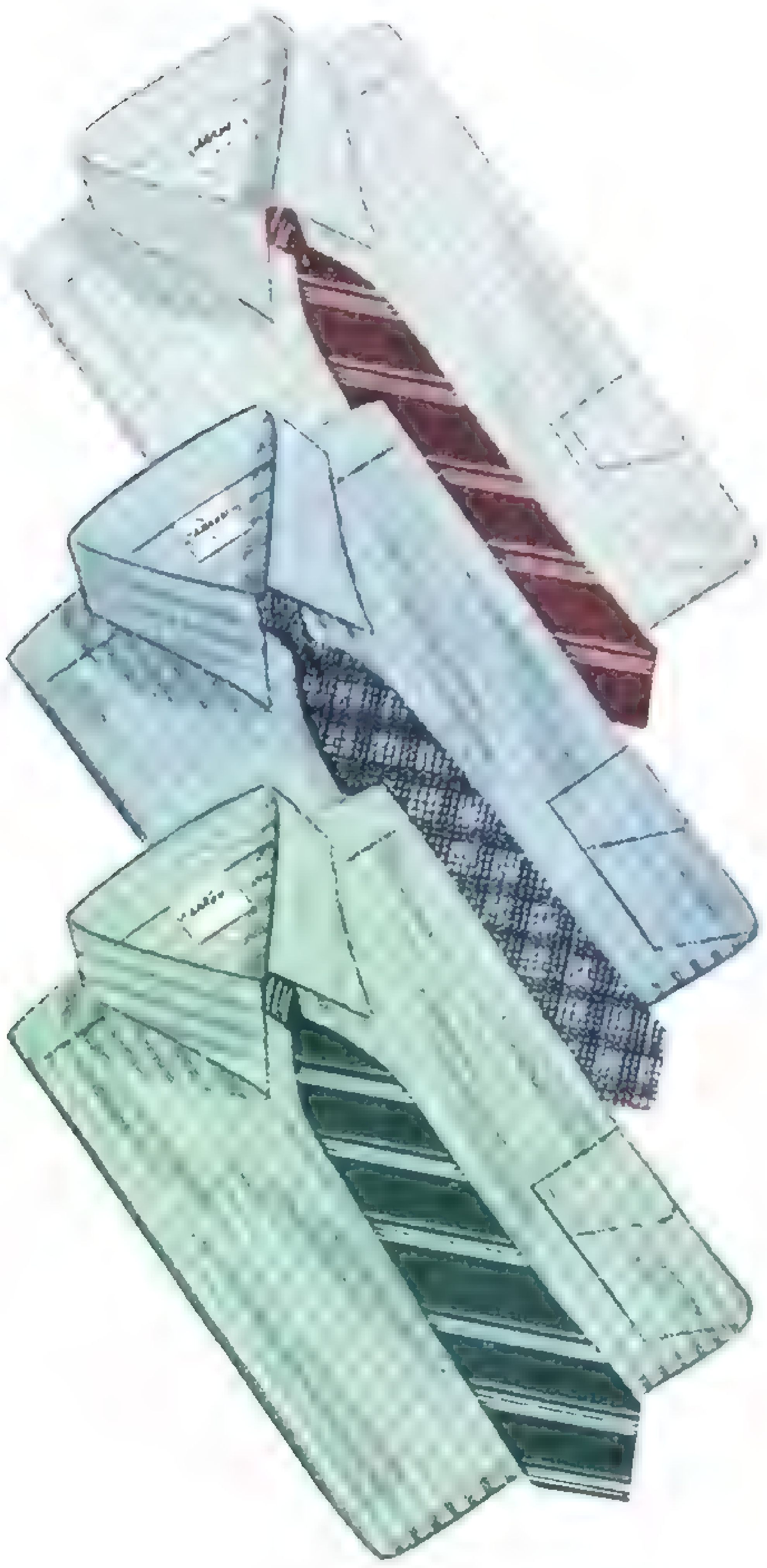
In the Fall of 1921 or 1922 he enrolled in the Art Students' League, working under DuMond and Von Schlegel. The preceding summer he had earned some money by executing "some batty decorations" for summer resorts. After a brief sesson at the League, during which he studied also in a sculpture class, his money was exhausted and he went out and earned some more, then returned to the League until his money gave out again, and then again replenished his funds by finding another job. As a result he has hardly ever run the risk of becoming an ivory towerist. In his biography it is apparent that life and art have acted and reacted upon each other with a rhythm almost mathematically determined. During one of his periods of League study he earned a half-day scholarship by working the other half in the League lunchroom. He has jerked sodas, served as truckman's assistant and labored at the making of chocolates, while during the summer of 1923 he earned a summer's tuition at the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts by washing dishes and learning all that the cook could teach him in the way of cookery, one of his major avocations. Another summer he worked in an apple orchard in New York, and a third on a farm in Connecticut. At Beacon, New York, he became acquainted with an ex-jockey who was running a riding academy, in which he first learned to ride and otherwise handle horses. He entrenched himself in this knowledge the following summer, when he stayed with some people who had a stable all their own and whose horses he rode. His knowledge of horses is not perfunctory; he has the sense of horseflesh in his hands.

By 1926 or 1927 he was exhibiting in various New York galleries, but not by himself. His first one-man show was in the gallery of Oberlin College, in Ohio. Passing the jury of the 1926 annual at the Chicago Art Institute gave him his first thrill. Ten years later he was to win one of the coveted prizes given in connection with the Institute's annual. His first real break came in 1936 when the Guggenheim Foundation gave him the first of two fellowships. To make sure that this stipend would last a year—a whole precious year reserved exclusively for painting and carving without job hunting—he persuaded the Foundation to give him the amount of the fellowship in monthly installments instead of in one lump sum. Early in 1937 the Macbeth Gallery gave him his first one-man metropolitan show, which didn't mean sales right away but set canvases in motion toward group exhibitions all over the country; the one-man show the following year led to purchases by museums and individuals. He has won prizes in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York and I think that one may safely say, even taking into account the fickleness of fashion, that he is launched on his career.

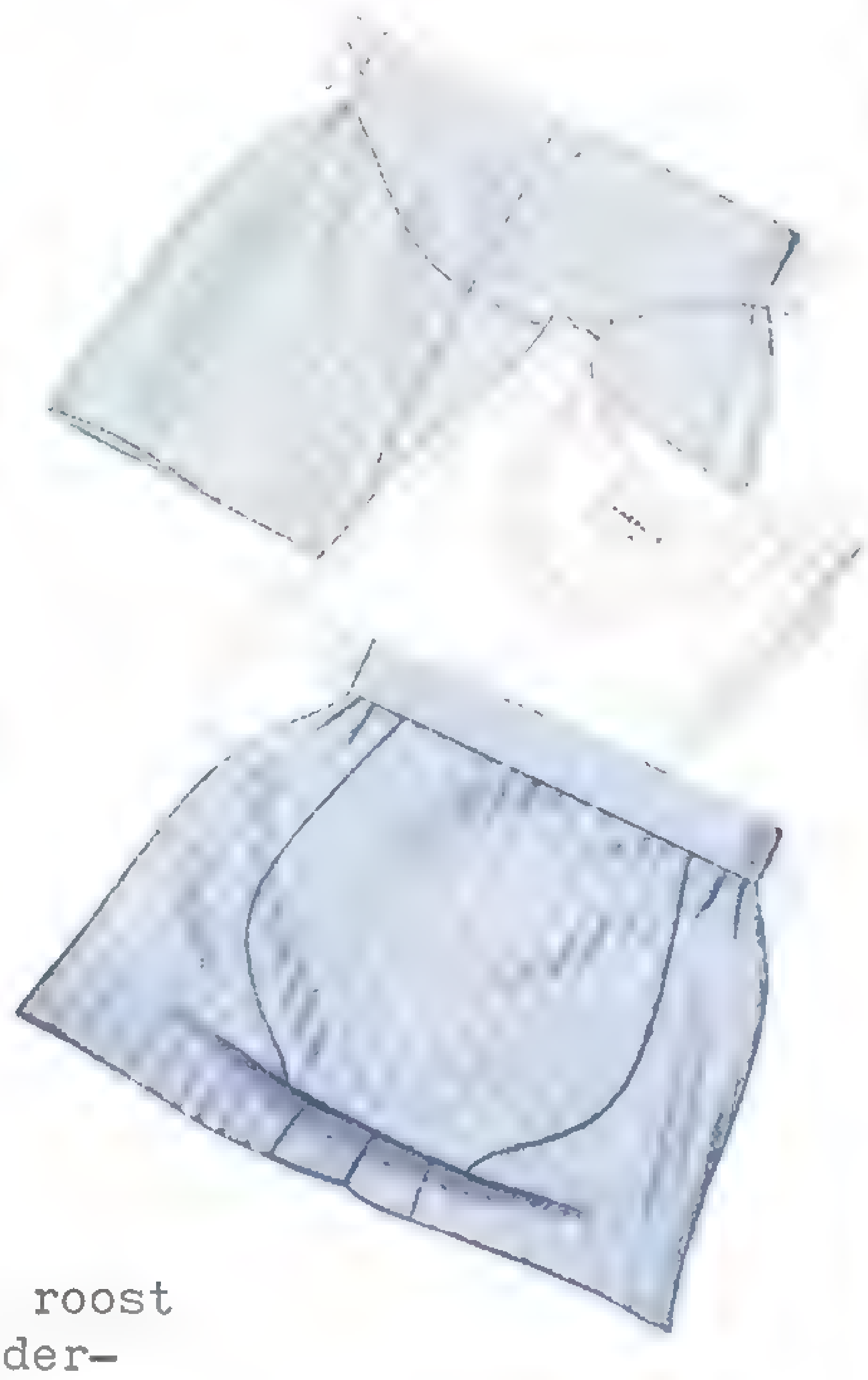
He is tall, dark and handsome, with a flashing set of teeth and a glossy crop of hair. The ensemble might make a moving picture actor, except possibly for the scowl of short-sightedness which makes him seem angry, and a general look of intelligence and awareness about him. People who know him better than I do call him sweet and generous. He is as athletic as he looks. At school he played football and basketball and he was on the track team. He is an outdoor man during the summer when he enjoys fishing, sailing and swimming. In the city, in winter, his chief social pleasures consist in going out to dinner with friends, in dancing and in attending hockey matches and prize fights, at which he enjoys the crowds perhaps more than the matches. He reads a great deal and used to fancy himself a writer, for he composed little essays, probably philosophical little things, which he has since discarded. If he writes as well as he speaks, which is highly probable, certain thoughts on art that he has would be worth the reading.

Jon Corbino believes in the present and believes in living in it. He is fond of good living, of hearty eating and jovial drinking. He is not calculating, niggardly or life-denying. His idea of a good dinner is to have many courses and much wine, digested with fun and laughter. His idea of a party is of the real thing—big and gay, all wool and yards wide. Life in his eyes was not made for mourners in sackcloth and ashes. He believes in wearing good clothes, in eating good foods, in using the best materials in his work. Maybe all this has nothing to do with the kind of pictures Jon Corbino paints, and then, again, maybe it has. ⧻

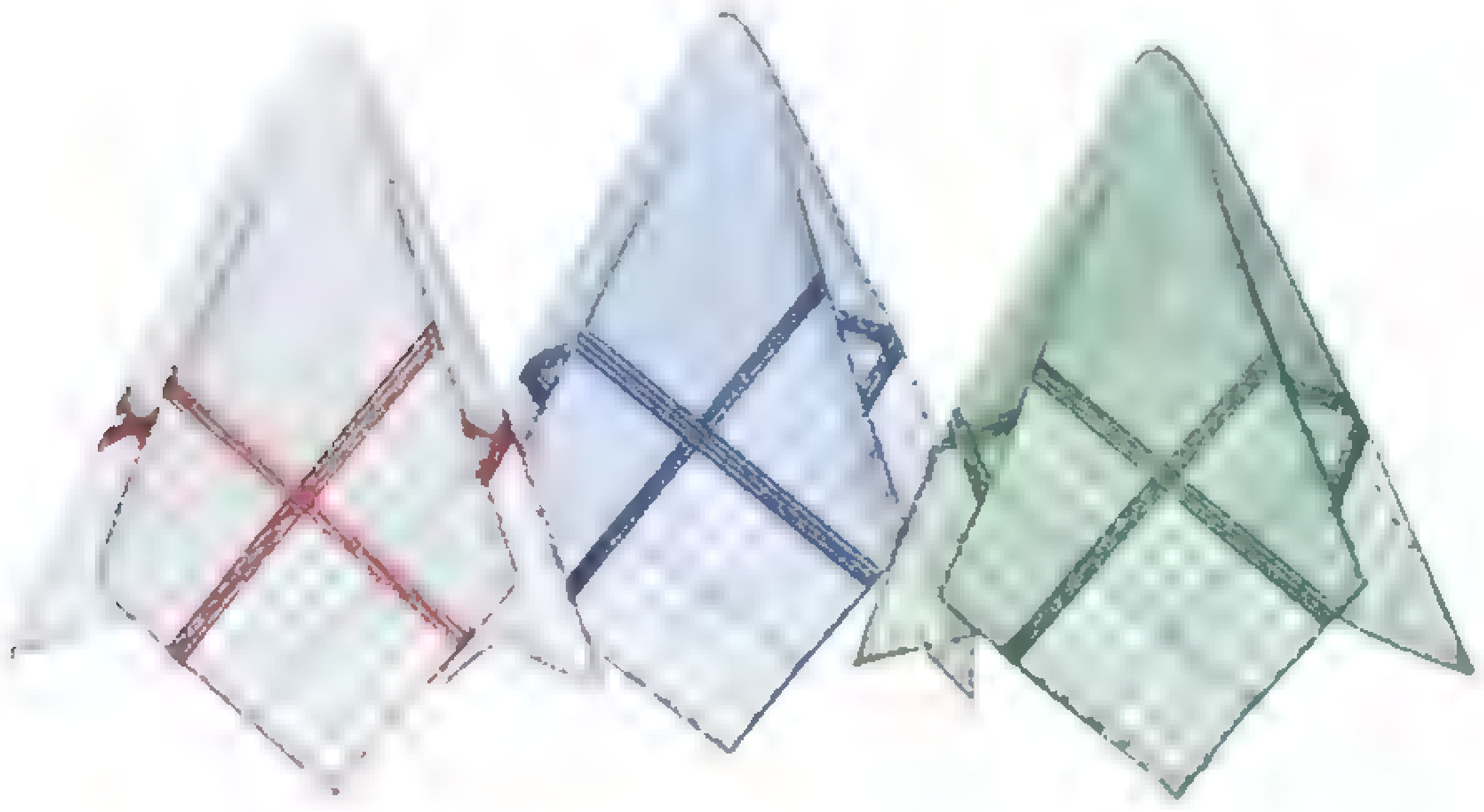
Arrow's Choice for this Month: Seed Stripes



Arrow's Seed Stripe Shirts bring you a white stripe done in a new manner—the white being a series of dots and dashes instead of the conventional white line. They look great on you. $2.25. Ties designed specially for the shirts, $1.



Don't sit on a seam. Wear Arrow shorts instead. Their seamless seat and crotch (patented) is far more comfortable to roost on. In Seed Stripe cloth, 65¢. undershirts, 50¢ up.

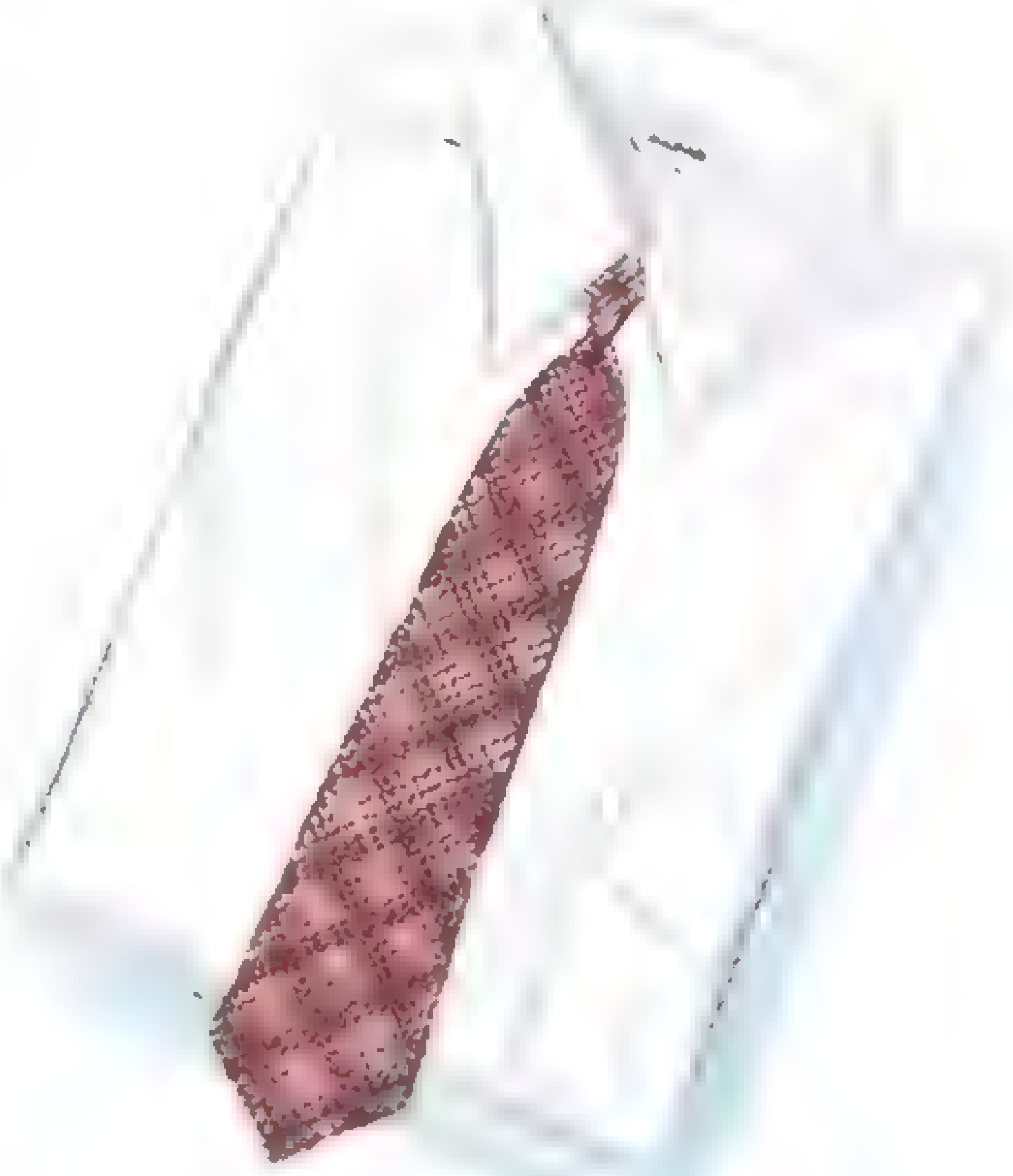


To do your Seed Stripe ensemble up right, put Arrow's Seed Stripe handkerchief in your top pocket. Same colors, same stripe as the shirts. And only 35¢!

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

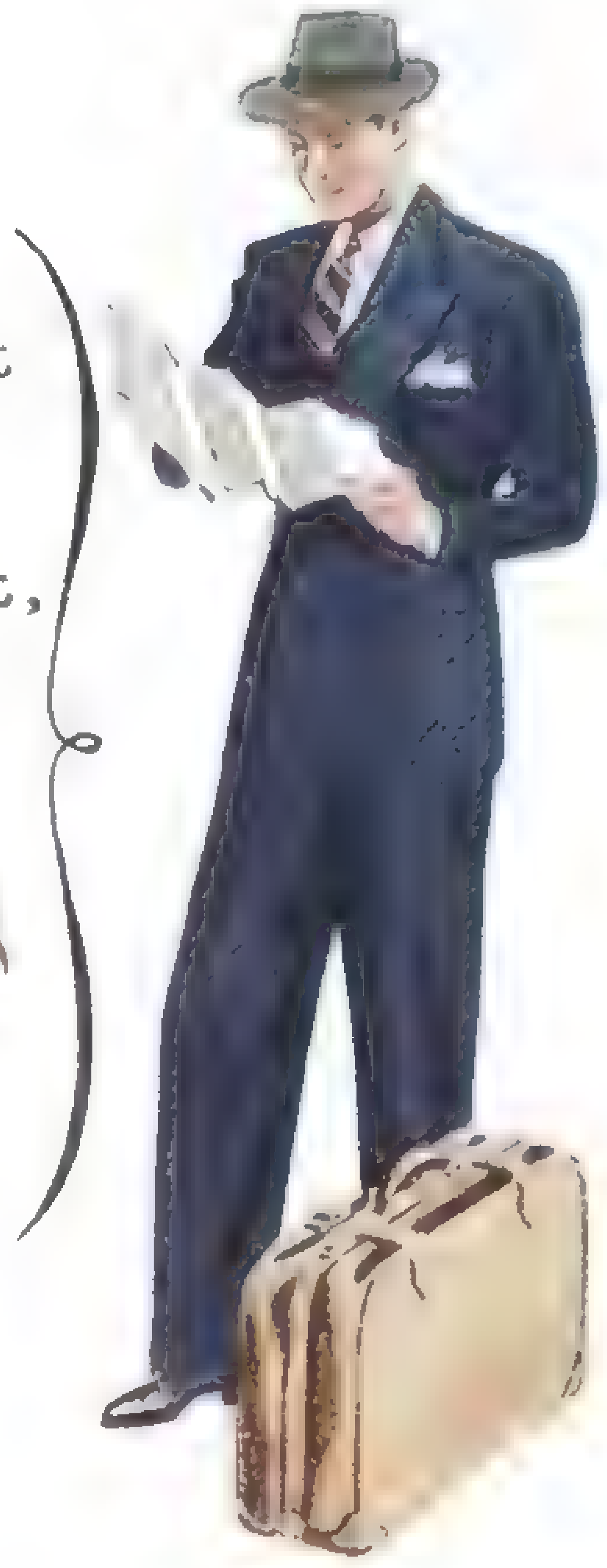
All Arrow shirts and Shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). Permanent fit guaranteed.



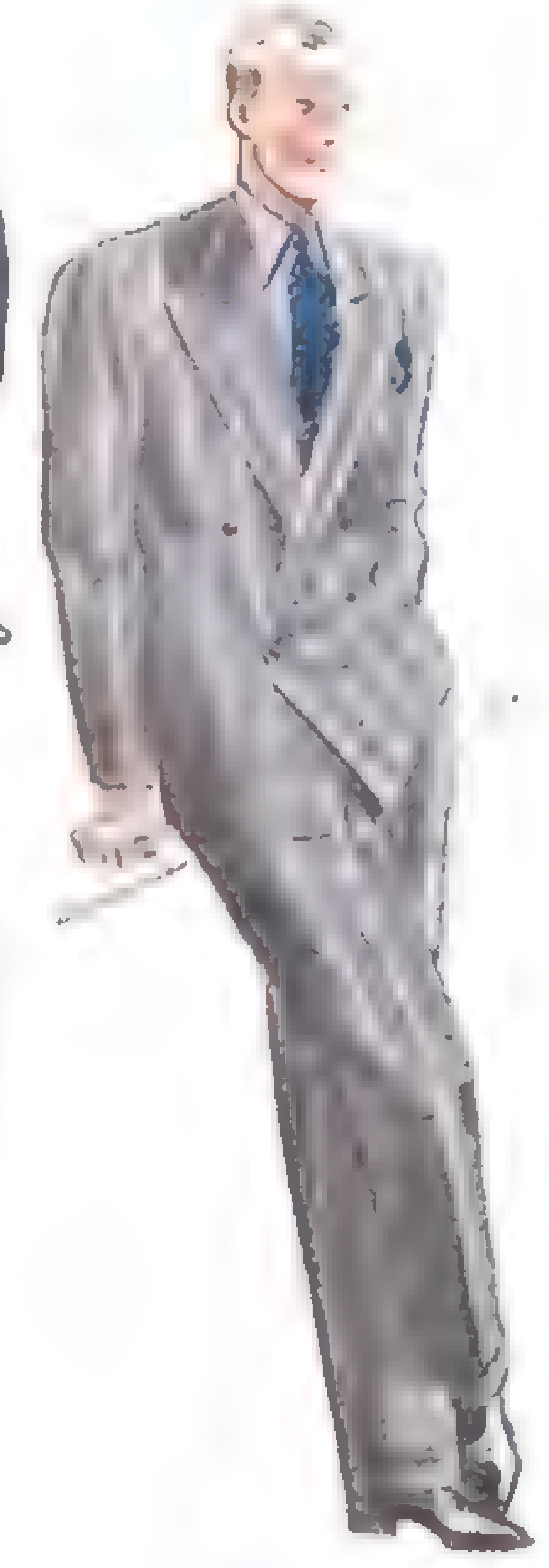
THRIFT CORNER—Arrow's New Trump Shirt has the longest-wearing soft collar in Christendom, yet the shirt costs but $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y

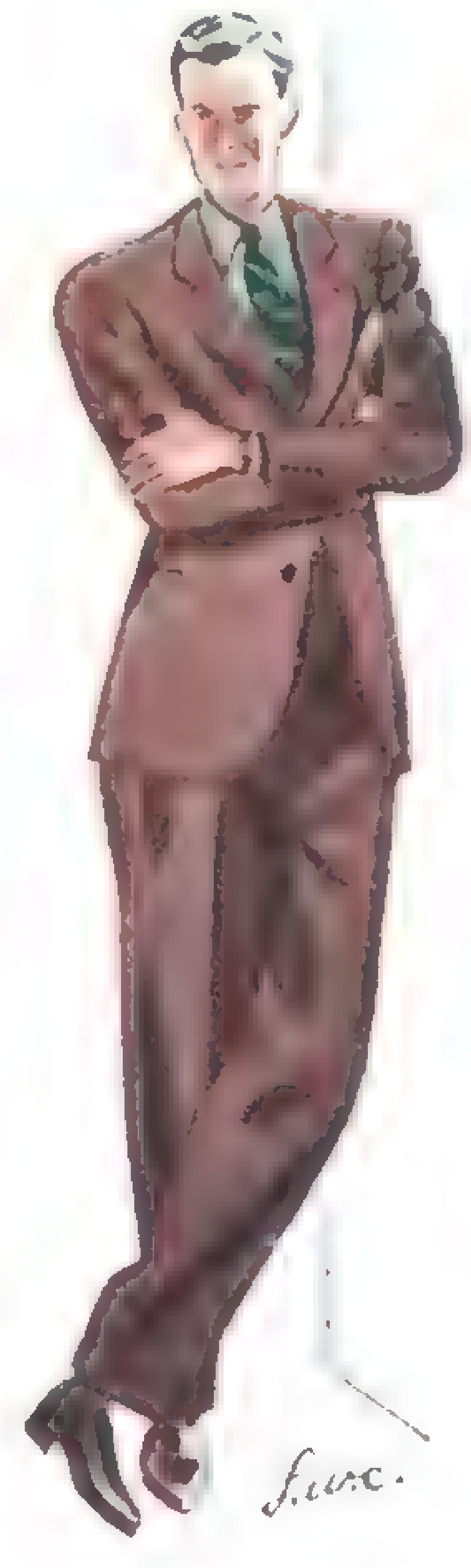
With blue cheviot wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With gray plaid wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With brown suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

Blow Hot or Cold

Continued from page 72

highballs, or cordials, may fittingly go on the individual bar tab. There is no law about this, just a matter of form based on common sense. In the lounge or at the bar there are plenty of opportunities for standing treat.

When it comes to a decision between good-fellowship and good sense, the average American, bent on a holiday from his routine cares, is pretty sure to lean toward good-fellowship. Hence there may come times when you drink more than you would otherwise. If this does happen, the best procedure is to make peace with your metabolism—find out the sort of anti-acid mixture that gives you that necessary balance and take a course of it before you turn in. Your correspondent has found a teaspoon of common table salt, in a glass of water, while not exactly ambrosia, is a fine thing to tone up the system. But you, no doubt, have your own antidote.

As no one sleeps late on a cruise, you will find it necessary to choose potables that will pass the time, keep up your appetite and yet not send you into your deck chair for a nap. You may plan on reading that book but ten to one you will prefer to watch the flying fish across the bow or the amazing pictures that the clouds, dipping into the sun's pot of color, paint across the sky. The gin-and-tonic that we have harped about so much is not a fad. It has its origins away back in India where the soldiers discovered it as a necessary daily thing. And for years, gin, due to its several medicinal ingredients, has been a drink of men who go to sea. Again champagne is a lifting drink in the morning. And for our money you can dispense with all the fruit salad that comes with a champagne cocktail and order your champagne right out of the bottle. Tariffs being what they are, champagne is ridiculously cheap on boats. Among the recipes at the conclusion of this article, you will find some other cruise drinks, such as stout and the mixtures of stouts and champagne.

As you approach the Spanish Main or the southern seas, you will want to follow the customs of the country and partake of the potables that long experience has proved are the proper ones for hot climes. Rum, the mainstay of the tropics, has the added advantage of being pleasant in so many ways. From the plain rum and soda to the many mixtures employing the citrus fruits, it is a drink that gives a steady glow and a lasting lift. It has been our experience that you can drink a lot of rum and still keep that tolerant eye on life in the pursuit of happiness.

If you are at all like the writer, and have a kink for wanting to see things made, the southern cruise is a paradise. In a dozen or more ports, Jamaica, Martinique, Cuba, Haiti, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, to mention a few, you can make tours through the distilleries or plants. Such a trip is sure to give you a greater respect for the potable and perhaps will help you establish a taste that will be of aid during the other eleven months of the year when you sit in your favorite bar and call for your favorite brand. The hospitality in some of these spots, where they are not burdened with regulations, will amaze you, and warm you. It is all in the interest of ambassadorship and in the end the dealer is not giving anything away. But the gesture is a fine one and a custom we will long remember. In Havana, two famous rum makers keep open house. The taxi drivers, without any urging, will probably take you to one of these spots and there, sitting under the palms, your capacity is your limit. It is a phase of the good neighbor policy that certainly gets our vote.

One tourist practice that we are not in favor of is the bringing back of "bargains" from your travels. I can string along with those who pick up a basket or two to help out some native dependent upon the handiwork for a living, or the purchase of some indigenous article that will be a souvenir of lasting delight. But I am all "agin" the buying of staple products made in Brooklyn or Baltimore and sold to the unwary as something special, to be purchased only in that port of call. Ten to one you can duplicate the article, at a lower price, in your own locality and you will thus be saved the ordeal of the customs insult, carrying charges and final disillusionment.

The idea of winter sports centers for the lay public is a recreational development much younger than the cruise and as yet has not attained its perfection of operation. To begin with, the winter sports entrepreneur is at the mercy of the weather and except in isolated cases, such as Sun Valley, he cannot offer the continuity of entertainment. Growing out of college activities, the winter sports have gained a great impetus the past two years from the unpleasant conditions abroad. With your favorite ski master in jail, and your whole behavior regulated, who could hope to find much fun in the twilight zone of Europe? God save us from visiting relatives when they are having a family quarrel.

One advantage the winter sports excursion has over the cruise is its easy availability. You can jump on a ski train without a great deal of preparation and be back at work without any loss of time. You do not even have to take a train, what with the tennis courts frozen over and some of the best hotels going in for ice rinks. According to the savants, the participating sports are the ones that do the most for you. It is one thing to cheer your favorite team, it is another to strap the skates or skis on your feet and go it alone. I haven't seen any learned explanations as yet for the return to our fathers for pastimes. But whether it is the seeking for simplicity, an escape from a harassed world of politics, or just pure old nostalgia, I for one am tickled at the sudden popularity of the straw ride and bobsled ride of our youth. There is something about the sound of sleigh bells, the crunch of horses' hooves in the dry snow and the quickening of the blood in the cold blue light of a full moon, that cannot be duplicated by any scientific synthesis of our modern civilization. And that includes swing music and strip tease floor shows.

In the old days the straw ride or the bobsled expedition was followed by a warming round of oyster stew. If you stopped en route there was hard cider, hot dogs cooked over a blazing fire and perhaps coffee, into which someone had carelessly put some pure "corn." The routine today does not greatly differ, though the names may be somewhat flossier. You may call it "café brule" but it is still something to warm the heart and fortify the blood against the cold. And hot dogs seem to be immortal.

As one who has sat on the terraces of the Champs Élysées and sipped Grog American, your correspondent is ready to attest that there is a certain affinity between penetrating cold and hot drinks that cannot be disturbed, or bettered. Hundreds of years ago the pioneers and the sailors on the seven seas, found out just what rum and butter in hot water would do for them in cold weather; today the skiers on Eastern Slope and in Sun Valley find the same delight and the same potency.

As the early American found enough exercise in his daily tasks in the field, he reversed the current process and took his sport indoors. "Bundling" you all know about and was as pleasant a pastime as you can imagine. It had one drawback, it was enjoyed only by the young. The older folks went in for hobnobbing. This was the equivalent of our modern sitting around the radiator and listening to the radio or chinning over the bar. In those days you sat in the tavern, which had the best fireplace, or at home. The *hob* was a projection in the fireplace that held the jug in which the wine, cider, or rum was heated the *nob* was a small table on which you put your tankard when you wanted to use your hands for emphasis or to drive home a point.

This department was considerably surprised last week to receive, from all places, the august seat of learning known as Harvard, a communication concerning the virtues of a drink common among the students at Cambridge. The correspondent stated that the beverage was made from a recipe long in the family, going almost back to the *Mayflower.* It was made from a base of hard cider and raisins, which had been allowed to ferment. It was not stated just which course this activity came under; perhaps "Philosophy IV"?

It was William James, one of the best to come out of Harvard, or anywhere else, who said in his *Varieties of Religious Experience:* "The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hours. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates, and says No: drinking expands, unites and says Yes. It is in fact the exciter of the Yes function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment, one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and unlettered it stands in the place of symphony orchestras and literature."

It is comforting to find that the spirit of the James boys lives on in the classic halls. The correspondent further adds that on a sleigh ride or trek into the open, the stuff may be warmed, fortified with hot rum and put into a thermos bottle. Education has come a long way: in the days when the student's great-grandpappy took a sleigh ride, he had to heat a stone jug in the fireplace and ascertain at just what point the hot potable could do more good out of the jug than in it.

Attached are some recent recipes for pleasant drinking at winter sports and for a cruise.

Hot Scotch

1 or 2 lumps of sugar
Dissolve in hot whisky glass with a little hot water
1 wine glass of Scotch Whisky
Lemon peel
Fill glass with hot water, stir and add nutmeg

Hot Rum

Dissolve 2 lumps sugar in hot whisky glass with a small amount hot water
1 wine glass dark Rum
½ lemon (juice)
Fill glass with hot water and sprinkle cinnamon on top

Hot Apple Toddy

¼ hot baked apple
2 teaspoons apple syrup
2 oz. Apple Brandy
Place all in very hot 10 oz. glass, fill with hot water, serve with nutmeg on top

Zero Night Punch (6 to 8 Persons)

½ cup granulated sugar
1 quart milk
2 whole lemon peels, pared very thin
Place in double boiler, and let come to a boil
Infuse 5 or 6 tea bags for 1 or 1½ minutes
Remove bags and add 10 oz. Apple Brandy
Boil for 2 or 3 minutes, and serve very hot with a little nutmeg on the top

Al Long's Special Hot Toddy

Juice of 1 lime
Sweeten 2 parts Drambuie, 1 part Raspberry
2 oz. Scotch Whisky

Continued at top of page 116

5 Selections from Florida's Largest System of Fine Hotels

RECOMMENDED TO THE LONG STAYER!

COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTELS

HOTEL ROYAL WORTH • WEST PALM BEACH

Superb resort hotel in a beautiful setting on lovely Lake Worth overlooking Palm Beach. Select clientele. Palm Beach's famous golf courses, clubs and beach, all of West Palm Beach's attractions to enjoy. Gulf Stream fishing. Open Dec. 15. Rates from $4 Eur. $8 Amer. Ken Arnold, Manager

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Overlooking picturesque Manatee River, a most enjoyable spot to spend the winter. Handsomely built and furnished; modern, fireproof. Excellent table and service. Easily accessible to Gulf beaches and fine golf courses. Fishing. Open Dec. 15. Rates from $3.50 Eur. $7 Amer. L. R. Cornell, Manager

right

HOTEL SARASOTA TERRACE • SARASOTA

Smart center of activity in smart Sarasota. Delightfully located off business center. Entirely modern, with emphasis on cuisine and guest comfort. Beautiful Lido Beach and golf courses nearby. Fishing. Open Dec. 15. Rates from $3.50 Eur. $7 Amer. T. M. Hall, Manager

IN FLORIDA'S most delightful vacation centers . . . thoroughly modern, handsomely equipped, with the highest standards of cuisine and comfort . . . private or convenient facilities for golf, bathing, fishing, all sports . . . and of great importance, with highly attractive rates for long stayers and early comers.

●

9 HOTELS DOMINATING THE WEST COAST

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Gasparilla Inn . . . . . . Boca Grande
Everglades Inn . . . . Everglades
Rod & Gun Club . . . . . . Everglades

EAST COAST HOTELS

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IN THE HIGHLANDS

Hotel Lakeland Terrace, Lakeland

BARRON G. COLLIER, *President*
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One of the West Coast's finest resort hotels. On water. Own 18 hole golf course, tennis, traps. Bathing from hotel. Excellent quail hunting (Nov. 20-Feb. 15). Fresh and salt water fishing. Restricted clientele. Delightful, club-like atmosphere. Open Nov. 20. Rates from $7 Amer.

HOTEL LAKELAND TERRACE • LAKELAND

In the heart of the Florida highlands. Overlooking Lake Mirror is the Lakeland Terrace, Lakeland's leader. Modern. Guest rooms long stayers like. Bathing, golf, bass fishing. Famous attractions and West Coast resorts a short drive. Excellent table. Open all year. Rates from $3 Eur. $6 Amer. R. J. Waller, Manager

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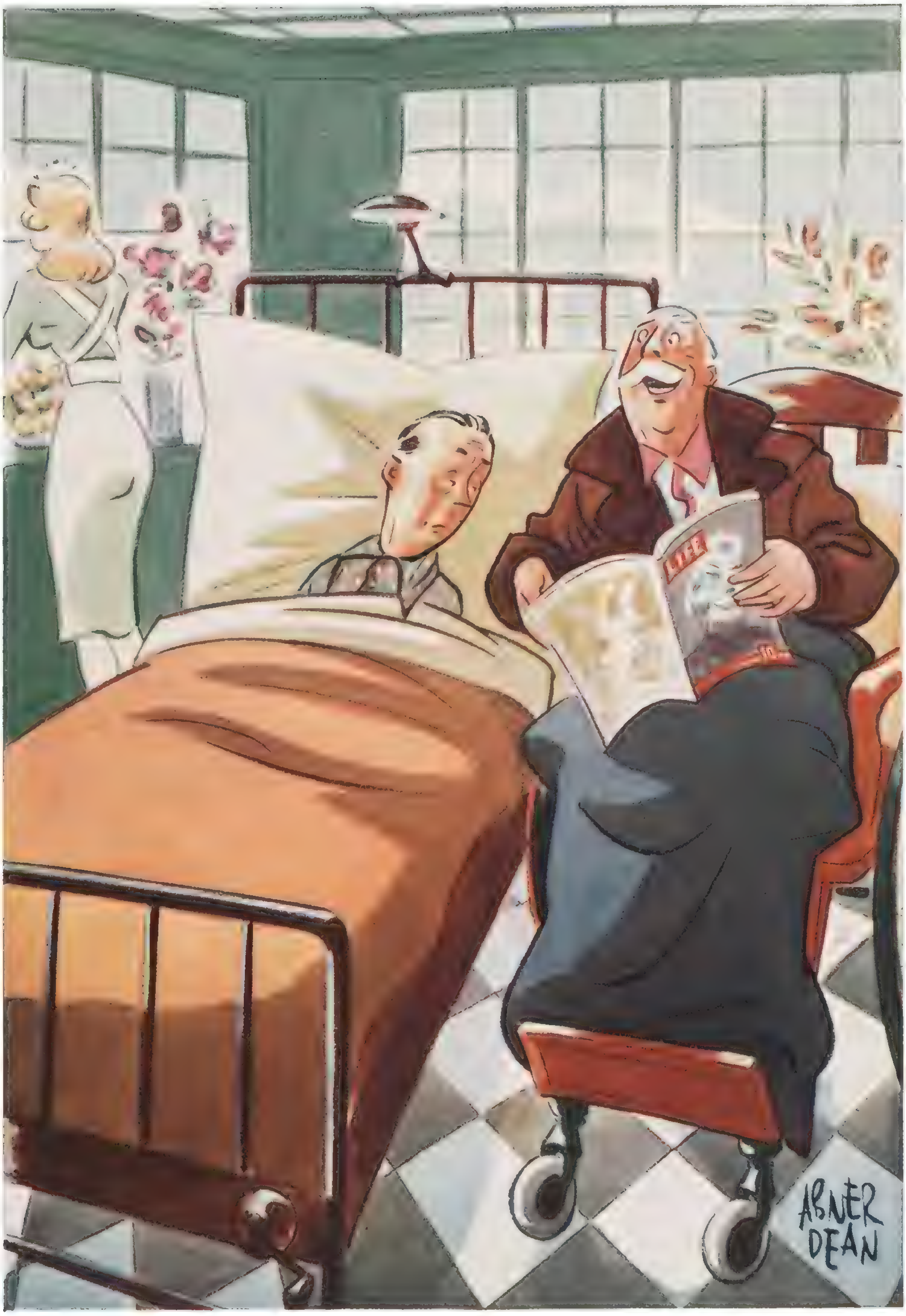
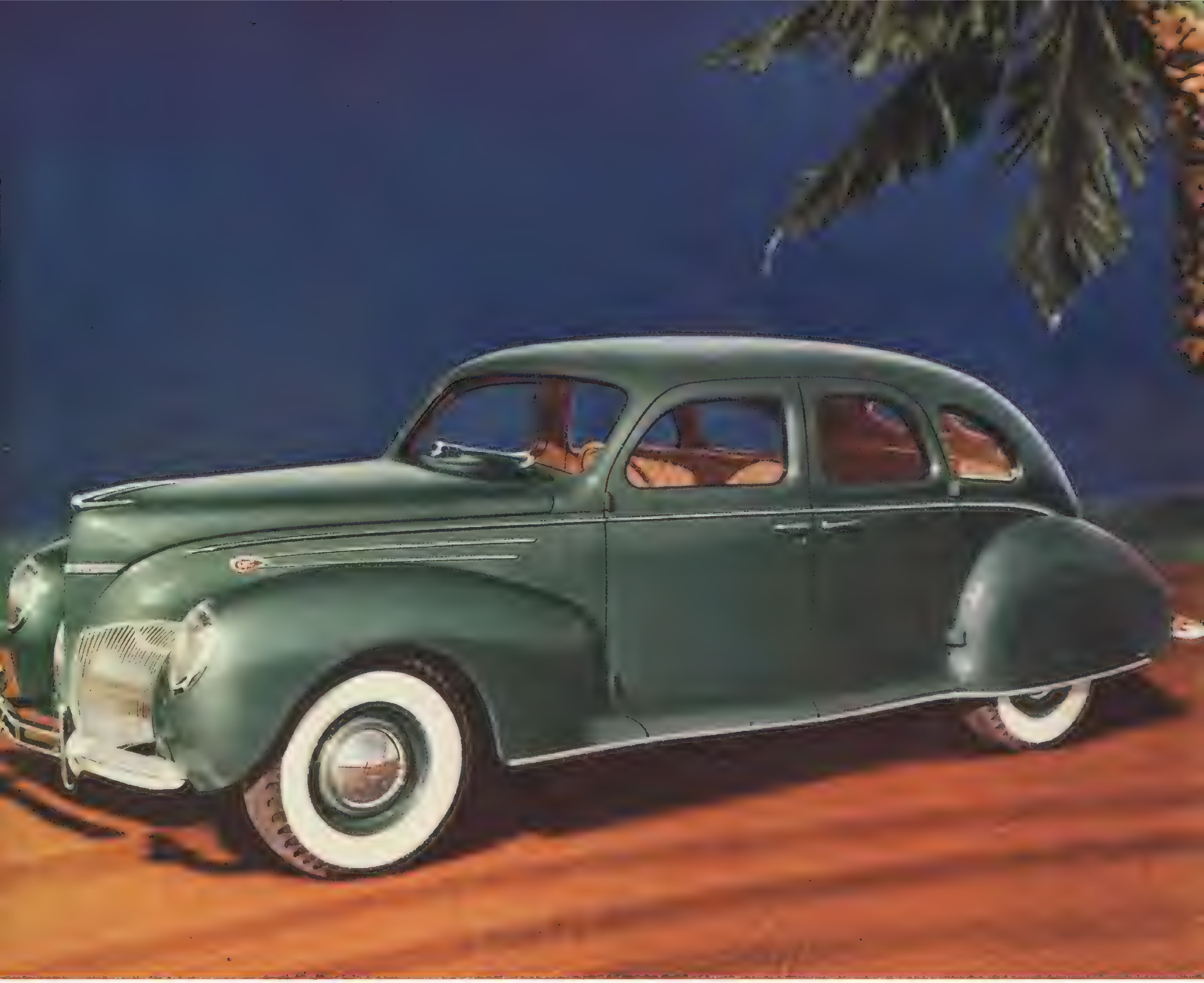

LIFE
ABNER DEAN

"This operation paid for itself—I sold the pictorial rights to LIFE*!"*



UNTIL YOU DRIVE THIS "TWELVE"—

You'll never know how much more driving pleasure extra cylinders mean—until you get behind the wheel of the 12-cylinder Lincoln-Zephyr. There's a special tingle to this smooth power—and an urge to head for far places.

You'll never know what it is to reel off 400, 500 or 600 miles a day, perfectly relaxed and ready for more the next morning—until you point your Lincoln-Zephyr toward the horizon. The perfect balance of this car, and the feeling of road-hugging security brought by its low center of gravity are somehow different from anything you've ever experienced.

You'll never know the full meaning of the words "safety rides with you" until you feel yourself surrounded by this solid one-piece body-frame of the Lincoln-Zephyr, and sense the added visibility of its wide windshield and deep windows. With power a-plenty to go gently, and smooth hydraulic brakes to stop gently, you ride relaxed no matter what.

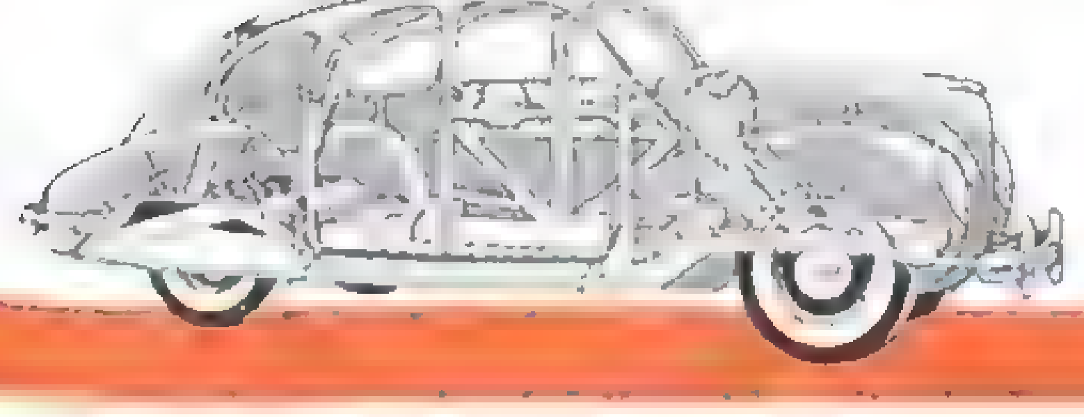
And what a difference *ample* room makes—what a stretch-out feeling you get in this luxurious interior where six find *comfort!*

Add it all up—and it reads Lincoln-Zephyr—topped off with an economy unheard of in a car of this size—and so satisfying as the miles roll up. Think of 14 to 18 miles to a gallon—the fewer stops for fuel—and the less wear on your pocketbook *that* brings.

Style leader? Look about you as the 1939 models roll by. Value leader in its field? Talk to owners—over 60,000 of the most enthusiastic men and women ever to drive a motor car.

But—you'll never really *know* this car until you drive it. Won't you try it out tomorrow? Lincoln Motor Company—division of Ford Motor Company, builders of Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln motor cars

BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY



A combination of features that makes it the only car of its kind. 1—*Unit-body-and-frame—steel panels welded to steel trusses.* 2—*V-type 12-cylinder engine—smooth, quiet power.* 3—*14 to 18 miles to the gallon.* 4—*High power-to-weight ratio—low center of gravity.* 5—*Comfort for six, "amidships" in chair-height seats—gliding ride—direct entrance—high visibility.* 6—*Hydraulic brakes.*

Lincoln-Zephyr V-12

STYLE LEADER FOR 1939

Blow Hot or Cold

Continued from pages 72-112

3 oz. boiling water
Mix and bring to boil

Hot Spiced Rum

1 jigger dark Rum
3 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons fresh butter
½ teaspoon mixed spices (powdered cloves, cinnamon)
Fill glass with boiling water
Stir well and serve

Marcia Delano's Northern

1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg
Beat till stiff
½ glass Puerto Rico Rum
¼ glass Brandy
Fill glass with boiling water
Stir and serve with grated nutmeg on top

Hot Rum Punch

1 pt. Puerto Rico Rum
½ pt. Cognac
½ wine glass Kümmel
½ wine glass Benedictine
1 lemon or lime peel
1 orange peel
1 sliced orange or grapefruit
1 sliced lemon or lime
Sugar to taste
Put all in bowl, add 3 pts. boiling water
Stir well and serve

Hot Tea Punch (6 drinks)

1 pt. Puerto Rico Rum
1 pt. Brandy
2 sliced oranges
1 sliced lemon or lime
3 pts. freshly brewed hot tea
Sugar to taste
And, oh yes, mull with red hot poker

Hot Brandy

1 teaspoon sugar, dissolved in boiling water
1 wine glass Brandy
Fill ⅔ with boiling water
Grate nutmeg on top

At the famous Florida Bar in Havana we have tried the following:

Daiquiri

2 ounces Bacardi
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon maraschino
Juice ½ lemon
Shake with cracked ice. Serve frappé

Lee Miller's Frobisher

Use 10 oz. glass
2 ounces Gin
1 dash bitters
1 lemon peel
Plenty cracked ice
Fill glass to brim with Champagne
Do not strain

My Sin Cocktail

1 oz. Absinthe
1 oz. Anisette
1 drop bitters
White of egg
Plenty of ice, shake well and strain

Brandy Cocktail

Use 10 oz. glass
Cracked ice
1 sprig of mint
1 lemon peel, squeezing juice in glass
½ teaspoon sugar
1 drop bitters
½ teaspoonful Curaçao
2 oz. Cognac
Shake lightly, strain, and serve

Bacardi Cocktail No. 1

Juice of half a lime
½ teaspoon granulated sugar
2 oz. Bacardi (white label)

Bacardi Cocktail No. 2

Juice of half a lime
1 teaspoonful of Grenadine
1 part Gin
2 parts Bacardi

Brandy Flip

2 oz. Brandy
1 dash bitters
½ teaspoonful Curaçao
1 sprig of mint
½ teaspoon sugar
Lemon peel
Shake well and strain

Caledonia

⅓ Crème de Cacao
⅓ Cognac
⅓ milk
Yolk of egg
1 dash bitters
Lemon peel
Shake well, strain, and serve with cinnamon on top

Between-Sheets

⅓ Cognac
⅓ Crème de Cacao
⅓ cream
1 dash bitters
1 teaspoon sugar
Lemon peel
Plenty cracked ice
Shake well, strain and serve

Walsh's Champagne Cocktail

Use 10 oz. glass. Fill with cracked ice
1 lump sugar
1 sprig mint
Lemon peel
Fill glass to brim with champagne
Serve with cherry

Café Cocktail

1 black coffee
½ Crème de Cacao
½ Cognac
1 teaspoonful sugar
Lemon peel
Shake well, strain and serve

Green Fizz

2 oz. Gin
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon Green Crème de Menthe
Juice 1 lemon
White of egg
Cracked ice
Shake well and serve

Floridita Special

⅓ Rye Whisky
½ sweet Vermouth
1 teaspoonful Amer Picon
½ teaspoonful Curaçao
½ teaspoonful sugar
1 dash bitters
Lemon peel
Cracked ice
Shake well and serve

Pick-Me-Up

½ Dubonnet
½ Cognac
⅓ Anisette
Lemon peel
White of egg
Cracked ice
Shake well, strain and be picked-up

If your cruise is a private one, Mortimer Doolittle, of Stamford, Connecticut, contributes The Connecticut Bullfrog:

This cocktail must never be served on shore but always on a boat, provided that the boat is not over 45 ft. long and the owner is the skipper (no hired hand). The ingredients are awful but the result does have something. Here they are and you must have them on board:

4 parts Gin
1 part New England Rum
1 part lemon juice
1 part maple syrup

Shake these ingredients together until your arms ache. Then have someone else do the same thing with about ten times the usual amount of ice

Serve frappé and regardless of the size or previous condition of servitude of your boat, all your guests will gratefully swear that they are at the Waldorf-Astoria at sea!#

You Have to Have Snow

Continued from page 87

and adjoining this, knotted pine rooms with upper and lower bunks. The inns have a large skating rink, a practice ski slope in the rear, a large indoor game room with deck-tennis, shuffleboard, etc.

Most exciting novelty is the new ski-mobile tramway on Cranmore Mountain, about a half-mile from the Inn. Sixty individual four-wheeled ski-mobiles with pneumatic tires are clamped, at intervals, to a steel cable which runs beneath a wooden skiway which propels them like cable cars up and down the mountain. Skiers merely step on the running board of the ski-mobile with or without skis, as it passes slowly by the loading platform, sit down, and step off at the top of Cranmore, a ride of nearly three thousand feet and a rise of six hundred fifty-eight feet.

While Cranmore is now one of the most outstanding slopes in the East, there are other slopes within a few miles of the Inn. A fleet of station-wagons, all heated, cart the guests to and fro . . . without charge. The old maestro, Benno Rybicka, is again in command of the famous Eastern Slope Ski School. Benno has trained a batch of local boys who shout orders to their pupils in a curious lingo, a combination of New England accent and the Austrian guttural of the pro.

Swinging over into Vermont we have Stowe, a pleasant, hospitable little village perched in a picturesque rugged countryside with forty miles of trails. Six miles from Stowe is The Lodge, a comfortable inn in the best New England tradition.

Nobody dresses for dinner, guests crowd around the piano or listen to the inevitable "ukelele artist" perform. You'll remember the griddle cakes or waffles and sirup you get for breakfast . . . and the guests wolf quantities of "lady kisses," a Stowe specialty made out of marshmallow.

Very much in evidence is the little town of Woodstock, Vermont, a skidorado of the "tow-maniacs." Woodstock skiers are young speed demons who take their work seriously. In preparation of some of their foolhardiness the town hearse doubled for an ambulance. White Cupboard Inn, the most popular place to stay, is cluttered with Harvard students down during midyear, and the Dartmouth boys often drive over for an afternoon's run. The town is full of rooming houses; every New England housewife hangs out a sign "Rooms, $1.00."

One of the most interesting places in Vermont is Mt. Pico, nine miles east of Rutland with a 2,000-foot elevation. Here in the woods is Long Trail Lodge which is a very unusual piece of woodland architecture inasmuch as the Lodge is built around the natural country without clearing. In other words, the trees go right up through the building and the trunks are utilized for various purposes inside. The dining room has one big tree with branches disappearing through the ceiling. A serving table is built around the base of this. In one corner is a large boulder which serves various purposes.

The East has by no means a monopoly on skiing terrain. Newest converts to the ski craze are the dude ranches. Instead of Austrian pedagogs, the cowboys, supposedly as good on the slippery hickories as they are on bucking broncos, teach you an American brand of skiing. Only a few ranches are open all winter . . . Dot S Dot Ranch in Big Timber, Montana, E Bar L Ranch in Missoula, Montana and 7-Up Ranch in Helena, Wyoming contributes the Tepee Lodge at Sheridan. These are easily reached via the Northern Pacific Railway . . . one day out of Chicago. As to rates, the ranches meet you more than halfway in their efforts to inveigle you into sampling winter hospitality in the great open spaces.

Or you can hop the Union Pacific and head for Denver where some of the best skiing is found in an area known as Berthoud Pass. Berthoud has plenty of snow, averaging five or six feet, from November until the middle of May! You stay at the Conroy Hotel in Idaho Springs (rooms as little as one-fifty without bath) and drive in a bus or automobile to Berthoud.

Most highly publicized ski spot and pride of the West, is, of course, Sun Valley, Averill Harriman's baby in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, and winter playground of movie stars and New York and Chicago society.

The Union Pacific and United Airlines work hand in hand in carrying Eastern and Midwestern ski fans to the West. From New York the speediest way, of course, is to take the United Mainliner out of Newark at six-fifteen p. m. with an early morning arrival at Salt Lake, a direct connection with Western Air Express to Pocatello and another direct connection there with Union Pacific trains which go directly to Ketchum. Round trip, two hundred twenty-nine dollars. The new Mainliners can now take care of carrying skis which formerly had to be shipped out by rail or hired at Sun Valley.

Sun Valley Lodge is something special with its restaurants and cafés, its open-air warm water swimming pool, its sun bathing in three-sided cubicles of ice. Less expensive is the Challenger Inn, close at hand. Authentic European atmosphere is regularly provided by Hans Hauser and his "boys" who are all Austrian ski

Continued on page 119

KEN
SCOOPS
THE NEWS

KEN'S RECORD TO DATE

1. *KEN* exposed Japanese, German and Italian espionage in Panama.
2. *KEN* predicted the Moroccan Revolt which made newspaper headlines two weeks later.
3. *KEN* was first to print the "inside" explanation of the Berlin visit of Lord Halifax in November, 1937.
4. *KEN* forewarned Mexico of the Cedillo revolt which happened 51 days later.
5. *KEN* foretold the uprising against Vargas in Brazil.
6. *KEN* forecast, months in advance, the outbreak of the Holy War in Palestine.
7. *KEN* first revealed the actual details of the "hard day at Berchtesgaden," telling what was actually said to Schuschnigg.
8. *KEN* broke the news that Japan had secretly fortified the Mandated Islands.
9. *KEN* exposed the noisy campaigning of Winrod in Kansas and brought the Republican powers out against him.
10. *KEN* exposed to the Dies Committee the repeatedly denied connection between Berlin and the Bunds.
11. *KEN* warned the A. M. A. on its handling of the Group Health Association. 80 days later the Government filed suit, citing this case.
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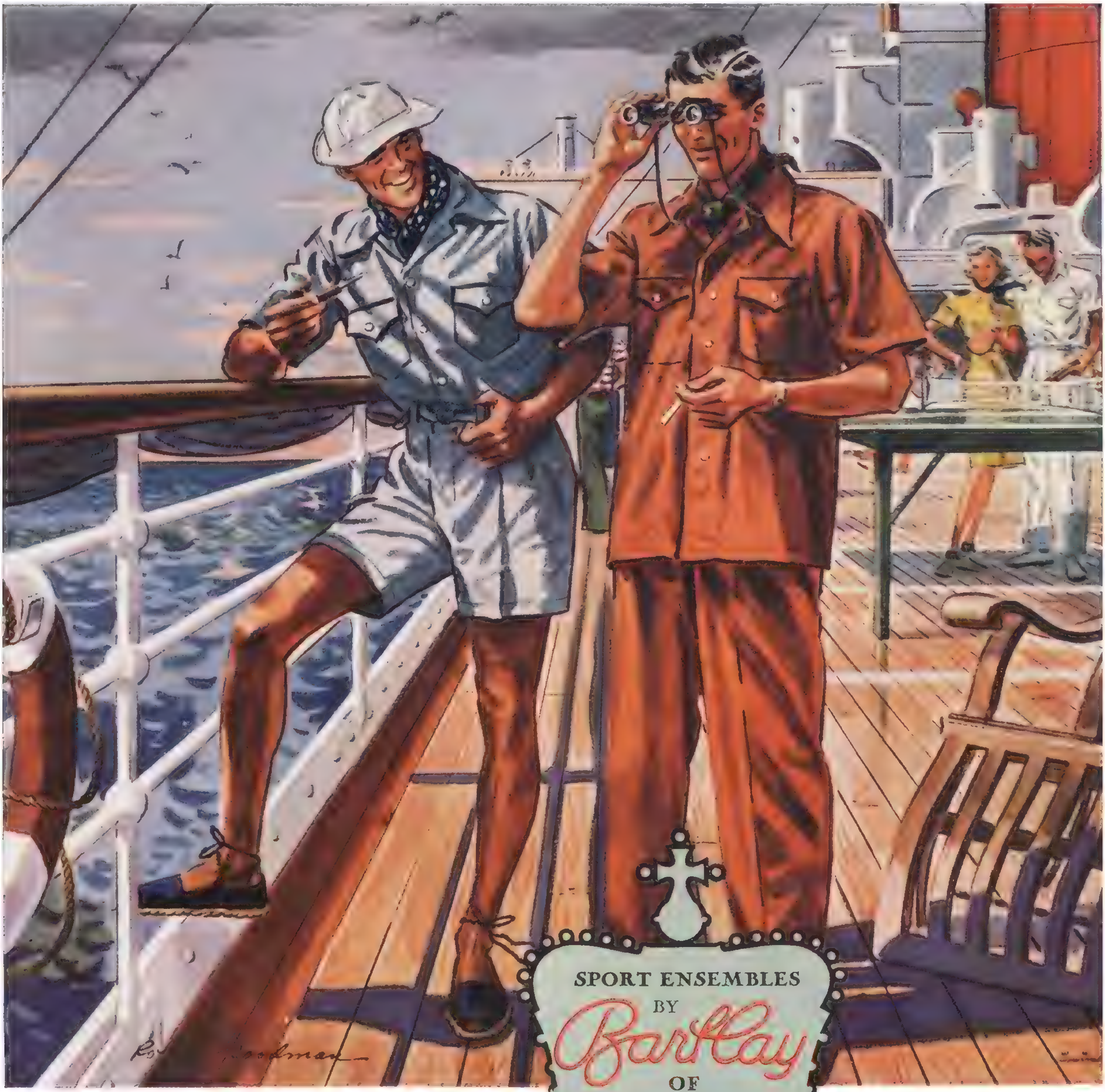

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You Have to Have Snow

Continued from pages 87-116

champs, who excel in teaching that old-world technique to our American maidens.

You don't say "I want to ski alone" at Sun Valley. Everybody attends ski school. The school is divided up into many classes and you join the class best suited to your knowledge. Whether you are baby or "Kanone" as the experts are called, you are subject to continuous criticism by the teachers. The boys are hard taskmasters, but you emerge at the end of two weeks with more knowledge than you would ordinarily accrue in two years.

Of course ice skating is important at the Valley. The Lodge has a new ice plaza, eighty by one hundred feet, which is thrown open in the evening for musical moonlight and lantern parties. The illuminated ice bar has been rebuilt . . . bigger and better than ever.

Sledding parties, with dog teams or horse-drawn cutters have, this year, a snug stopping place in the new mountain cabin on Trail Creek, a couple of miles above the village. Log fires crackle and there is always a deft hand ready at any hour to administer a hot *glühwein* or rum punch. A new championship ski run down Mt. Baldy is reached by the unique snow tank which tows twenty-five skiers in a scow-like sled up the mountainside.

Now if you may find yourself detailed to Reno during the ski season, to do the customary six weeks' stretch, be not dismayed . . . your matrimonial exile can take on the glamor of a six weeks' sports holiday.

You probably won't stay in Reno proper, but repair to one of the numerous "divorce ranches" which nestle in the shadow of the Sierras. The most exclusive of these is Washoe Pines Ranch, about twenty-two miles from Reno on the road to Carson City, and owned and operated by Mrs. Van Law, a prominent Reno society woman. Washoe Pines is charmingly rustic . . . a series of separate log cabins each with private bath . . . a main living room and dining quarters. Washoe's guests, predominantly female, consist of important socialites from all over the country . . . usually with a large Manhattan majority.

Washoe is open the year around and there is good snow from mid-December until March. In its front yard lies Washoe Lake for skating . . . in its back yard a ski run down the mountain. If snow fails, you can always jump into your Western saddle and go for a canter accompanied by the omnipresent cowboy. After you've tired of gamboling in the snow during the day, you can wend your way into Reno for a siege of gambling in the evening. Or you can drift over to Carson City to Leon's famous Capitol Bar for a round of roulette and one of his potent "capitol coolers." Leon and the cowboys, if urged, may stage a "badger fight" at the expense of some new Eastern "dudelo."

A stone's throw from Washoe Pines and only about two hundred miles from San Francisco, is Soda Springs on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and also on the main transcontinental highway. Situated at an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet, it offers some of the most beautiful skiing in the country. The Sierra Club operates a lodge there which accommodates one hundred twenty people and any number of smaller privately owned hostelries will be glad to welcome you. The beginners find excellent instruction in the ski school of the Austrian brothers Klein, whereas experts can ascend Mount Lincoln, an eleven-thousand-foot peak which affords some of the most magnificent runs. On the same line is Cisco where in March the first international ski championships in the United States will be held.

Lake Tahoe also offers skiing for novice and expert. You stay at a small hotel with cabin accommodations for about one hundred fifty people. Near by is Truckee . . . haven for San Francisco weekend ski trains run by the Southern Pacific. You can either stay in cabins, private houses or sleep right in your Pullman berth. There are rumors of a million dollar resort to be built soon in the vicinity of Truckee.

Yosemite Valley is another skier's paradise. Inclosed by granite walls which shut out the winds it has a mild and balmy winter climate. In Yosemite, you'll probably want to stay at the beautiful Ahwahnee Hotel, one of the most suavely managed in the country. Ahwahnee is Indian in motif; your foot sinks into precious Alpuharra rugs, hand-woven by the Basques in the Pyrenees more than a hundred years ago. The park surrounding the hotel is a refuge for deer who can be seen through the gigantic windows, stepping delicately through the deep snow.

The Indian atmosphere of the hotel turns Austrian come ski time. Hannes Schroll and Sigi Engl hold sway on the slopes with five streamlined assistants. You do not ski on the valley floor but busses take you in a forty-minute ride from the hotel up to the Ski House on Badger Pass, headquarters for the Yosemite Ski School and containing a beautiful lounge, restaurant and waxing room. Bronzing to a healthy tan, you lunch in leisurely comfort on the open porch from which you can watch the budding ski heroes bending their knees on the nursery slopes, and see the "up-ski" in operation. It is a sort of double-ended snow boat pulled by an endless cable up the hill. In a distance of three thousand feet it lifts you six hundred feet and from its top station you have a choice of various downhill runs, all of which land you at different points on the motor road. Special ski busses run at half-hour intervals, return you again to Badger Pass and the up-ski, so you can crowd quite a bit of downhill running into a day's work.

In the evening, if you're not too tired, you will skate to music on the magnificent and brilliantly lighted skating rink, or, maybe, the soft moonlight will tempt you to go sleigh-riding through the silent redwood forest. You'll find life is worth living in Yosemite.

Sunny California has developed a ski business from practically nothing a few years ago to over a million dollar business. Two million enthusiasts invaded the High Sierras last year, and California publicity aces now sell in addition to the "balmy California climate," an Alpine Ski Season from early winter until June!

From May on, most of the skiing is done in the region of the glaciers. Fifty miles from Portland rises Mt. Hood, some 11,225 feet. Here, each June, the International Midsummer Ski Tournament is held. You stay at the Timberline Lodge with accommodations for nearly two hundred fifty guests. Most of the bedrooms have glorious open fireplaces and nearly all of them private baths.

If you are in the early stages of skiing, spring and summer months are an ideal time to learn because of easy snow conditions. In spring what skiers call "corn snow" freezes to a solid crust during the night. The warmth of the sun thaws the upper layers of crust during the day and makes the snow into a soft, binding surface which is easy to ski on. The firm snow of spring and summer is slower than the powder snow of winter . . . and waxing is important.

If you are going in for glacier skiing, put your heavy woolens away in moth balls. You do a strip-skis act when you ski in the spring . . . the less you wear, the better. Gabardine or linen plus fours and a cotton mesh shirt or else stripped to the waist. Take along a sweater and a windbreaker of lightweight windproof material, for icy winds spring up suddenly. As the combination of sun on snow is super dazzling, always wear a tennis visor or a glacier hat, and invariably sun glasses. Beware of exposing your skin too long . . . a ski burn can be worse than that of a tropical sun. Seasoned skiers grease their faces and necks with a good glacier cream or a plentiful application of sun lotion.

One of the oldest of the Pacific Northwest's meccas of winter sports, is Paradise Valley, directly below Mt. Rainier in Washington . . . the largest single mountain in the United States, rising some 14,408 feet into the clouds. Off its ramparts stretch ski runs as steep and long as any in the country . . . particularly the course from Camp Muir down to Paradise Valley. The snowfall here is two to three times as heavy as that of Switzerland, and in certain sections, there is skiing the year around.

In Paradise Valley you'll go in for "tin pants sliding" . . . the quaint sport of parking your fanny on a tin dishpan which obligingly slides you downhill at a terrific rate. Paradise Inn is open from December until May . . . a civilized spot with large dance floor and excellent cuisine. Paradise Lodge is open the year around and it is far less expensive—meals here served cafeteria style.

The Cascade Mountains are the newest skiing ground for the people of Tacoma and Seattle. Special Sunday snow trains run to Martin at the foot of the Cascade range. Log cabins have been built here to provide dining and shelter for Sunday excursionists. Other trains carry enthusiasts from Seattle and Tacoma to Helena, Washington.

Not far from Seattle, and about twenty miles south of the Canadian border, looms Mt. Baker in the heart of a vast uplifted wilderness of glacier-covered mountain peaks. Sheltered by high mountains that break severe coastal storms, is one of the finest ski grounds on the Pacific Coast. It was here that Jack London's *Call of the Wild* was filmed. Many skiers from Vancouver, as well as from Seattle, lease bungalows for the season or stay at Mt. Baker Lodge.

The Canadian Rockies vie in importance with American ski spots. Vancouver offers sea bathing in the morning and skiing in the afternoon! The season commences in November and lasts until June . . . and the snow precipitation often reaches a depth of over twenty feet. On Grouse Mountain, only an hour from the heart of the city, many of the ski clubs have cabins at an elevation of four thousand feet. At the terminus of the road stands a large modern chalet commanding a magnificent view of the city, ocean and surrounding mountains.

Banff, however, with an altitude of forty-five hundred and a mild winter climate, is the center of skiing in the Rockies. The Norquay Ski Camp, home of the Banff Ski Club, rises eleven hundred feet above the town. With government assistance a championship jumping hill has been built, a slalom hill seven hundred feet in length and the longest downhill trail in Canada dropping three thousand feet in a mile and a half. Mt. Assiniboine Lodge where Erling Strome provides for $70 a week, Skoki Lodge near Lake Louise, and Sunshine Lodge at Sunshine Valley are a veritable Garden of Eden for skiers.

But where to ski from August on through the Fall? Simply board one of the Grace Line ships or hop a Pan-American airliner, and prepare to do your skiing in the Andes! Skiing in Chile begins in July and goes on through November . . . after which you turn again to the Northern Hemisphere in time for winter sports in the land of the ski. #

The 70,000 Who Were Had

Continued from page 59

Prairie, in the heart of Wisconsin's army of Drake suckers, I whispered: "I got a little money to invest. Who's taking it for the Drake estate around here?"

The mailman knew. He was an investor. He directed me to the Wisconsin headquarters of the swindle, in Madison. There I met a muscular blond named Lester J. Millis. A white scar angles across one corner of his mouth. His hair is thinning. His eyes are gray and piercing. He is still at large. The postal inspectors would like to know where.

"Are you connected with Hartzell?" I asked.

"Yes, anything I can do for you?"

"Well, a fellow at Columbus was telling my dad about the Drake estate and I want to find out about it before putting in any money."

Mr. Millis became most gracious, as the executioner is gracious before swinging the axe. He invited me upstairs and offered me an upholstered chair, while he sprawled across the davenport.

"There's the man right there who's at the head of it," Millis said with a wave toward Hartzell's *handsome photograph atop a mahogany piano.* "No finer man ever lived. Now I tell you, what we got seems unbelievable, but it's one of the few honest deals in the country today. They call us crazy, but when the estate is settled it'll be Wall Street that's crazy."

He spoke swiftly, jumpily and inexhaustibly. It must have been that he confounded the gullible with verbosity and endurance. He wasn't the cinema confidence man, who beguiles his victims with social graces; he was the practical confidence man, who fits his graces to his country cousins and bamboozles them with visions of freeing them from the toil of the soil.

"Our deal goes right back to Drake, the English pirate," he related. "Sixty-six countries of the world are in. Queen Elizabeth gave Drake a buckskin deed to all this country because he sailed the Golden Hind around the world and brought her gold. The American colonies fought for their freedom and freed themselves from the government of England, but it didn't free them from that deed. The Drake estate owns the whole damn U. S. A.! You know as well as I do you can't get away from a deed."

Well, I didn't know that, but I didn't tell Millis.

"Everyone thought when Drake died he didn't leave any heirs. But years later they found where he had a minor son—some say Drake was more than a sailor to old Queen Bess. But anyway Drake gave everything when he died to Queen Elizabeth and Thomas Drake—that's a brother—so that minor son, you see, was defrauded. That's maybe three hundred years ago, but there's no statute of limitations on fraud."

Millis paused to see how his prospect was getting taken in. He must have been satisfied. He handed me a ten-cent cigar.

"Well, when Oscar Hartzell went to England he found out about this—the records are right there in ecclesiastical court recognizing this minor son's claim to Drake's wealth. He found a descendant of the son and that heir assigned the rights of the estate to Hartzell.

"Well, that's the story. Now what does it mean? It means that sixty-six countries—the ones that borrowed from old Queen Bess—have been using Drake's gold all that time, and at compound interest. And now they have to pay it back. These countries are broke, now that Hartzell's starting calling in their debts. Hartzell started the depression and he can stop it—and he's going to, and those that are with him ain't going to know there ever was one."

Millis tied his story to current affairs. He interpreted the gold embargo, the silver act and various federal administration policies in the light of the Drake estate "liquidation."

"What'll a man get if he puts in some money?" I asked.

Millis pulled a handful of papers from a bureau drawer. They were receipts, ready for distribution to the shorn sheep. The sums specified ranged from $2.50 to $10, although some suckers invested up to $7,000.

"We got a $5 minimum but once in a while we take less from the poorest people. This $2.50 is from a widow. Oscar wants us to let only the common people in on this. He's going to break that Wall Street crowd. You better get in quick. I expect this deal to be wound up in sixty days."

But I gave Millis no money. Instead I went looking for Emil Rochel, who drummed up trade at Wisconsin farm meetings while Millis stayed at Madison to fleece the innocents who straggled in. I found Rochel addressing the faithful in secret session on the farm of R. W. Baerwald, near Juneau.

Cars started gathering at Baerwald's at 7:30 p. m. By 8:30 there were sixty or seventy automobiles and probably two hundred people in the back yard. Some of the cars were new, even if farmers have been in a depression since the early 20's, for weren't the buyers soon to have plenty of money to pay for them? There can be no depression when hope is riding high on the country horizon.

The people met in the open, beneath clear skies. Kitchen chairs and benches improvised from boxes and boards stood in semicircles around the back porch.

It was very pleasant and peaceful under the skies, with the crickets chirping.

Speakers used the back porch. A single electric lamp hanging from the ceiling illuminated them. Rochel stepped forward. He draped his stubby, upstretched hands across a clothesline running from post to post of the porch and so took some of the weight of his short, bulky frame from his feet.

"My friends," he began, "I have here a letter from Scotland Yard. You all know what Scotland Yard is."

Rochel read the letter. It told how Hartzell went to England "under a cloud" but soon proved himself and associated with the best "professional and business people of London."

"Guess a man can't do that and be a rotter," he chirped.

Rochel read from a book on the House of Morgan, which claimed the big banking interests had a greedy grip on the nation. He swung from that into advising his listeners not to pay either bills or taxes, that no one would dare bother them, that the United States money soon would be worthless anyway.

Then he started talking about indications that "the deal" was coming to a head.

"You read about three fellows coming over from England on the housing program, didn't you? No, guess it wasn't the housing, but, well, can't think of it now. Anyway you saw last winter about all those fellows going around measuring all the rooms in the houses. What d'ya think that was for?"

It seemed to me, sitting there unsuspected in the dark, that that was part of the late CWA maneuvers, but one of the bright young fellows with all the answers knew the right one.

"Whenever anything is going into receivers like this country is, they got to know how much things are worth," he volunteered proudly.

Most of the crowd agreed—and one prophet predicted Hartzell would be our next president.

At about ten o'clock—a full hour after the usual rural bedtime—the meeting broke up and those willing contributed again to the Hartzell fund for restoring the nation to the good people of the plains.

I do not know how much Rochel collected that night. There were reports that at one single weekly meeting, he got $1,200. And he was only one of some forty or fifty of the arch-swindler's agents, all holding many, many meetings throughout the Middle West during those bizarre days when the Iowans listened to wondrous words and stars fell on the Dakotas.

After one of Rochel's talks about U. S. money being headed for the fate of the dodo bird, twelve farmers withdrew every cent they had from a village bank. One immediately bought $1,000 worth of farm machinery, although his own equipment was complete, figuring that he had better have that than worthless money. Two of the five directors of that bank were themselves investors. They got into a fight with the other three over whether to invest the bank's funds in the estate!

The judge who presided over Hartzell's conviction at Sioux City had been quoted in the newspapers as saying:

"Most of his representations were not only false, but fantastic and absurd. It appears from the evidence that there was no semblance of fact on which these representations were based, but that they were figments of falsehood."

But the countryside financiers who were gunning for Wall Street had their own peculiar way of reading the news.

"That's all newspaper bunk about President Roosevelt being fishing off the coast of Florida," one of them enlightened me. "Why, he's been over in England settling the estate."

To such the estate became religion, and they spread its gospel with neighborly zeal. The Sioux City judge, the newspapers, the Wall Street financiers were their enemies, fighting to keep what rightfully belonged to the people of Iowa and Minnesota and North Dakota. They scratched together their dollars—one, two, three, a hundred!—and gleefully kept step in Hartzell's private parade.

When spirits waned, out came one of Hartzell's glib-tongued smoothies, cloaked not in the dress of the city slicker but in the frayed garb of the sons of the soil. Friends gathered with friends, kin joined kin and listened to new stories of the great estate's munificence, received stoically word that some new thing had come up to delay the settlement which thirty or sixty days ago had been promised—thirty or sixty days.

Always, the promoters said, "our deal is coming to a head." But then the king of England got sick; the new senator, being dumb to the estate, had to be won over; another country went off the gold standard—or back on to it. And all that meant hard work for the hard-working Oscar Hartzell—"I'm working, working; going forward under an avalanche and doing everything to keep the wheels rolling," he once wrote—and more expenses of estate liquidation and litigation, and it meant the meek who were to inherit the earth dug more deeply into pinched pockets.

Occasionally giant rallies pepped up old investors and added recruits. Most famous of these occurred on the greensward of Farmer John Hensel near Auburn, Iowa. The promoters held it openly, defiant of law officers in the belief that by receiving only donations they could not be prosecuted for taking money with intent to defraud. They advertised it as "a real time for everyone; dancing; admission one dollar."

And from five to ten thousand paid their dollar to hear again the words that pleased them so mightily.

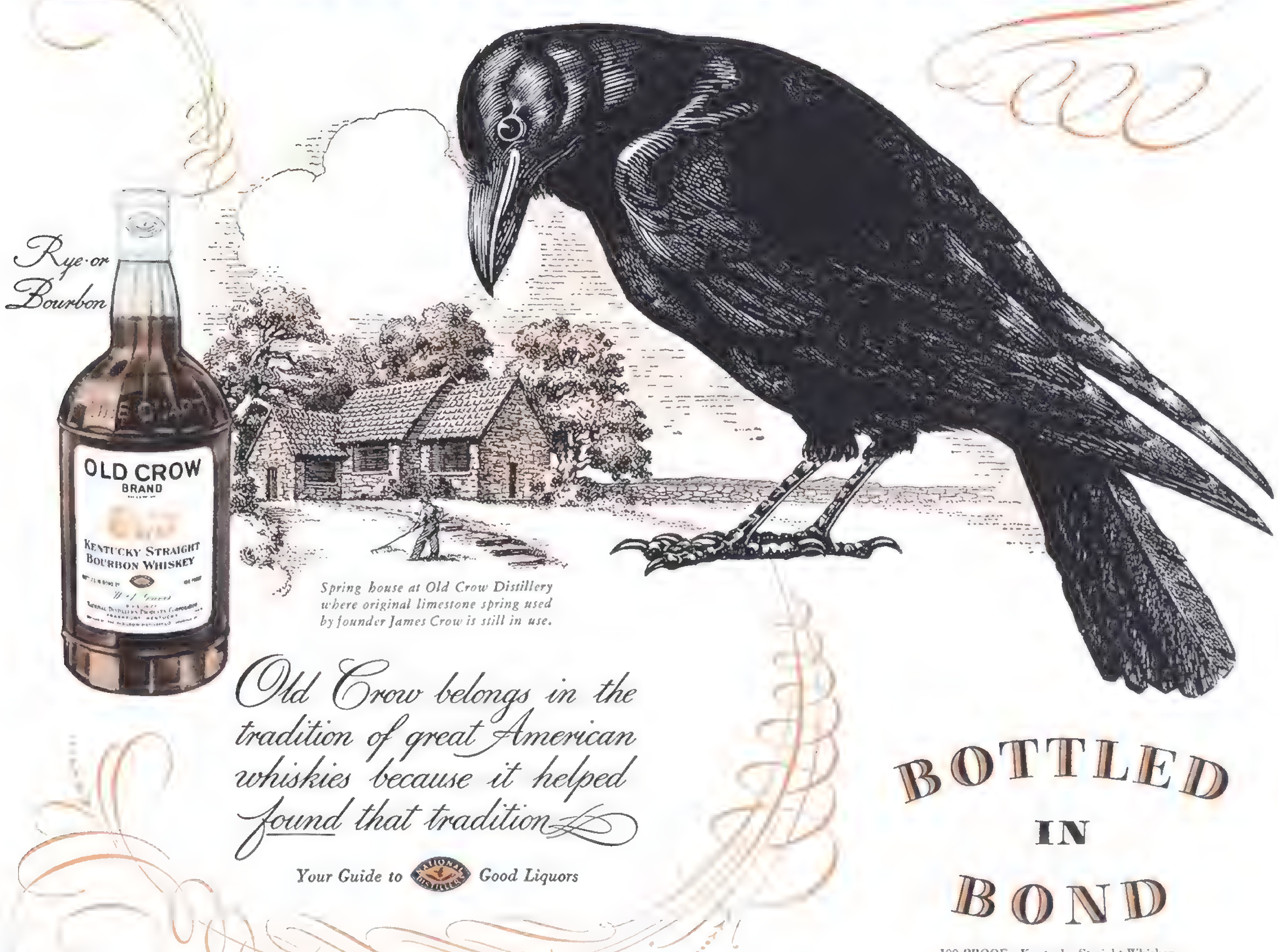
"Drake sacked the cities of Cen-

Continued at top of page 122

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES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The 70,000 Who Were Had

Continued from pages 59-120

tral America and robbed the Spanish Main. He got riches. All right, what happened to them?"

"Queen Elizabeth took $200,000 belonging to the rightful Drake heir. She invested it wisely," Amos Hartsock explained, and so the Drake estate and the British Empire, three hundred and forty years later, became virtually one and the same thing.

"The queen was ambitious England needed markets. She subsidized the Levant Co., which poured money into the British crown. Out of it grew the British East India Co., and the conquest of India. Then came the Hudson's Bay Co., which won Canada."

Yes, it was all very simple, and the people believed, and what Jesus Christ was to their spiritual salvation, Oscar Hartzell was to their financial salvation.

The lean and silver-voiced Thomas Throckmorton, with his thin streak of black hair spread hopefully over his bald pate, arose to read the Congressional Record, quoting Senator McFadden of Oklahoma as saying two hundred billion dollars was in the hands of people who did not earn it. Ah, that WAS evidence, straight from Washington. Quickly Otto Yant of Mallard, Iowa—a town named after a duck—stepped up with the final punch.

"The day is not far off," he prophesied, "when the Drake estate will be settled and all those who had a part in it will not be sorry. Now is the time for action! Sell the old spotted cow if necessary, but let's carry this thing to a finish!"

There came a shout and a huzzah, pledges of faith and finances and then coffee boiled in long metal horse troughs, and piles of bread high as Hensel's silos were doled out to the multitude for sandwiches. And while no one confessed to having already sold the old spotted cow, one opportunist revealed that by George he had sold his setting hens right off their nests.

It remained for chance to contribute its part toward disillusionment of the seventy thousand. Farmer Frank Butterbrodt of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, had invested time and time again. He got tired of waiting. He wrote to Nephew Roland Schoen at Northwestern University, to go to the Chicago estate headquarters and find out what was what.

Schoen lost the letter. The finder turned it over to Chicago police. A plain-clothes man went to the headquarters, posing as Schoen. When could Uncle Frank get his dividends? he asked.

"Don't get het up," Yant advised.

"I don't know when he'll get it," added Bookkeeper Lester Ohmart. "We're winding it up now. We expect to get the whole thing closed soon. You'll just have to wait like the rest."

A few days later Chicago police raided the headquarters. They uncovered thousands of letters, and the federal government stepped in with mail fraud charges against the captured promoters forty-one of them in all, including those in various state and county headquarters.

More than two hundred witnesses, mostly investors but including a few others, of whom I happened to be one, came forward to accuse them. But mostly they came reluctantly. They still believed.

In general, the defendants appeared not much different from the baffled farmers who pointed them out only on urgent demand of the prosecutors. They featured heavy gold watch chains, with weighty charms, mail-order haberdashery and red-necked haircuts. Most of them testified in their own defense to having invested much of their own money in the estate.

"We did not intend to cheat anybody," they pleaded. "We believed in the estate and still do. We follow Hartzell. He is our leader."

Judge Philip L. Sullivan believed thirty-three of them. Before the three-month trial ended, he dismissed all but eight, Biblically admonishing the freed to "go back and sin no more." The weary jury quickly convicted the eight remaining, but the charges against one were dismissed after Judge Sullivan had granted him a new trial.

Ringleaders Emil Rochel, Otto Yant, Lester Ohmart, Hartzell's ornate brother, Canfield, Joseph Hauber and Delmar C. Short got a year and a day in Leavenworth prison. At the last minute, just as he stood before the bar of justice to have another sentence heaped upon the one received at Sioux City, Oscar Hartzell cut loose with one more sensation.

"I am responsible for all this," he exploded dramatically. "The people who worked for me and with me are innocent. Where the $1,300,000 went is all a silent secret a silent secret that I'll take to prison."

"What's a silent secret?" defense counsel interjected.

"That's exactly what I mean and what I been writing. It's latitude and longitude and Drake's a-coming!"

Judge Sullivan directed court alienists to examine the head that had conceived the profitable Drake estate. A suspicion had dawned on the judge. It was well founded.

The man who parted seventy thousand Midwesterners from $1,350,000 is a paranoiac, the alienist reported. He had and has delusions of grandeur. He expects to inherit not only the fictitious Drake wealth but the Drake titles as well. With this enormous wealth and prestige, he would end all world-wide financial ills, stop all wars, make all farmers wealthy and all financiers poor—and make himself dictator of the world.

"In other words," the alienist said, "Oscar Hartzell is insane."

"Why, I don't believe it!" gasped Oscar Hartzell.

Neither do some of the people of the plains. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

MINNESOTA ON MONEY

I hope Mr. R. B. Johns will pardon me if I give his *The Kid Wants to Know* (in a recent ESQUIRE) a second or third reading. I never get enough of a good thing.

Of course the poser he posed at the end was only a pose. No man could tangle the kitten in so much yarn without knowing how to untangle it. I almost agree with the implied conclusion—what's the use? though.

I happen to be one o' them muney nuts. Recently I made a talk at a club meeting. A banker was present. At the next meeting he took the platform and exhibited charts and graphs to show that if we "divided all the money equally" in a little while it would all be back in the pockets of a few. Aint that funny?

I read the same assertion by the mighty Mr. Marriner C. Eccles recently. But that is only a pumpkin and sheet on a broomstick.

On money man is the dumbest thing on earth. Because the deacon-faced banker looks through cross-bars (of the cashier's window—sometimes), and shakes his head solemnly when asked about money, we all think it a Great Mystery. Hence we keep an army posted around a Kentucky cave, which fact alone explodes the theory that gold is fit for anything more than filling teeth and making man-shackles—commonly called engagement rings.

As for money, gold is about the worst thing we could get. It's too scarce and it's too heavy. Try carrying about a half-dozen $20 gold pieces in your pocket. As for foreign exchange it is still more foolish. It is much more convenient to transport a few figures on a slip of paper than to cart back and forth a few tons of metal. And if the ship sinks—well, you have the carbon copy.

So the material of which "money" is made is unimportant.

If I could convince myself that the last two paragraphs in Mr. Johns' piece was not (also) satiric I would hasten to advise him that there is just one crazy money system possible—the one we have.

The Island of Guernsey (1815) had a sane money system—until the London bankers killed it. During the French revolution when gold had fled, along with the nobility (one third of the land belonged to the church), this land was confiscated and monetized. Things were going good until the clergy and landowners, who had fled to Switzerland and England, flooded France with counterfeit assignats. The assignats were good as long as their representative value did not exceed the actual value of the land on which they were based.

Or, we could take the Gesell theory of perishable money, or the Douglas theory of socialized money, or half a dozen others. Any of these would be better than what we have. True, the volume would have to be regulated. But volume of "money" is a hazy term. Ninety-seven percent of our money today consists of figures on a ledger, on a bankbook, on a bill of credit.

The secret (or is it a secret?) lies in the source from which money originates and the medium through which it is distributed. As long as it originates in banks (consisting chiefly of pen and ink scratches on a ledger), and as long as its only medium of distribution is the industrial system the second Mr. D (see page 114, Sept., ESQUIRE), will continue to scratch his chin.

But the money-constipated slave will wanna know how the hell you're gonna get the money into the pockets of would-be buyers of goods and services.

Many ways. My hillbilly friend of the Ozarks carried water from a spring up the hill for forty years. Then an upstart son-in-law piped the water to the house and let the water flow. Our industrial machine is rigged—robots and electric eyes straining at the leash. All we need to do is turn the switch (the fawcet), and let her run.

But industry idles along at half capacity. Why? Because of empty pockets among would-be buyers. Mechanical men do the work—who do not eat grub and wear clothes.

But by what right can a man get money without presently working?

He could get it by the same "right" that any heir gets a heritage. Modern man is the heir to all mankind of history, and is entitled to share in the possible abundance civilization can produce. Without man—without even the humble consumer, modern civilization could not exist—would not have come into existence. If civilization is to survive consumption must match possible production.

This can be done by the distribution in buying power (greenbacks, assignats, duebills, figures on a slip, or what not) to would-be consumers, not to industry. Distribute it to the millions not now needed in industry. Call such buying power unemployment pensions, old age pensions, widows pensions, orphans pensions, direct credits, or social heritage dividends. It doesn't matter *what* you call it.

But dethrone the golden calf. Put the banker out of the money-MAKING business. Restore that right to Congress and let it adopt the policy of capitalizing the potential products capacity of the nation and distributing buying power sufficient to keep the shelves cleaned.

And you must regulate the volume of buying power by the capacity to produce. But UP to capacity, not DOWN to half capacity, as the bankers now do it. This year our potential products capacity (of goods and services), is 150 billion dollars. Our actual production will be less than 70 billion dollars.

This "freed" money will eliminate interest. Its direct flow from Treasury to consumer will solve the "upped prices" problem, since it will not enter the cost of production and distribution in the form of higher wages and so on. This will enable consumers to buy all that can be produced, hence no wars over foreign markets.

But where's the dealer gonna get his profit?

From the same source the buyer gets his buying power, dad.

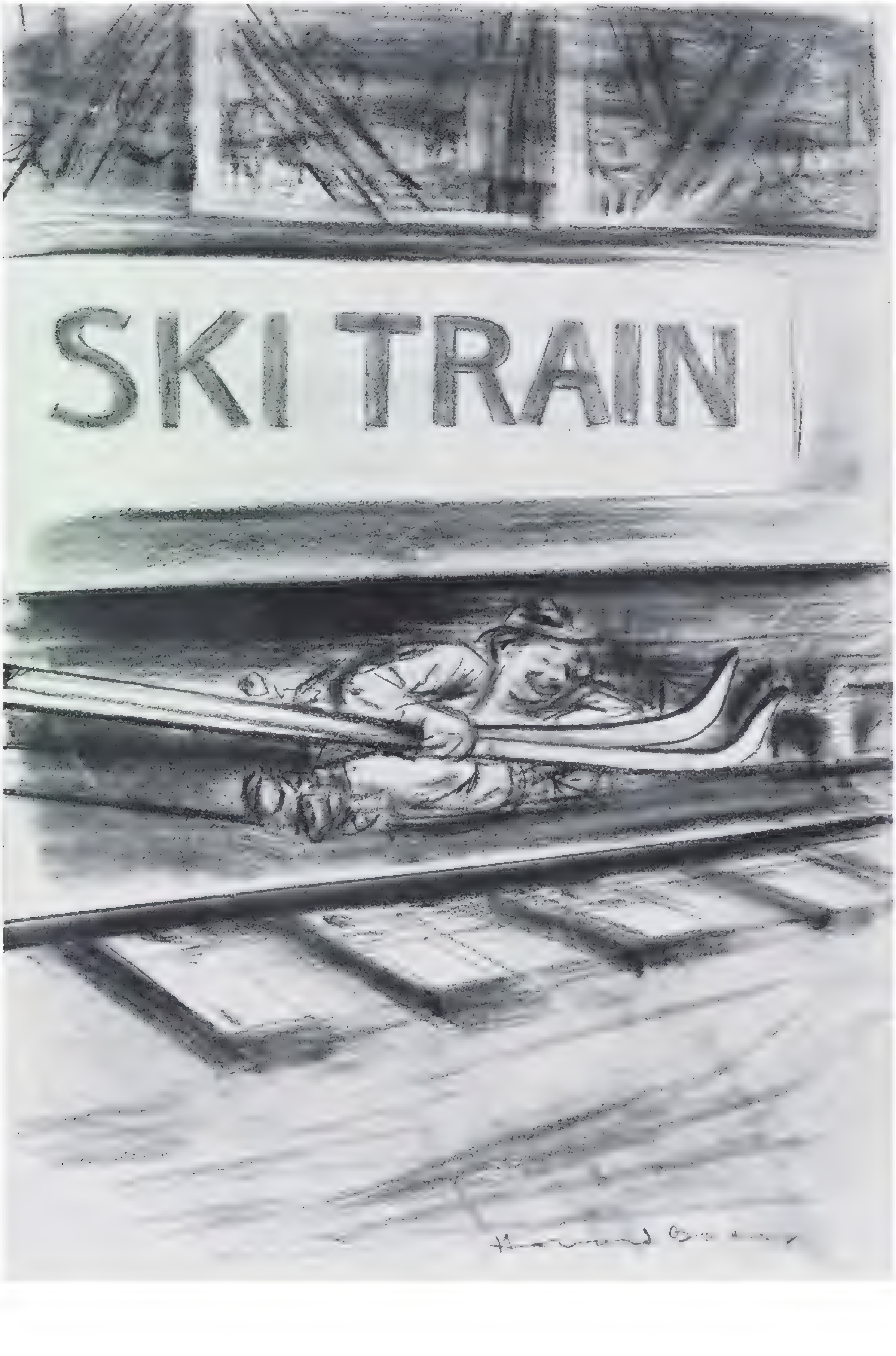
OLIVER M. THOMASON
Willernie, Minn.

"AND STILL THEY COME"

In reference to Mr. Howard Rexroad's diatribe in Sound and Fury, I would like to point out that whether a problem is "elementary" or not, all depends upon the education and mental agility of the would-be solver.

Mr. Grant's cow-grazing problem

Continued at top of page 124


SKI TRAIN

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-122

would *not* be elementary for an eighth grade geometry class as such a class has ordinarily had no trigonometry. It should be elementary for anyone who has studied trigonometry. (If it took.)

On the other hand, Mr. Rexroad's cone problem would be well nigh impossible for a high school graduate but it is very elementary to anyone who knows the rudiments of calculus. The solution may be obtained by finding the real root of the following equation:

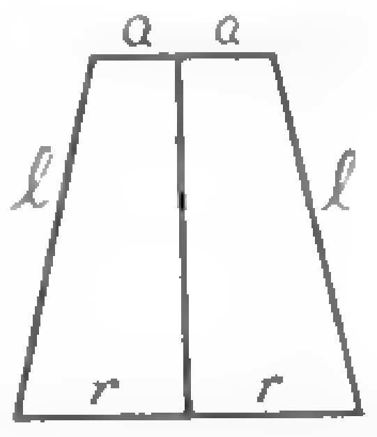
$$r^3-3r^2-384r-576=0$$

This root, correct to three decimal places is $r=21.813$. There is no crying need to compute it further.

The general equation for this problem is:

$$3r^3-3ar^2-2l^2r-al^2=0$$

where a, r, and l are as indicated in the figure.



The following problem is easily solved by the use of calculus, but it also requires a little ingenuity, something that Mr. Rexroad's problem did not.

"It commenced snowing during the forenoon and snowed at a steady rate throughout the day. A snow plow with a constant capacity for snow removal *started out at noon* and went one and one-half times as far during the first hour as it did during the second hour. Assuming the snow plow operated at its rated capacity at all times, at *what time did it start snowing?* (Give answer to the nearest second)."

Very truly yours,
U. S. S. Brooklyn M. H. McCoy

THE KID'S LEARNING

Allow a Britisher to tell you how grateful he is to your Kid, in Mr. R. B. Johns' very clever article *The Kid Wants to Know* in your recent issue. He too has often wondered what starts depressions and just how is the Tank kept full.

Your Kid's problem of Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C & Mr. D has helped quite a lot and as a result he offers the following in the hope that it may save Mr. Johns any more trips to the corner Drug Store!

How's about telling the Kid this, Mr. Johns? "See here Kid; what you gotta understand is that Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D don't just stuff their profits of $500, $450, and so on, into the old sock. No Kid. They spent it—or what's left over after Uncle Sam has taken his pick—on Homes, Autos, Radios and such luxuries. What they don't spend they just naturally invest. This means they lend it to other businesses on a kind of mortgage on their future profits—if any. These businesses in turn spend this money buying machine tools, typewriters and the like. So you see Kid the profits are kept kinda milling around in the cycle—or should be!"

The Kid will then sure say "Lookit Pop, if so maybee you can explain depressions."

Well Mr. Johns, maybee something like this may keep him quiet—maybee! "Sure Kid that's easy! If Mr. A, & Mr. B, in fact most everyone down to Mr. Y or even Mr. Z gets too optimistic they start in buying mortgages on other people's profits for more than they turn out to be worth. Then when they start to find this out, they try and sell out to some guy who hasn't yet. Only they just naturally can't 'cause all the other fellows heard the bad news too!

"So Mr. A, & Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D, who each thought they had maybee, $500 saved, and were planning to buy that new Auto, or Radio, find that after buying a Hamburger they have just maybe $1.77 left. So the Auto dealer don't sell that auto and so he can't buy that new suite, and you just naturally got a Slump. See Kid?"

When the Kid comes back on his question as to just why does Uncle Sam still owe Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D, when they already got it back. You gotta talk fast Mr. Johns so try this.

"Sure Kid they got it all back, but Uncle Sam didn't pay it back!" He will certainly say this don't seem to make sense to him. This is only natural—the Kid being only a Kid and even if he weren't just a Kid either maybee.

So Mr. Johns you got to explain it like this. "The money Uncle Sam borrows from Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D he spends buying dams & bridges & roads & W.P.A. & I.L.O. & maybee X.Y.Z. too. So in time Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D get their money back in profits selling Uncle Sam the dams & roads & W.P.A.'s & such. But Uncle Sam ain't *paid* it back. No Kid he still owes them.

"But Uncle Sam is sharp & he puts up the taxes & takes enough each year from Mr. A, & Mr. B, Mr. C, & Mr. D to pay them the interest on their own money and enough besides to pay all of it back to them in maybee, twenty years—maybee!"

The Kid is sure to say this seems a very good plan to him but what happens when Uncle Sam has borrowed so much that he has to take all of Mr. A's & Mr. B's, Mr. C's & Mr. D's profits to keep up the payments.

Here Mr. Johns you might start in telling the Kid all about inflation—or maybee you better tell him you got another date down at the corner Drug Store!

So long Mr. Johns. Here's luck to you—and the KID.

Yours very truly,
F. W. Morgan, B. Sc.
London W14, England

FANS' FAN-MAIL

Have you, I wonder, ever given seriously appreciative thought to the talent of your readers?

In each issue they provide you in "The Sound and the Fury" with your best department, and in doing so they prove themselves to be intelligent, witty, caustic, mathematical, and even cultured. Each month Esky addicts reveal their brittle wit, their pungent sense of satire, and their sound judgment. It is easy to see that among their noble number there does not exist the type of mentality—the ordinary Editor-letter-writer—which feels that the world eagerly awaits repulsive details of children's precociousness, or information concerning the early arrival or departure of the Pot-bellied Cuckoo.

Yours, etc., David Barr
Heathfield, Sussex, England.

Whitney's a Walk-up

Continued from page 65

ing. The night before we made the top it blew like hell. Snug in the bags we would hear the wind gathering itself far up among the high lonely peaks and then, louder and seemingly faster, come screaming down to buffet the trees above the tent and then, almost immediately, thunderously to shake the tent itself. It was a lovely, frightening sound but those little chemical bags that get hot when you pour a spoonful of water in them were marvelous. In the small of the back or at the feet they make the difference between a comfortable and a wake-up-cold-twenty-times sort of night

Because of the wind we didn't get away until seven-thirty next morning and this late start brought us to the bottom of the fourteen-thousand-foot Whitney Pass two hours behind schedule. Lightly laden, we had been going well, with no real energy but tremendously determined to make the top—a fourteen-mile round trip involving an ascent of more than four thousand feet. That glass-slick, airless fifty-degree ice slope was a terror though and, trying to hurry, we decided like fools, to go straight up and not cut back and forth across it. Bill, strongest throughout, forged ahead and we didn't see him for another two hours.

An eternity passed and then Penny and I came, suddenly, over the top of the pass and stood, dazed and gasping, and saw to the west the full glory of the winter-time Sierra. I think the first impression was one of unreality. It was like the vivid incredible beauty of something seen in a dream—an almost painful beauty. To the west, north and south lay the great ranges sharp in the clearest air I have ever seen, oh, clear beyond any former meaning of the word diamond clear. Overhead the sky was not a bowl but a deep well of blueness and a little of the color had spilled from it so that a pale blue light pervaded everything and even tinted the gleaming snow blankets that lay, serene and undefiled, on the gentler slopes.

Four miles later we came upon Bill just below the summit. He had been on top taking pictures and, thinking we had stalled for good, was on his way down.

It was a strange meeting. Bill's face was a purplish red and was drawn and lined like an old man's. Hunched up in the wind he seemed to have shrunk several sizes. We couldn't talk much. "Going on up?" he asked. "Damned right!" Penny said.

At the top there was no feeling of triumph, of jubilation. Maybe there was deep down some place but it couldn't get out. Exhaustion and lack of oxygen made us forgetful, dull and numb to all sensation. We stared down the twenty-five hundred-foot east face up which some twenty-five real climbers have come in summer, at the wild jumble of peaks to the north, and at the valley far below, with an equal lack of perception.

In the Smithsonian hut we munched chocolate, sipped tea from a small thermos and smiled wanly in the half light. It was just like putting fuel in a tank. You can go just so far and then you've *got* to have food. That never happens down here.

That night in camp we built up a huge fire and huddled close to it, saying nothing, thinking nothing, grateful for the warmth but too tired to eat. We were shot. I had frostbitten toes, Bill a sprained knee and Pen, although unhurt, was as wobbly as a day-old colt. Coming down the pass in the dark Bill slipped and went head over heels for seven hundred feet down the ice. Lacking an axe he was helpless until he struck soft snow.

Next morning we lay in the bags feeling good about what we *didn't* have to do that day, and then thinking about what we had done and seen the day before, we felt even better. Finally we felt so good we decided to go all the way down and meet Min that day instead of the next. She was to drive as far as possible both days and wait from 3 until 6:30 p. m. What she was to do the second day if we didn't show up had been left to her discretion.

Getting into three packs most of the equipment that had come up in six was a problem and even though we discarded stuff right and left it couldn't have been done if it hadn't been for Mae's amazing capacity. (Our best pack, a Nelson Pack Board, was named after Mae West because when loaded it *looked* like her and also because no matter how many times we said "Mae's full" well, she just never was.)

We missed Min by thirty minutes after a hurried, floundering trip down and then very low indeed, we found a note in letters three feet high in the snow saying she'd be back next day.

Dumping the packs when we saw tire tracks in the snow we went on with that funny, light, unbalanced feeling you have when first unloaded. My toes hurt like hell, I was stumbling all the time and I knew I couldn't make the remaining nine miles to town. Three miles farther on, I saw a light coming from what we had taken for a power station and I said, "Maybe they've got a phone." It was a desolate spot. Bill said, "No one's there," but a man wearing dinner clothes answered my knock. Behind him I saw a beautiful room, other men and several girls in low cut dresses. Not believing my eyes I said we had come off the mountain, and did he have a phone. He said no and asked us to dinner. I got the others and then in a most foul, stinking condition we joined a week-end house party being given by a famous Hollywood director. We were a big success. The six glamor girls present fluttered around and there was a barrage of questions. Then bulking large in stained windproofs before a roaring fire we accepted very tall, very strong highballs. Maybe it was straight whiskey, I don't know

Now there's no sense to this but the fact is that within five minutes we felt marvelously well. In five minutes utter weariness vanished. I think it was a miracle.

Dinner passed in a warm glow

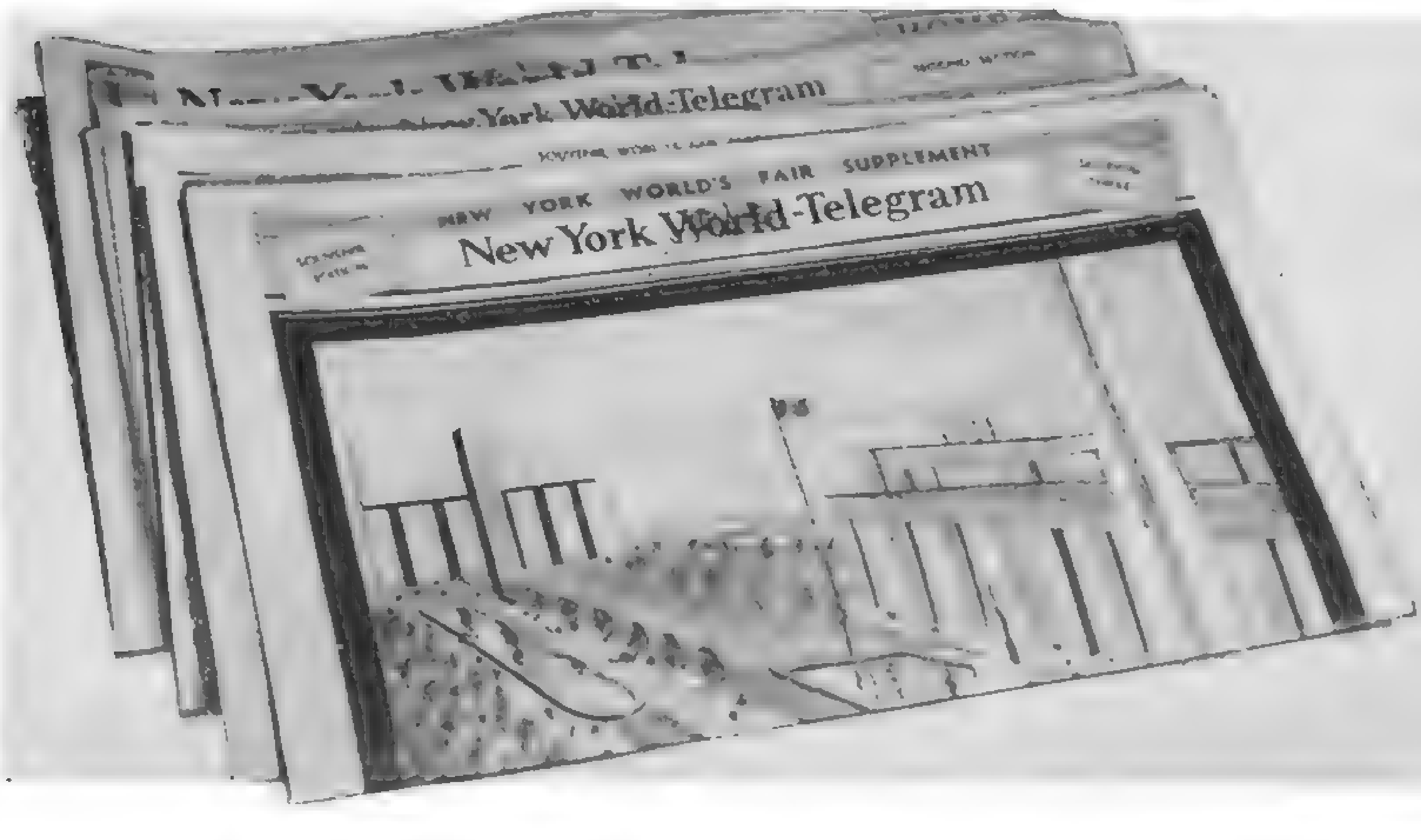
Continued at top of page 126

No knothole peep for New Yorkers--

They'll PREVIEW The FAIR

this way:

Believe this: No small-town youngster ever thrilled to a coming Circus more than native New Yorkers are building up to the New York World's Fair, 1939. For it's the biggest thing that ever came to Bigtown! Smart New Yorkers have been following the Fair's progress week by week in their favorite home-going newspaper . . . and, because they want to see the whole thing shaped up, the February 25th World-Telegram will contain a special World's Fair Souvenir Supplement—a Preview and Guide which will tell all about the Fair two full months before it opens! Page after page of descriptive matter, actual photographs and articles by famous writers—rotogravure, colorgravure and black-and-white sections will show the New York World's Fair, 1939 as it will be when the gates are thrown open on April 30th. This momentous coverage by the city's Quality evening newspaper will be next best to seeing the Fair itself. Not content with keeping a good thing to themselves, New Yorkers are ordering copies for Aunt Susan in Sioux City and Uncle Bill in Boston . . . and for hordes of friends and relatives throughout the country! You, too, may see the World's Fair in the eventful World-Telegram of February 25th. Simply clip the coupon and send it along with a dime for each copy you want us to send you or your friends or relatives. We'll take care of the rest! But send your order now so we'll be sure to print enough to go 'round.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

New York World-Telegram
125 Barclay Street, New York City

Gentlemen:—
Please send the World-Telegram of February 25th, including the special WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT to the list of names attached. I inclose 10c for each copy.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

send check or money order;
cash by registered mail only.

—This Offer Expires February 25, 1939—

Whitney's a Walk-up

Continued from pages 65-124

of whiskey, good food, candlelight and enticing visions of beauty. I don't remember eating anything except a rare steak but Bill told me later that we ate two steaks apiece, leaving none for the cook, waitress or for our host. He was a very generous man, however, and after dinner he drove us to Lone Pine.

We met Min in the lobby of the hotel and I still can see her face and hear her ecstatic, "Oh, big boy!" when she saw Bill, and then in his arms, her astounded, "Why you're *drunk!*"

In her room with Ack, a mutual friend, and two quarts of Bacardi they brought along to relieve the tension of waiting, we sampled the rum, gave them to understand that we were men and casually accepted the fact that two Los Angeles newspapers had been phoning all afternoon.

I had forgotten my feet, but when Bill and Pen shed their boots I took mine off too and beheld two extraordinary-looking big toes. Blisters, caked blood, dirt, bits of wool and a lurid discoloration made Min turn pale but Bill thought it was very funny.

Lying across a bed he roared with laughter. "Walked all the way down the goddamned mountain like that!" he bellowed. Then very solicitous, he wanted to bathe them with rum. "'S'a disinfectant fifty per cent alcohol—clean 'em right up with Bacardi!" he carefully pleaded.

Later that night Penny retired to a corner with a pencil and paper. In a little while he announced in awed tones that we had performed 1,720,000 foot-pounds of work in carting all that stuff up the 13 miles between 5800 and 10,380 feet. "Lifted 1,720,000 pounds one foot!" he marveled. I was impressed (I am right now) but Bill just muttered something about strong backs and weak minds. #

We Boys of China

Continued from page 53

men and a special one for the officers, three wagons with tents, blankets, rubber coats, gas masks and all sorts of things that we never dreamed a flying division would drag along. All was clean, sparkling, in order and spaced with strict discipline and efficiency.

They were the prettiest line of ants you had ever seen. They moved slowly, surely, steadily and we could see the little dots of officers walking beside their solid files.

How many men were they? We tried to count again as we had done several times before. But this time they seemed less in number. Only four or five thousand. Some two thousand had been halted en route or returned. Or perhaps they were stationed at points to protect the road from a possible side or rear attack. At any rate we could not estimate more than four or five thousand and that was indeed a long file to filter into our pretty little valley.

The boy in the meantime had reminded himself of more proverbs and recited them aloud. "Straight trees are felled first. By many words wit is destroyed. Do not bother the gods with too many prayers."

"Keep quiet son. We are counting."

It was six o'clock. It would take them another hour to get into the center of the valley. At seven o'clock they would have to stop for food. At eight o'clock they would want to stretch out for the night. Or would they attempt to push through? The holes in the road would hold the lorries back until morning anyway.

Somehow or other we did not think it would work. It was all too perfect.

But that faith and confidence that we had when we first climbed the hill to find these two rushing streams did not abandon us. That little grain of faith had raised our spirits and caused us to face about and become the attackers.

We waited another hour. Just as we had expected they spread out and prepared to camp for the night. We began our labors. Instead of rolling the loosened rocks and baked clay bricks down we carried them up so that we could later use them to dam the old stream and in this way make certain that every drop was deflected out of its course. Soon we felt the gravel under our feet move and we stood back and waited. A tiny stream no larger than your arm broke through but with the force of a fire hose. In a minute gravel, bricks and large cobbles came rushing down the hill. And now we had only to widen the mouth with our shovels and plug up the dead end. The rush of water was terrific. It loosened the earth about the trees and brought them crashing down with dripping, muddy roots in the air.

We lost no time but went up to do the same to the upper stream. This one broke through almost by itself but at first not much water seemed to want to get into the new channel. But then as rock and gravel loosened a whole bank, almost twenty feet from where we were working, gave way and the whole stream took a side tilt, bringing a flat sheet of water down the hill.

Now it was quite dark and the enemy below was beginning to suspect something, for several searchlights were turned on and rocket flares were sent up. We kept under the heavy trees and brush and made our way to the top and over the other side. Twice we crossed the stream which only an hour before would have been a small rushing river but was now calm and quiet. The rocks were still wet as though it had rained and low puddles were along the bottom. A few fish were splashing in several inches of water, we could hear them.

We found a good place and stretched out and ate some cold rice. We did not want to make a fire for it would indicate where we were. The captain tried to calculate how many cubic feet of water it would take to flood the whole basin to the depth of one English foot. We figured the valley three miles in diameter. This times three and a seventh and a mile had 5280 feet. Very soon the numbers got too great for us. How many cubic feet of water did each stream deliver in a minute? How many in an hour? Eight o'clock to five in the morning, which was the daylight hour, would be nine hours. Nine hours of steady flow and we estimated roughly that each stream could fill almost two hundred buckets a minute, and a good bucket was about equivalent to a cubic foot. There are sixty minutes in an hour. Both streams should deliver 32,000 cubic feet in an hour. But the basin was three miles across. Well then . . . Hell, it's a lot of water anyway you figure it. And in nine hours it should be perhaps two feet or more.

Well, what's the good of so much arithmetic? We did the best we could and we would have to wait and see what would happen. If it was all no good then at least we were not any worse off than we were that afternoon. It is a chance anyway. But the captain kept repeating it was too perfect and nothing so perfect ever came out right.

In the meantime the lad reminded himself of more proverbs but we were too much concerned with what was going on and asked him to recite them to himself.

At about eleven that night the moon came up and we climbed to the crest of the hill and through the trees looked down into the valley. We could see no sign of water except a small narrow pond that was creeping very slowly and carefully around toward the low dip in the road, the section of the road through which they had arrived. And if the water ever got into this hollow it would be impossible for them to get back. And ahead the road was filled with good sized holes.

Soon we could see that a sudden activity had taken hold of the whole camp. Dozens of lanterns were lit and the searchlights mounted on the motor lorries were turned on and swept across the fields. They were certainly not as stupid as we imagined. Soon they would be on the go. They could back up along the road into higher ground. But it took them almost an hour to get on the move. They had no doubt sent messages through their wireless and two planes came up out of the night to fly over them. They started up forward. That was the best luck we ever had. They still had time to get back, but in victory, and these were the victorious ones, it is easier to command "forward march" than it is to retreat even an inch.

They were another hour examining the forty holes in the road before they wheeled about and started back. But now it was too late. That little puddle that seemed to creep inch by inch found its low level and rushed with one sweep into the hollow, filling it full to the brim. Here the deepest portion must have been, as we figured, at least twenty feet. All this we saw plainly in the moonlight, and because of their powerful searchlights which they played constantly across the bottom of the basin.

It was too late. Many of the men with lanterns walked out into the plowed fields to investigate. We could see groups here and there. And soon four great planes came over them and flew low over the entire valley back and forth several times. But there was nothing to be done. Water is water and there is nothing you can do about it. We could see the surface creep slowly on and on, filling one place and then another and soon, very soon, after the low places were filled the top dry spots would cover quickly.

Yes. We are beaten men. Our clothes are patched and in tatters. We are a blind troop for we have no air escort. We have no heavy guns, no nice polished wagons, no rolling kitchens, no wireless, no anything at all, not even shoes on our sore feet which we have bound with straw sandals; we are a handful of hungry boys of China, driven and driven—now we have turned about and . . .

I looked at the captain who was evidently thinking very much the same thoughts as I was. His fist was raised and in a low breath that seemed to come from the very core of his heart he called: "By God! Now we've got you! Get out of it if you can!"

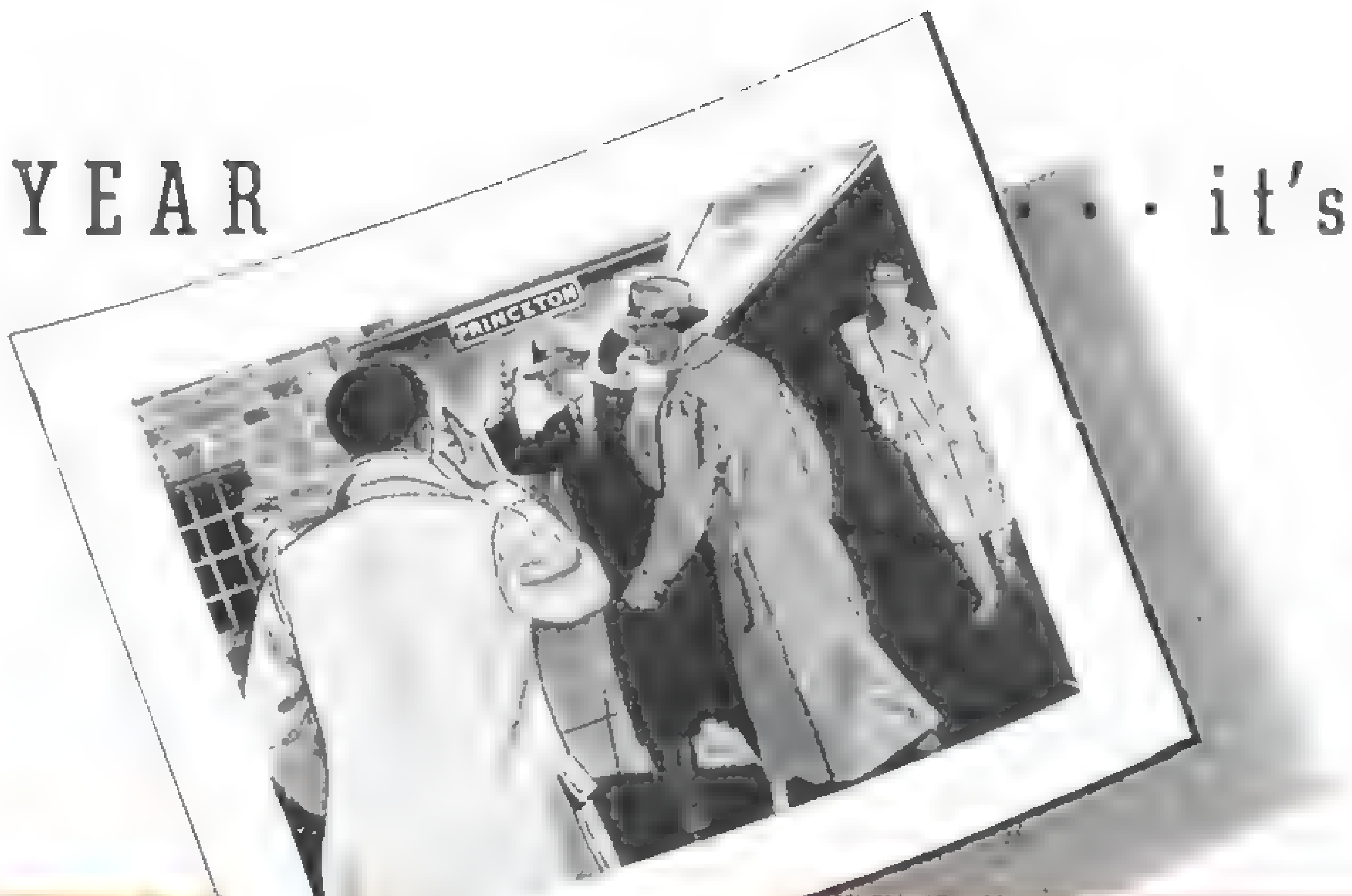
The enemy had found a high bit of central ground and remained there awaiting orders but after an hour or two the water was at their feet and signs of distress were growing. A machine gun had been mounted on the roof of a farmer's hut and sputtered a stream of hot lead every few minutes.

What were they shooting at? Nothing. Only at the night and at the silent tide that crept toward them. Do the officers pretend that they can sight poor Chinese boys such as we, hidden under the trees, China trees with roots in China soil?

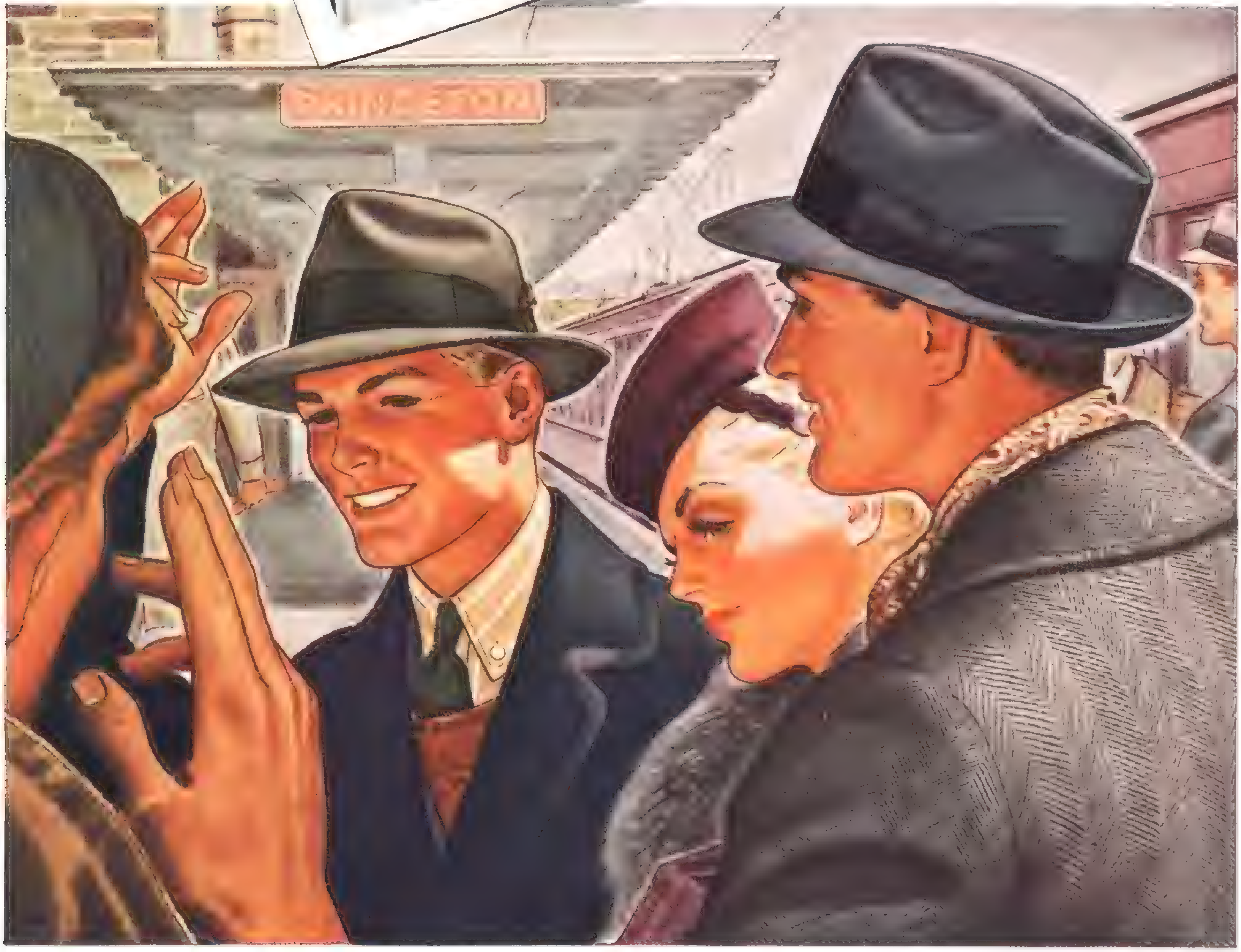
Or are they merely making so

Continued on page 128

AT MIDYEAR . . . it's MALLORY MIDTONES



One reason: At founts of campus fashion, the spotlight's on hats in softer, in-between colors. And Mallory Midtones are exceptionally well-favored examples. Another reason: Midtones are versatile—compatible with several suits and coats.



THE CRICKET CLUB (left) is a new version of the wide-brim, low-crown hat style so esteemed in campus circles. Note the costly look of its patrician new Mallory welt-edge, its jaunty quirk to the rear. In Midtone hues indubitably right for now. Satin-lined. $5

★ Rain cannot wither, nor sleet-storms stale, the smartness of Mallory Hats—the only hats moistureproofed by "Cravenette".

THE TOWNER (right) gets the alumni vote, too. The aplomb of its *round edge* (a Mallory improvement on the raw edge) and bi-swing brim lends suaveness to younger faces...dash to older ones. A medium-crown style in timely Midtone shades, and regally lined. $5

★ Don't miss seeing these and other new Mallory styles for now. They're $4, $5, $7.50 & $10, at your nearby Mallory dealer's.

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY
MALLORY
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Good-looking Hair

helps you to popularity!

Use VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

WELL-GROOMED, handsome hair—what an asset it can be to your appearance—what a contribution it can make to your success. Socially or in business it can pay big dividends. And, as thousands of men have discovered, the easier way to healthier, better-looking hair is Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

To keep your hair looking its best, simply apply Vitalis to your scalp with brisk massage. Feel the stimulating tingle as circulation quickens, bringing nourishment to your hair. You rout loose dandruff and help prevent excessive falling hair. Your scalp becomes free and flexible—your hair takes on a new richness and lustre. Then the natural oils of the scalp are supplemented by the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, overcoming dryness. Your hair responds more easily to your comb and brush—it stays neatly and handsomely in place, without a single trace of that sleek, objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and start your "60-Second Workouts". With this simple, daily routine you'll have healthier, better-looking hair—a real aid to business and social success!

1. 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes.

VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

We Boys of China

Continued from pages 53-126

much noise to keep up courage?

In the morning a strange sight came to our eyes. The bottom of the bowl was one solid sheet of water. Two trucks had attempted to get through. One was turned over in a hole and this blocked the entire road. The other had tried to go around and was sunk deep in the soft plowed earth. Gentlemen, this is China earth and it sucks in everything, everything!

Floating on the surface were logs, sticks, parts of farm fences, loose boards and in one spot—the lad discovered this with his sharp eyes—an ox cart was afloat. This was good to know for it indicated that here the water was at least three feet deep.

The officers and engineers started across the fields wading up to their waists. Finally they reached the dry edge. They walked through the wooded section to see where the water was coming from. They also walked along the edge of this overnight man-made lake to get a good view of the whole situation. These men were within rifle range but we kept our silence and we kept our peace.

A roar of planes in battle formation came over us. We could see a group of officers standing in two feet of water by one of the motor lorries. This was no doubt their wireless car and messages were going in and out through hot tubes. Well they'd better hurry up for soon the wires will be wet and they will have to get out their signal flags.

Soon more and more things were seen floating on the water. The sun came out and turned the surface into a brilliant mirror.

We could tell that the main hitch was the equipment. The men could wade through the water and reach dry land and they could save only what they could carry. But to abandon a single truck, a single gallon of gas, a single instrument was a dishonor that they felt would reach the ears of all—all, even their most worshipful and exalted Son of Heaven. And if a mistake had been made, from corporal to colonel and general, there would be a court—a court-martial. That was the whole rub. They could not abandon the valuable killing tools that had been entrusted to them. And against water, bravery was no good.

At last in the afternoon they decided to abandon the rolling stock and dismantle and carry away what they could. Busily as ants they moved their stuff, boxes, ammunition, machine guns, engineering instruments, supplies, food . . . Everything was moved to high dry ground.

We poor boys of China said not a word. We saw these great treasures being piled at our feet but we did not fire a single shot that would disclose our presence. We just let the water get higher and higher and let them work more.

Half of our men had gone around to the other side and some were at the road exit, the place where they blasted the holes. They also spent the day looking into this mirror of silver, this sheet of water that was soon to become a liquid horror. They planted themselves in dug out spots with good crescents of stone walls about them.

At six o'clock that evening a number of planes flew over the valley. Help was no doubt on its way. A whole army would soon be on the march. Everyone was working hard saving what they could and wading in water up to their waists.

At dusk we opened fire on our side. They replied with machine fire from the roofs of several of the farmers' huts. The officers and men backed up across the two-mile stretch of muddy fields to the other side. Then we heard that our men were there. Our machine guns swept across the surface.

Well we are only boys of China and we are at war. We do not kill women or children or citizens. We cannot forget Nanking. We kill one thing only and that is foreigners in uniform.

Their searchlights would not work—nothing would work, only the rifles and dry cartridges. Some of them must have escaped in the woods but not many got away.

There was no good waiting for dawn to see how many bodies were floating, for we could see these grim dots in the moonlight and we signaled our men about the hills by lighting a small fire. We went down the other side and walked along the dry river stream to the other valley. It was several hours before the others could join us and we ate what we could gather together. Several farmers came forward and steamed a great kettle of rice for us. It had been a hard day.

"Well," I said to the boy. "Is that how your grandpa would have managed it?"

"Sure, he could have done it himself, all alone."

Two weeks later we managed to get back to what remained of our original regiment. The boy was rewarded with a uniform, a medal and a pair of field glasses. But these he enjoyed for only a few weeks because . . .

The captain stood up one evening and began his speech: "We boys of China, with hearts and feet in the soil of China . . ." It was a long speech.

We took off our uniforms and put on the rags of coolies and one by one as laborers we have penetrated the lines of the enemy. If we meet we pretend we are strangers, but somehow or other one China boy manages to tell the other one what is necessary for him to know.

The boy is with me. We work as laborers—poor Chinese laborers—but we know what we are doing and what we eventually must accomplish. Outside we are dirty and in rags. But inside we are boys of China.

Business Is Terrible

Continued from page 33

strangest chapters of Professor Krafft-Ebing would have bored her.

She was tough, smart, cynical. She loved money and she did her best to earn it, but somehow things just didn't work out any more, even at the price of the ultimate humiliation of her professional pride. Even though she was so smart that she could have convinced the most revolting sucker that she was madly in love with him.

Such things do happen: there are very neat little shops on very busy streets into which sometimes not even one customer enters for weeks.

The doctor, who himself half belonged to the dive, washed his hands at the faucet. While he was drying them he pondered over the case.

The threat of middle-class maidens, who are often as cheap as peanuts, occurred to him:

"Then I'm going to sell myself!"

How many times they think it or say it aloud in the critical moments of family quarrels! The doctor smiled with pity: You poor things! What would happen if you tried it! How good it would be to enlighten you:

The market is so swamped with the article you would want to sell that, behold, it could happen in such an expensive nocturnal den of the profligate city that the prettiest and sliest little geisha has fainted from hunger. ⋕

Study in Unreality

Continued from page 69

section of the Social Register.

"Quite," he agreed. "But this trouble that makes you walk in front of strangers' cars. Perhaps you'd care to unburden your soul. You're going to marry this man, whoever he is? Mr. X, shall we say?"

"Ronald Travis," supplied Jane. "Well, that's what Dad thinks."

"Ah," said Jerry, "the plot thickens. And the little girl spurns his attentions?"

Jane stiffened suddenly. "Take me home," she said.

"Oh, come now," objected Jerry. "We've just met, and now you—"

"I wish you'd take me home," she insisted.

When they got out on the avenue, Jane pointed at the gas meter. "Almost empty," she said.

"Right," he agreed. "There's a Bingo service station just around the corner."

Jane smiled. "Bingo Gas," she stated, "is best in the long run, and best in the short run too. It means added mileage and increased protection for your car."

"Right," said Jerry. "I changed to Bingo years ago, and I'll never change back. Experienced drivers appreciate the added pick-up it gives, and the smooth power it affords when you are out on the open road and headed for vacation-land."

The car came to a stop. "How many sir?" asked the attendant, proceeding to give the car the fifteen-point service that all Bingo service stations afford to all customers.

"Fill her up," said Jerry.

"Yes sir," said the attendant, "I see you are one who insists on the best and only the best." He smiled cheerfully. Jerry and Jane smiled cheerfully too.

But when they pulled away, Jerry was sad. "I can't bear the thought of leaving you," he said. "Why must it end so soon? We could find so many things to do. A movie perhaps. You like movies?"

Jane nodded. "I adore them. last night I saw *Krazy Kapers*."

"How was it?" Jerry then asked.

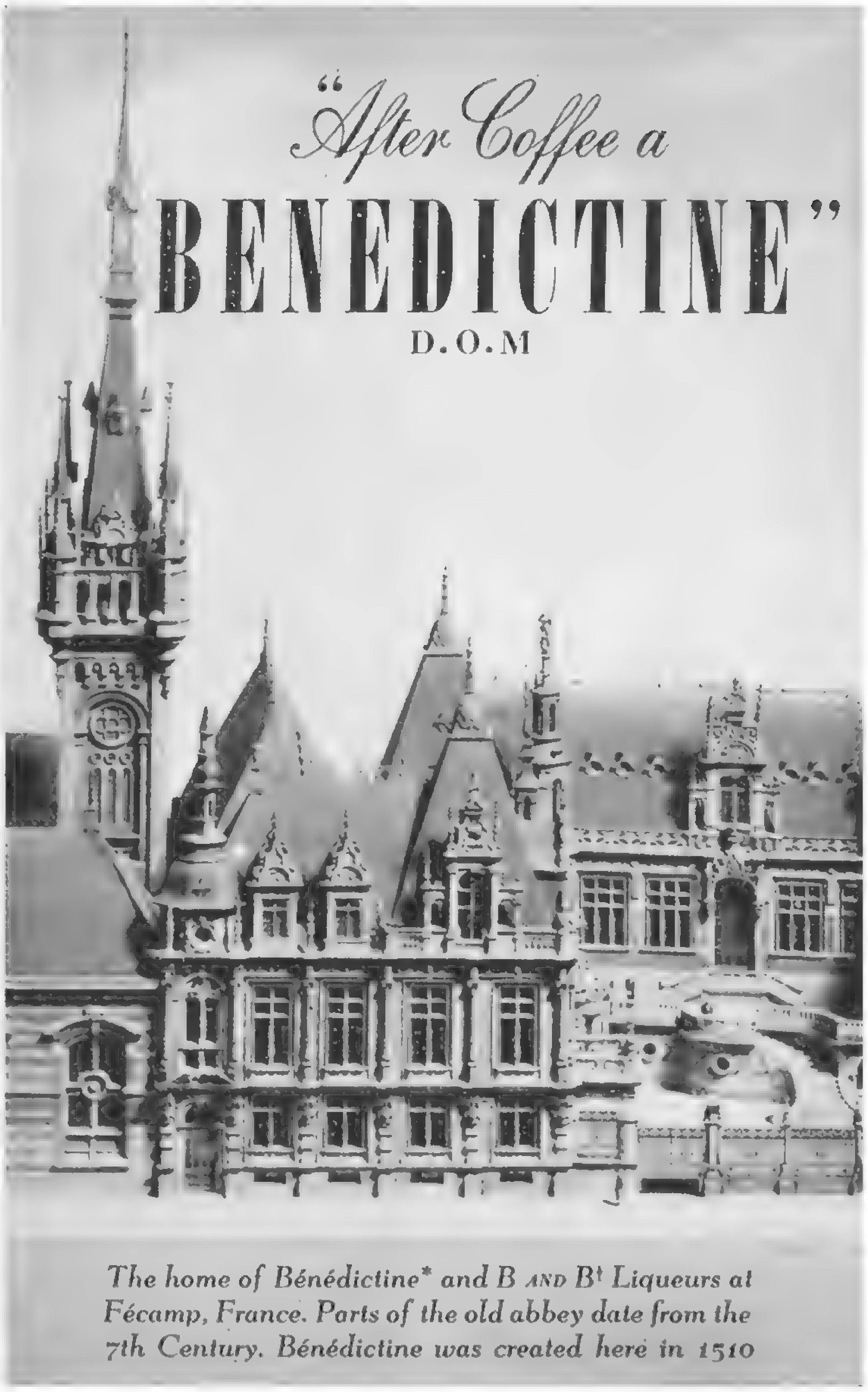
"The funniest, most side-splitting, hilarious mirthquake in the history of the silver screen! A riot! Customers rolled in the aisles! A rib-busting, screamereamoo of grins, snickers and bellylaffs. Gus Widsit at his funniest, mirth-provoking best! You'll split when you see Charlie Margrave's antics! You'll burst your sides when you listen to Mabel Walker sing *Doin the Floperoo*. Five other smash song hits, Karl Larver's orchestra, the Three Mischievous Molls, Sam & Sol, and chorus of three hundred. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT!"

"Well," agreed Jerry, "that certainly sounds pretty good. Last night I saw *The Eternal Problem*. I thrilled to this fearless, tender, poignant, dramatic epic of man's oldest problem. I sat spell-bound at the honest, courageous, vital treatment that faced all the facts as they have never been faced, and left nothing unsaid. I was carried away by the supreme artistry of Mona Morrow, shaken out of my complacency by William Drake's scorching portrayal. In turn I wept, laughed, shuddered, smiled, and seethed with indignation at this human, heart-throbbing document."

Jane nodded. "I must see it," she said. "—but some other time. And this is where I live."

The car stopped at the entrance of Chichester Towers. And then, before he realized what had happened, the door of the car had opened, her lips brushed his for a fleeting instant, and Jane Warren had vanished.

Unfortunately my plot from here on needs a little smoothing, so I fear I shall have to stop. I have however, figured out the end. Jerry and Jane marry, and, after all, I suppose that's the main thing you want to know. I have shown this story to one of my friends and he remarked quote I've tried them all, but after switching to your brand of fiction I'll never go back to inferior competitors. It never leaves me with jangled nerves unquote. ⋕



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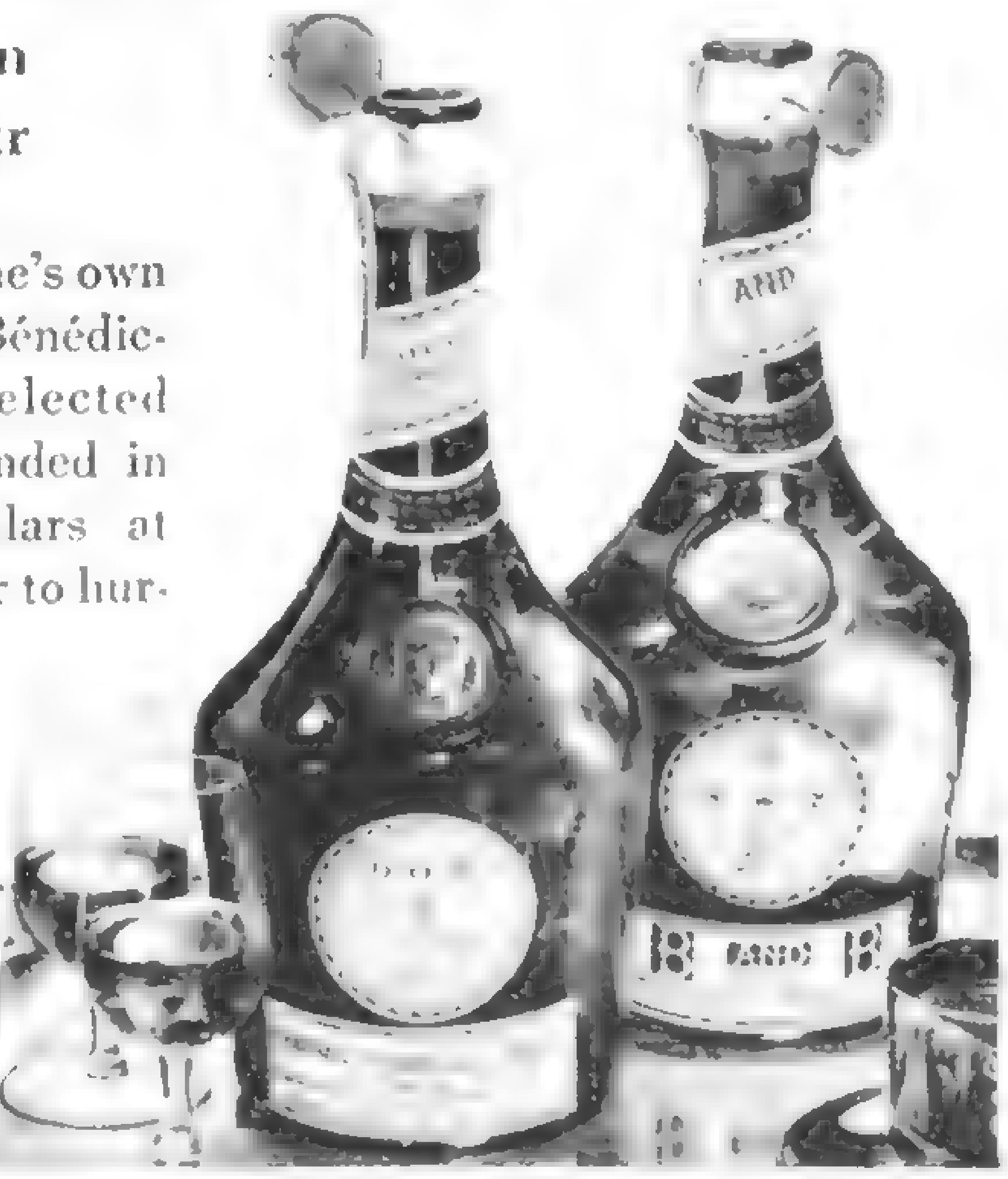

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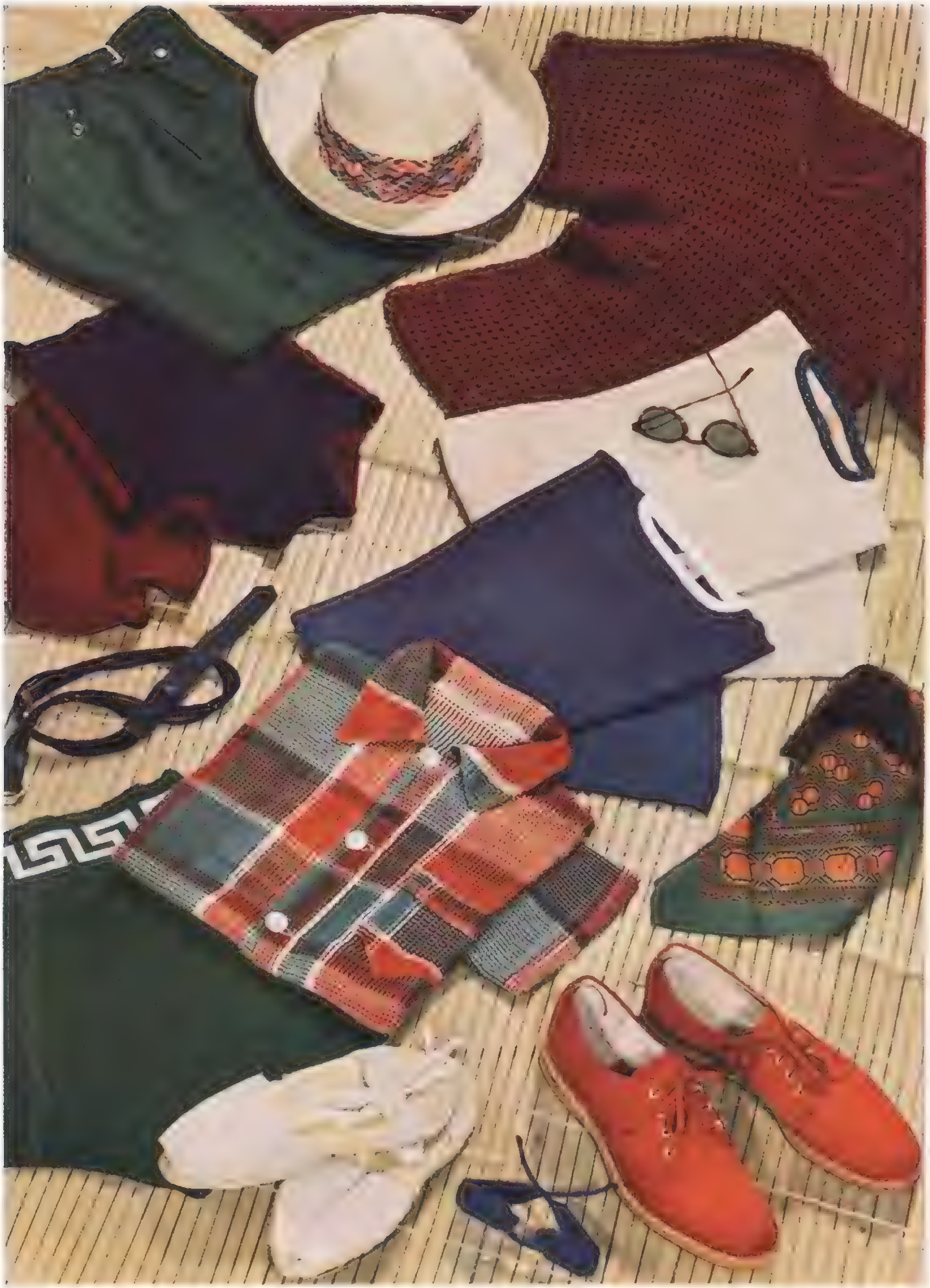

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS

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You need make no apology for your Southern accent as expressed by these new beach accessories, seen first on the Riviera this past summer, and intended for sun sports at Southern resorts. They'll speak for themselves and for you in terms of the utmost authenticity.

1—Cabana green shorts . . 2—Native straw hat with colored puggree band . . 3—Cabana red cord mesh half sleeve shirt . . 4—Natural color half sleeve mesh shirt, with contrasting boat neck . . 5—Glare-shedding sun-glasses . . 6—Blue crew neck mesh shirt, half sleeve, contrasting boat neck . . 7 & 8—Reversible knitted swimming trunks that may be worn on either side . . 9—Colored string belt . . 10—Knitted swimming trunks with Greek key design waistband . . 11—Clan cotton mesh open front sport shirt with half sleeves, a thoroughly smart novelty . . 12—Colorful twine sandals . . 13—Blue sun-glasses . . 14—Canvas crepe-soled shoes . . 15—Cotton neckertie

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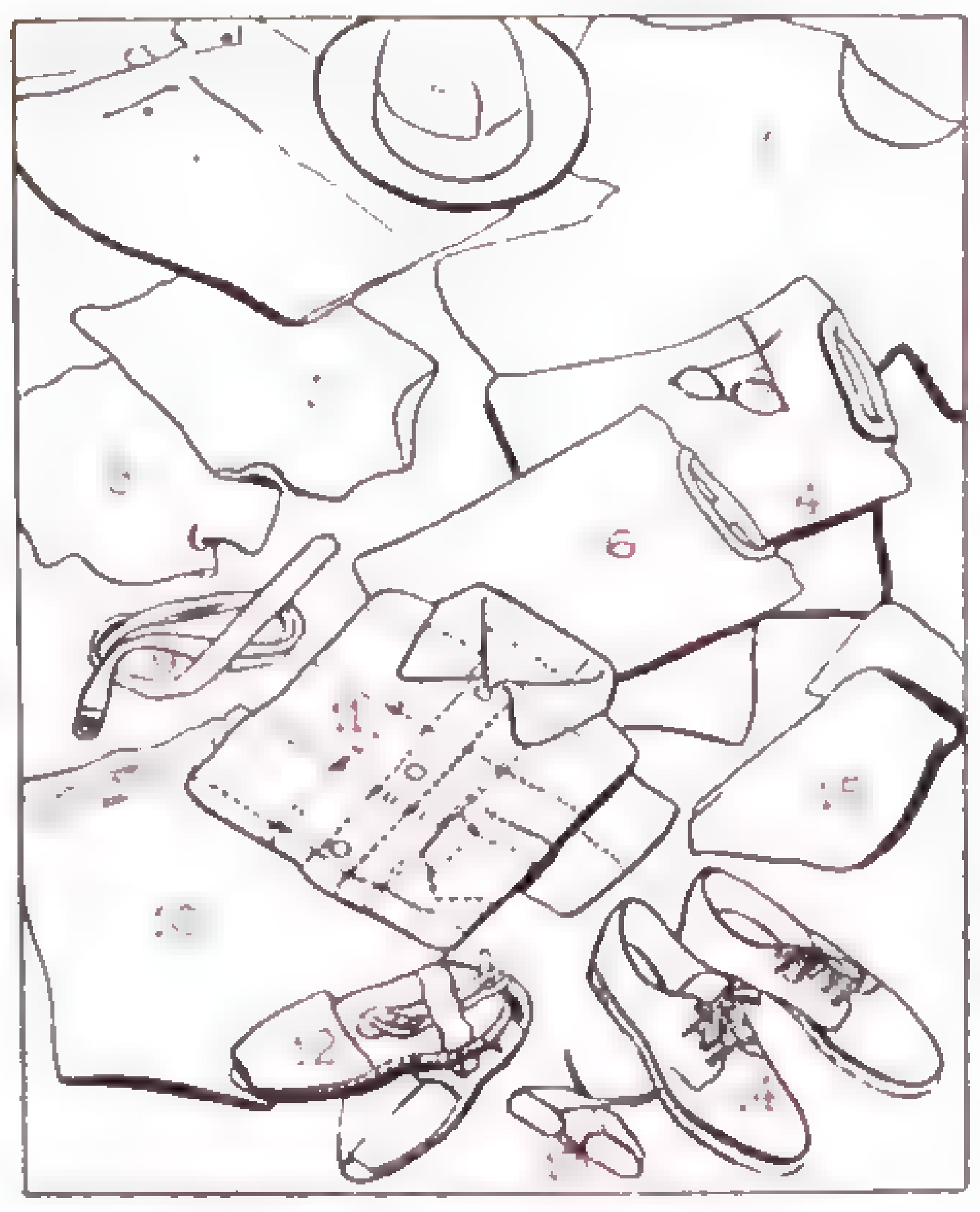

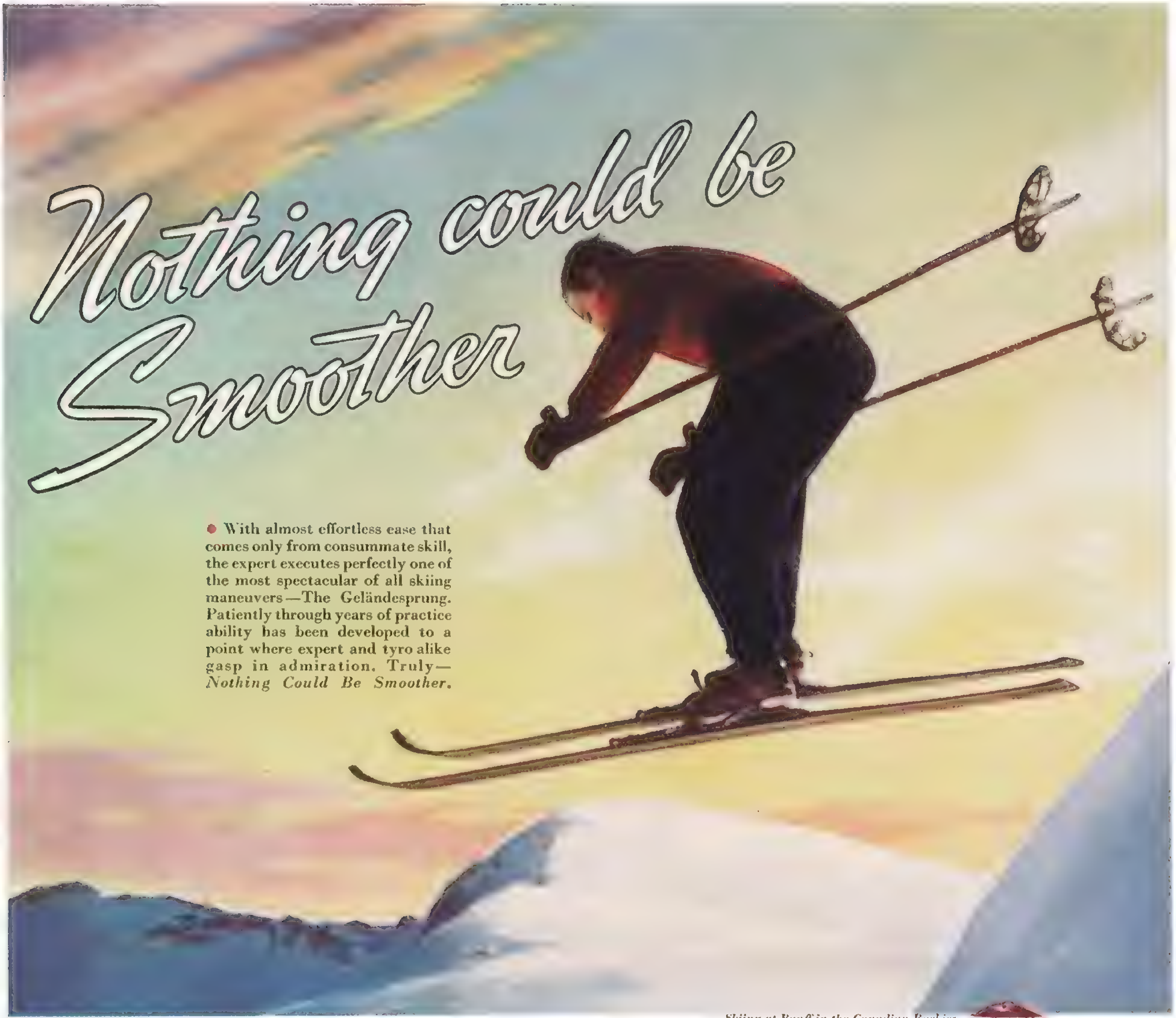

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 76

content with a detailed account.

Fritz Reiner's masterful and contained command of the forces at hand made the music seem simple, clear, and most logical. He did not lose himself and wallow in Strauss's sensuous harmonic and contrapuntal twists. Nor did he, save once, completely abandon himself to the riotous passions about him. The effect of his restraint was to accentuate and elevate for contemplation the horror and the exaltation of Elektra, the "Happy One."

The cast was well balanced and co-ordinated. Madame Pauly took fewer liberties with the music than she sometimes has, and her characterization gained in majesty and nobility. From the moment of her invocation to the shade of her dead father through the scene with her mother, the Tristan-like duet of recognition to the triumphant surge of her nameless dance, she was Elektra. Unforgettable, also, was the *Klytemnestra* of Kerstin Thorborg. If you have never studied the musicianship and the artistry of this great actress, do so. Whatever she does, Magdalena in *Meistersinger* or Gluck's *Orpheus*, is all that it should be.

The production was new. For the first time, to my knowledge, the symmetric ground plan used in Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Salzburg, and the Metropolitan was revamped. The plain, straight front of the palace at Mycenae that habitually greets the eye when the curtain rises was askew. At the right side of the stage there was shown a corner of the palace from the basement of which Elektra made her entrance. The main way from the outside to the palace crossed the other side of the stage and here Orestes and Egisthus made their entrances. The problems raised by the new arrangement were not all worked out; movements indicated in the orchestra did not take place on the stage, but the innovation is interesting.

"It is the old Greek, seen through hysterical eyes," Doctor Graf explained. "The original stage sets were antique, classic, entirely in accordance with the Greek idea, but there is not enough of the morbidity of Hofmannsthal in them. I have taken these plain, simple lines and distorted them slightly . . . looked at them, we might say, with the complexes of Freud. After all, the libretto of *Elektra* is decadent, a product of the Nineteenth Century Freudian mind. It's only *after* Sophocles."

A long way *after*, some one has said.

The Hofmannsthal *Elektra*, perhaps, from the most refined and the highest taste, is overdone, vulgar, too intense and sensational. Of the effectiveness of the music, there can be no question. It may lose its potency when all opera overtures begin with the eighth inversion of the chord of the minor thirteenth. It may . . . but today it packs a wallop all its own.

* * *

Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande* has been absent from the Metropolitan's repertoire since Miss Bori resigned. Wishing to mount the work, Director Merola imported Georges Cathelat and Janine Micheau to sing the title roles and prepared a new production around them. Pierre Monteux, unfortunately, did not return to conduct and Erich Leinsdorf substituted for him. The result, though not ideal, was far better than what we heard at the Met under Louis Hasselmans. Miss Bori, to my way of thinking, never got under the skin of Melisande. She posed, gestured, did everything Manon would have done had she been speaking Melisande's lines. The only completely satisfying Melisande was Mary Garden, who trained her own Pelleas, chose Vanni-Marcoux for Golaud and Alexander Kipnis for Arkel. Miss Garden captured the elusive, evanescent substance of Maeterlinck's maid who knows not whence she came nor why she weeps. In short, she was Melisande.

Mlle Micheau portrayed the character as an overgrown child: the timbre of her voice was that of a child and, though she was well-schooled in the tradition, she was not capable of the same fine feeling M. Cathelat gave out as Pelleas.

The production as a whole was carefully thought out and adequately prepared, but it was too realistic. The scenery was bare, modern, stylized. In itself it had unity and followed a definite conception, but this conception did not fit Debussy's music. If any opera should be dimly lit, suffused with half-lights, etherealized to give the illusion of another world, it is *Pelleas*. Its characters were not created for the daylight. Precisely what is not wanted are spotlights, especially if they are allowed to reflect grotesque caricatures and make Pelleas suggest Punch. The fountain was a well, the bench under Melisande's window was too high for Pelleas, who might have climbed in, and too low for the overgrown Yniold, who couldn't get a peek inside. The lighting was too bright, the lines too clearly drawn. After all, behind Debussy's transcendent harmonies and suspensions, there lies another sphere, remote, shadowy, and dimly perceived. The stage, as well, should suggest this.

The orchestra should, too, and often it didn't. But Mr. Leinsdorf's accomplishment is not to be underrated. His technical security, his knowledge and grasp of the details of the score is no small feat in itself. He conducted as if he were performing the score in public for the hundredth, not the first time; but he did not always achieve the translucent, feather-like lightness which makes this music itself. Symphonic clarity there was; symphonic poetry was lacking.

Around Maeterlinck's stagnant

pools, fluttery doves, departing ships, his white-haired beggars sleeping in a cave, his hunter who loses his way, his king with pity for the hearts of men, Debussy has woven a mysterious tapestry of tone. To know its symbols, to contemplate its beauty, to recreate its nuances means the possession of exceptional imaginative and interpretive capacities. A matter-of-fact account of the printed *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*, no matter how expert or how sincere, is not sufficient. The vibrations of *Pelleas* are too mystical, too subtle for that. Nor is it an opera which practice makes perfect.

Mr. Leinsdorf, if he keeps his feet on the ground and doesn't allow himself to get the big head, will undoubtedly mature and ripen into a great conductor. He may, anyway; but affected poses and mannerisms are unnecessary when one is so talented.

For practical reasons, the usual intermissions between Acts I and II and IV and V were omitted. Union rules may necessitate this, but it is not in the best interest of the performance. Debussy wrote continuous music for each of the opera's five acts, adding interludes after the early rehearsals when it became apparent that the music he originally planned did not allow sufficient time for a change of scene. Thus, the work has a flow that is rudely interrupted when no distinction is made between scenes and acts and two intermissions are omitted. Having listened to significant and telling interludes between every scene, the ear is suddenly confronted by long and unprepared pauses. It is, as my French friend remarked, like seeing a beautiful face and finding that a front tooth is out. In another work, such details might pass unnoticed, but not in *Pelleas*.

* * *

Don Pasquale introduced to American opera-goers Salvatore Baccaloni, greatest living bass buffo and a bass buffo with a voice. That he has not been heard at the Met is a crime. He has only to walk on the stage to bowl audiences over. If he does not have quite the perfection of style for Leporello, as Pasquale and Melitone in *La Forza* he is unbeatable. Let's have more of Baccaloni!

Other Italians Mr. Merola can be proud of having introduced to America are Mafalda Favero and Ebe Stignani. La Favero has voice, charm, and knows her way around on the stage. She rang the bell as Zerlina, Martha, Mimi, and Norina in *Pasquale*. The Met can make good use of her as no one sings her roles as well. Stignani is the best mezzo to come out of Italy in a generation. She is plain peasant, anything but streamlined; but her voice speaks for itself. Her Santuzza was outstanding.

Gigli was not his old self. His vocal production, verve, and intensity were the same and one can only admire a man who gives his all even if that all is not as fruity, as vibrant, as thrilling as it once was. Galliano Masini is a genuine lyric tenor with a brilliant ping. The victim of nerves and moods, he is not dependable. His best is worth hearing, but nine chances to ten you won't hear it. Charles Kullman, our finest lyric tenor, did his best as Walter von Stolzing, but the format of the role is too large for his voice. Dino Borgioli displayed an affecting *mezza voce* and is a consummate stylist, provided he does not stray from the pitch.

Ranking prima donnas were Lily Pons and Elisabeth Rethberg. For these artists – each supreme in her roles – no substitute exists. Miss Pons is the most gracious and believable of all coloraturas: even her Lucia is credible and in *Le Coq d'Or* she creates an illusion possible to no other singer. The timbre of her voice suits Rimsky-Korsakoff's music and she colors each phrase with consummate taste and understanding. Aside from a slight mishap in the San Francisco performance when she missed her footing and got off to a bad start, her Queen of Chemakha is . . . *c'est unique*.

Madame Rethberg, in fine voice, sang the best Donna Anna of her career, headed the cast in *La Forza*, and was a pillar of strength as Eva in the Los Angeles *Meistersinger*. Will there ever be a soprano who can take the place of Rethberg? For 17 seasons she has been infallible and indispensable.

Richard Bonelli stopped the show with *Nemico della Patria* in *Andrea Chenier* and easily ranked as San Francisco's most popular baritone this season. But can anyone explain why Carlo Tagliabue is allowed to hang around? Now and then he drops all pretense of singing and shouts hoarsely as if to infer that that is what Verdi and Puccini wanted. Louis d'Angelo is past the age-limit for Masetto and his voice is fast disappearing. Alessandro Ziliani shares with Anne Jamison the honor of having little voice to begin with, certainly not enough to be in this company.

A case of plums should go to Carlton Gauld for his Golaud, Karl Laufkoetter for his David and Aegisthus, Julius Huehn for his Orestes, Doris Doe for her Genevieve in *Pelleas* and The Blind Woman in *Andrea Chenier*, and to Armando Agnini for his technical proficiency, seven nights out of seven. Norman Cordon rates a whole orange grove for faithful service well rendered: he sang in ten of the thirteen productions. His Commandant and Don Basilio give evidence that he has grown and is capable of bigger roles. Friedrich Schorr gave his best . . . and it is a noble best . . . as Hans Sachs. He deserves an orange grove, too, for announcing that he is going to teach. Wise pupils will coach with him.

Last but not least is Ezio Pinza, for whose artistry I would gladly award him the Golden Gate and all that passes through it. To hear him in close succession as Don Giovanni, Father Guardiano in *La Forza* and King Dodon is to

Continued at top of page 135

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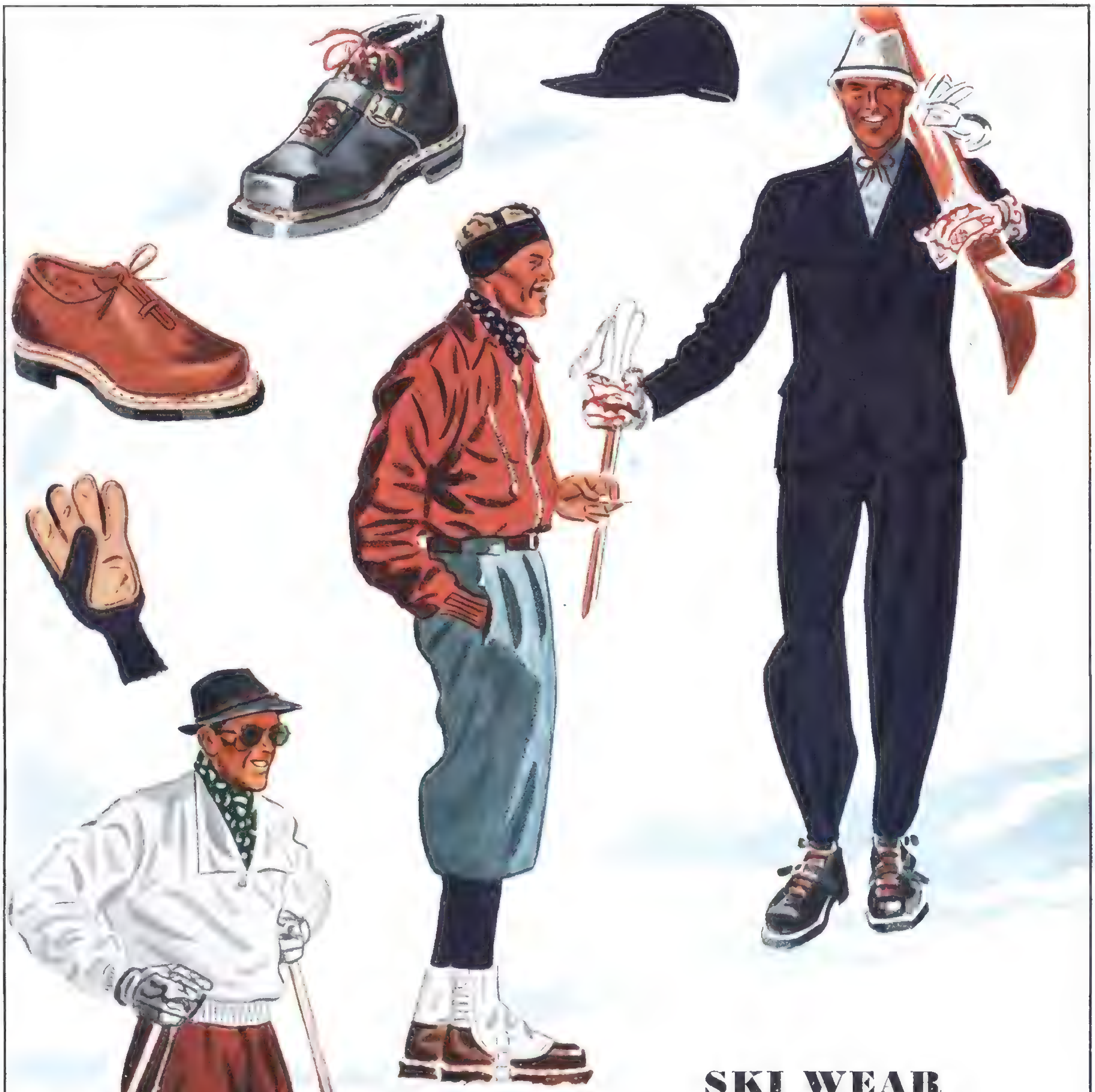

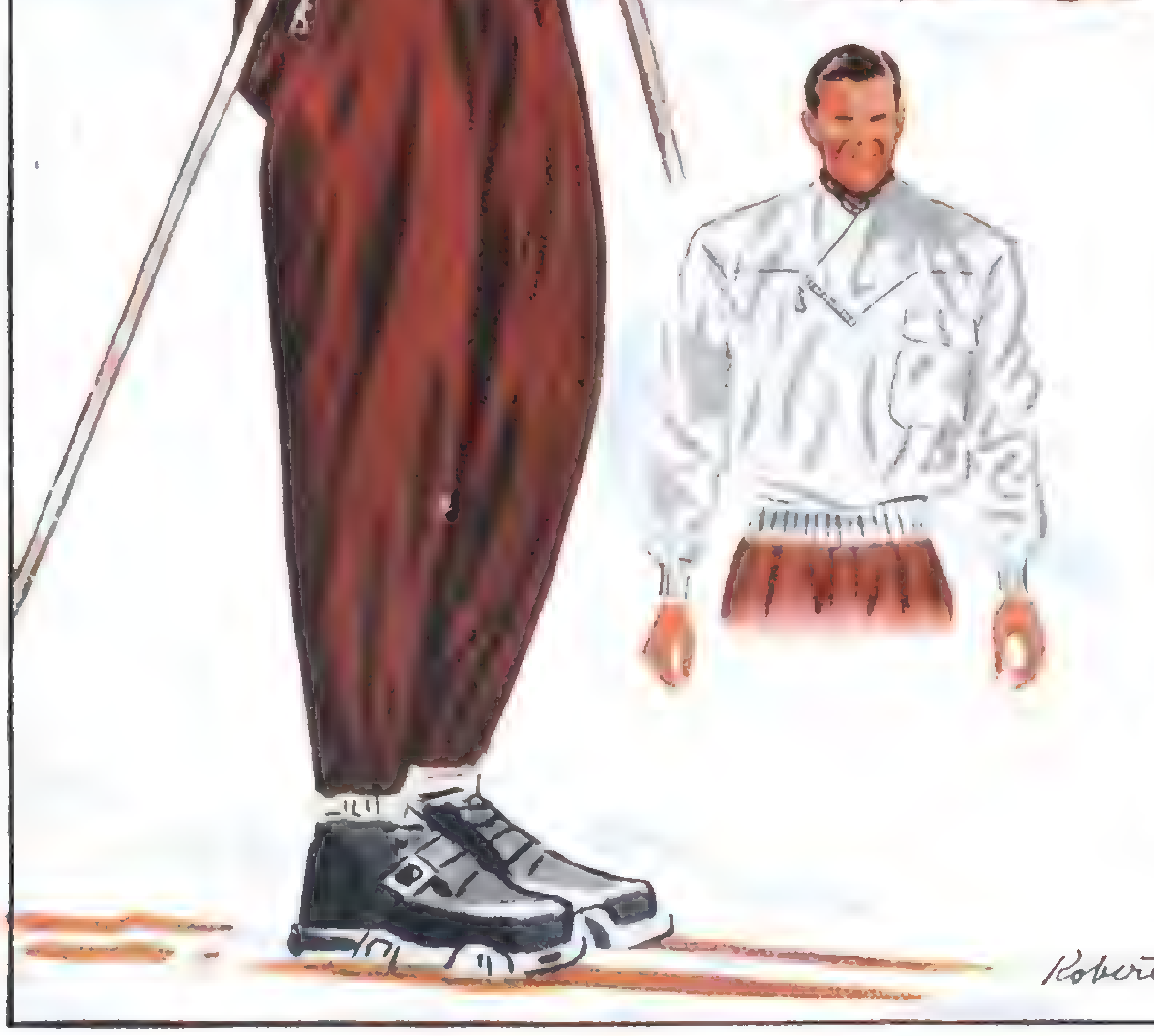

SKI WEAR

In the upper left-hand corner, left to right, are a Swiss peasant shoe for after skiing and a black ski boot with red lacings. Below the former is a colored knit glove with leather palms for ski wear. At the top is a jockey style ski cap. The large figure in the lower left-hand corner is wearing a white pullover wind jacket with convertible collar, which forms a high V-neck when closed, as illustrated on the small sketch at the bottom; rust color peg-top trousers; Tyrolean hat with rust cord band; black ski boots and peasant pattern knit gloves. The center figure wears for downhill skiing a lightweight salmon color wind jacket with slide fasteners on front and at pockets, aspen blue ski knickers, navy blue cable stitch hose, navy blue headband, white canvas anklets, lightweight scarf. In the upper right-hand corner is a blue gabardine ski suit with peg-top trousers, French blue flannel shirt with scarlet string tie, white felt Tyrolean hat with narrow brim, black ski boots with red lacings, peasant mittens—an ideal outfit for skiing on low slopes and for after skiing.

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Robert Goodman

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 76-133

know that today he is without peer among singing-actors.

He had the misfortune, as Don Giovanni, to die in what looked like a Negro flophouse, but he lived to reign over a glorious land, more colorful and bizarre than I have seen on any stage outside Russia. There is not space to consider each opera in detail. Suffice it to say that the San Francisco performances, by and large, have a freshness, a newness, and a verve that is missing in our best-known lyric theatre. Of course, the season is shorter, the equipment new; but one glance at Remisoff's décor for *Le Coq d'Or* and you feel a tinge of regret that the audiences at the Metropolitan must live in the slums and never know this fantasy.

It is also unfortunate that they cannot have a look at the San Francisco Opera chorus. They'd think they were at the Music Hall instead of the Met. The faces are young and expressive—their voices good, but they certainly need to be better drilled and trained. The San Francisco Symphony, which plays the opera performances, has an excellent woodwind section; the concertmeister and principal cellist are superb; the brass section needs focusing . . . it's unbalanced and rough, especially for Wagner and Strauss. Nevertheless, what is accomplished in San Francisco; thirteen different productions, a majority of which are new, in four weeks; comes in the category of major miracles. ###

The Gentry Eats Crabs

Continued from page 41

of sorts, was where adventurous spirits from the mainland convened over week ends to bathe in the Atlantic's clean, warm waves. The trip could either be made by flatboat, during high tide, or by horse—and across the five-mile wooden causeway known as "Fisher's Folly." Not a trek to take without due thought and preparation.

Around the casino was clustered a tiny community of homes and stores, where mainland folk could obtain refreshment and rest after their perilous journey, but it was Joe's food—served without ostentation or benefit of highfalutin' atmosphere—that sent them caroling homeward with love for the embryo "Winter Playground of the World" in their hearts.

Joe was a simple man, he had simple tastes. He laid a simple table for his customers, and he followed a simple rule for giving them pleasure—the best of food, well prepared, in unlimited quantities. You could get pompano there that would shame the banquet feasts of Bacchus; Florida lobster calculated to make you whisper a prayer of thanksgiving to the gods of the submarine world; scallops with bacon, shrimp creole, salt water trout, Spanish mackerel, kingfish . . . and if you wanted to be damnyankee about it, sirloin or tenderloin or T-bone steaks that had to be eaten rapidly before they melted on your fork.

But if you were of the elect, if you truly knew what you were about . . . you took stone crabs.

Ice cold stone crabs, piled a foot high on a huge blue platter, the magnificent black-tipped claws thoughtfully cracked to give you access to the treasure beneath their stone-hard shells.

Ice cold, because it was Joe, his admirers claim, who discovered the proper, civilized way to serve that dish of pirates and princes is at a temperature close to zero. Black Caesar's hot repasts may have been all right for his rhum-jaded palate, but he never knew the subtle, indescribable flavor of the tender, white meat made firm and succulent by cold. Nor did he ever suspect what miracles of taste, of bouquet, could be wrought by the simple introduction of drawn butter, piping hot, into the picture. If Black Caesar had been able to sample, just once, a single claw of cold stone crab gently dipped into a bath of melted butter . . . who knows but what he might have been master of the world, instead of just the Keys and Bahamas?

In those days of Joe's career, he served men who were later to be giants. Carl Fisher, Tom Pancoast and John Levi, who built the Beach from mud stolen off the bay bottom; Jim Snowden, the oil company czar; Flagler, Brickell and Cohen, of Miami's empire-building society. From afar came Ramon Novarro, Rex Ingram, Alice Terry and Johnny Hines, of the fabulous cinema world; Pepy D'Albrew, Jess Willard . . .

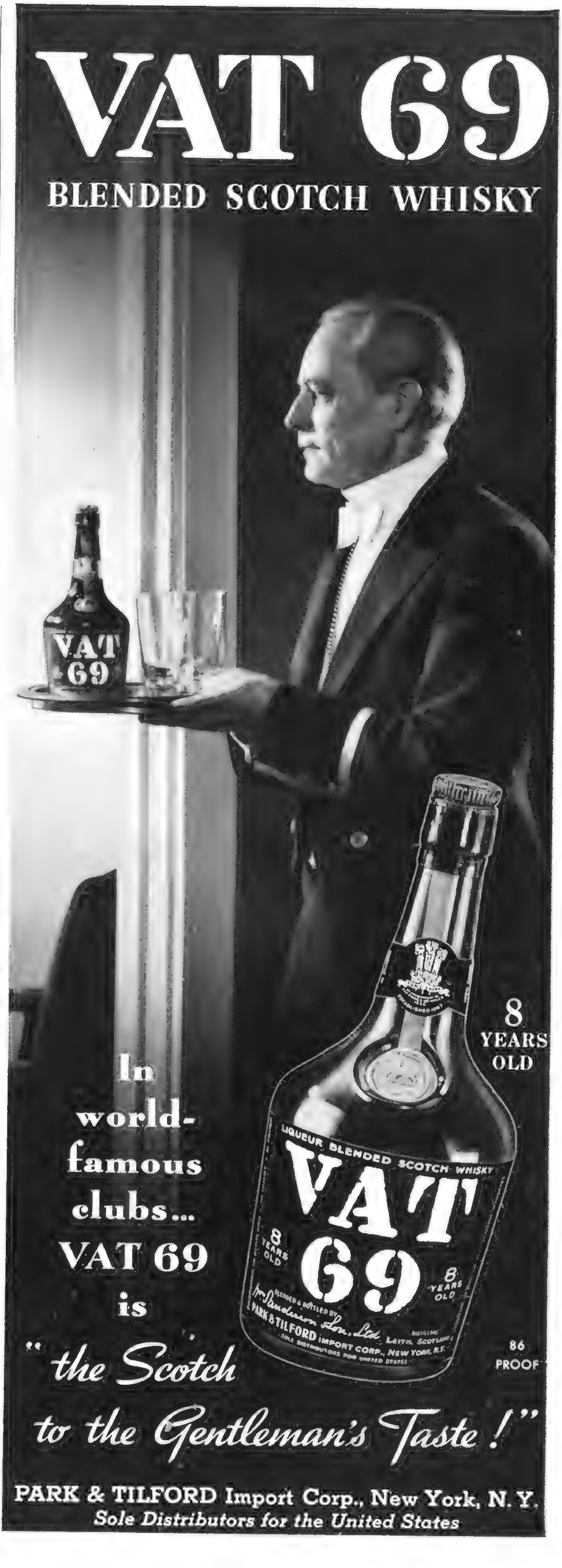
Stone crab eaters all, the nucleus of what was to become probably the most exclusive group of trenchermen in the world. They came, they ate, they went away to tell others, and Joe prospered.

Not that his life in the early days was without trouble. The 1916 hurricane put him in the red, and for more than two weeks his clientele ate stone crabs prepared over an open fire, with only candles to light the tables. The 1926 storm all but wiped his business out, and there were other annoyances of equal significance.

But war, depression and competition bothered Joe not at all. His records show he did a greater business during the 1929-30 panic than ever before, and when he died in 1931 he left his son, Jesse, a heritage both gustatorially sacred and financially secure.

Joe moved his restaurant from the casino to a small, private residence near by in 1920. It was in this house, shabby as to furnishings, decorated in execrable taste, around plain, deal tables gathered as distinguished a company of eaters as a combined survey of

Continued at top of page 136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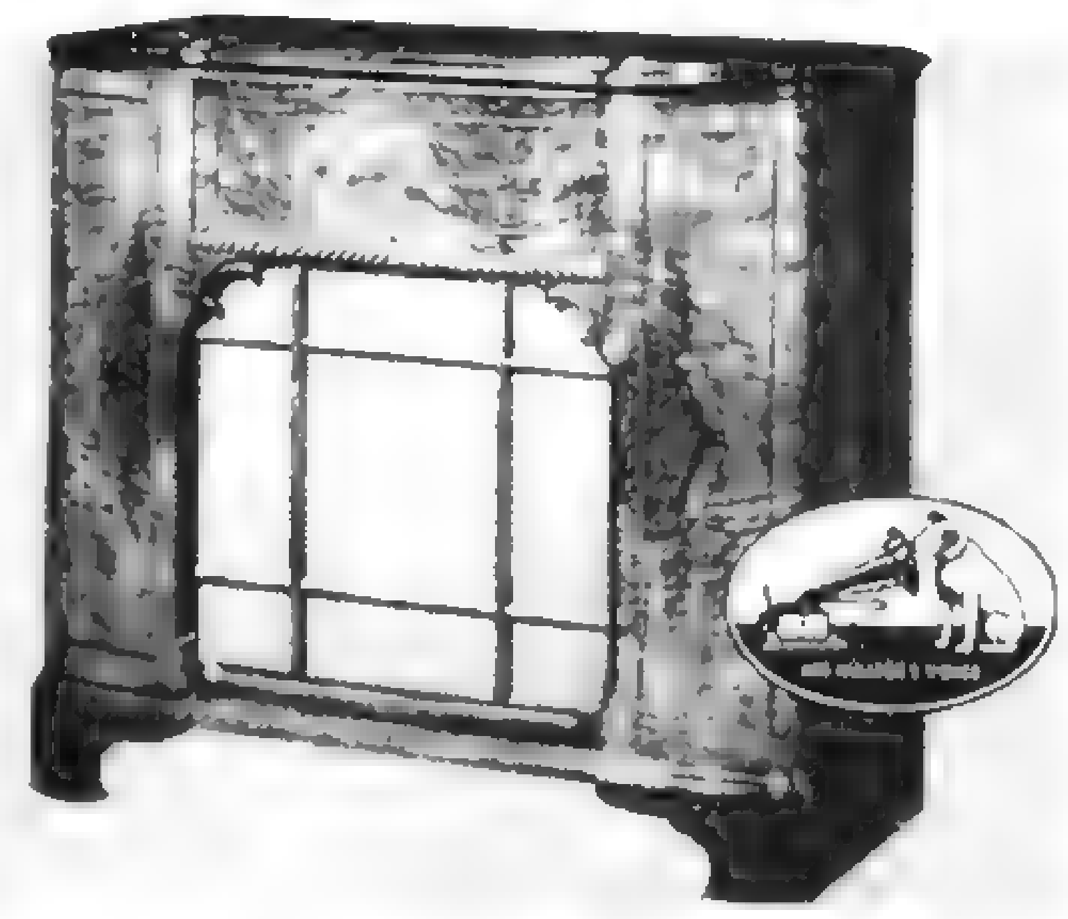

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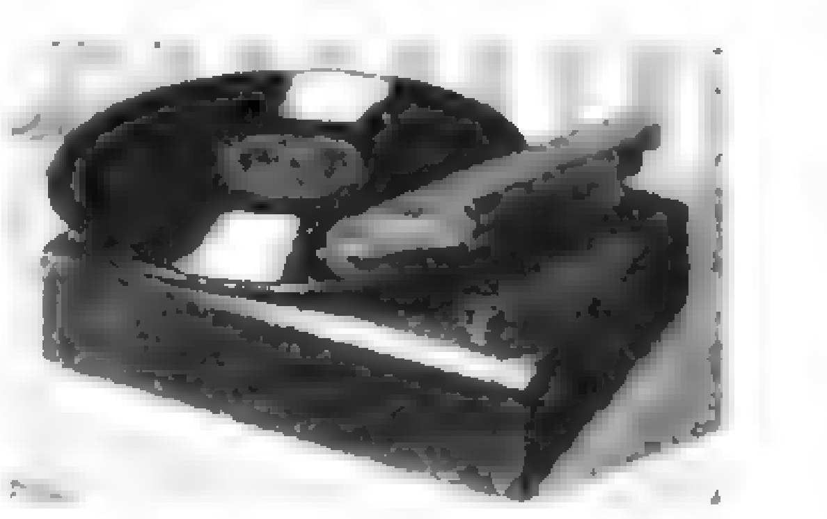

RCA Victrola
COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

The Gentry Eats Crabs

Continued from pages 44-135

Who's Who, the *Almanac de Gotha*, the *Social Register*, *Great Names of the American Theatre* and *Bradstreet's* would reveal.

A few of Joe's stone crab worshipers have been listed; there were thousands more, equally as well known.

President Harding, Prince Raspigliosi, Mickey Walker, J. C. Phipps, Raymond Guest, Dick Merrill, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Eddie Rickenbacker, Lou Holtz, Harry Richman, Al Jolson, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Gene Sarazen, Bobby Jones, Dr. John LaGorce . . . those of you who are living, step forward and testify to the memory of Joe!

In a normal day, he would serve three thousand pounds of stone crabs, a ton and one-half of the richest food the sea provides. How he prepared the handsome monsters, only he and Jesse knew. His son will tell you they are merely boiled in salt water, iced, cracked and served.

But any one of Joe's awed guests will swear he used cabalistic phylactery or some devilish secret ingredient to muster up the flavor.

There were, and are, many other grills, cafés and restaurants in Miami Beach and Miami where stone crabs can be obtained, at very fancy prices indeed. But go to Gene Tunney, who trained on them one season; Capone, who ate them even when it was necessary to be flanked by a dozen torpedomen; they'll say only at Joe's are stone crabs treated with proper reverence in preparation and ingurgitation.

Because Menippe propagates slowly, and because there is always a tremendous demand for his claws, stone crabs will be unknown to posterity. The Keys are all but depleted of them. It must be a disheartening thought to Those Who Have Eaten to know that millions yet unborn will never experience the unadulterated joy which comes from such a meal.

No *hor d'oeuvres*, cocktails, soups or entrées are allowed to mar a meal of stone crabs. A small salad and a spot of potato is sometimes admitted by certain schools of thought, but in the final analysis it's the mountainous platter of glistening claws and the smoking, sunny pot of drawn butter that matter.

Experienced trenchermen eat slowly, removing the cracked armor with worshipful care, munching the butter-soaked meat with blissful ecstasy, devoting an entire evening to the rite. After an hour or two of such exercise, a short walk is allowed while the debris of shells is removed and a fresh platter of claws brought from the icing tank.

Frequency of repetition of this replenishment is governed only by the participant's immunity to high blood pressure.

There are many stone crab enthusiasts who will claim for Menippe qualities of pharmacological and physiological importance. They say, in addition to the iodine he provides, other chemical ingredients are captured in his flesh, all healthful and warranted to make the eater a stronger, better man.

But most stone crab enthusiasts eat only for table pleasure.

A magnificent, glittering emporium seating three hundred diners bears Joe's name now, in Miami Beach. But next door stands the same shabby little house where he made his fame. Jesse runs it for those famous and infamous who know Menippe well.

And as one of Joe's waiters once said: "They comes, they goes; some eat steak, some eat fish . . . but the gentry eats crabs!" ‡‡

On the Record

Continued from page 88

Schubert. If even the lyrical Austrians pall on you, there's Faure. These three quartets are expertly recorded, the Flonzaley being the least recent.

Should you like show-pieces, try Nathan Milstein and Leopold Mittman in the *Devil's Trill Sonata* (Columbia 498.) Milstein's technique is unique and if you've forgotten the legend surrounding this piece, here it is in Tartini's own words:

"One night, it was in the year 1713, I dreamed that I had signed over my soul to the devil. All went exactly according to my desire, and my new servant anticipated my every wish. It occurred to me, among other things, to hand him my violin in order to see whether he would be able to play some attractive composition on it. How great was my astonishment, however, when I heard a sonata so glorious and beautiful, and played with such great art and understanding that it seemed beyond the most daring flight of human fancy! I was carried away, delighted, and enraptured to such an extent that I could hardly breathe, and I awoke! At once I seized my violin in order to catch and hold at least some of the tones I heard in my dream. In vain. It is true that the music I composed on this occasion is the best I ever wrote in my life, and I still call it *The Devil's Sonata;* yet the gulf between it and that which had moved me is so great that I would have broken my instrument and foresworn music forever, had it been possible for me to live without it."

* * *

The Liszt B minor Ballade is expertly played with firm grasp of style and content by Louis Kantner (Columbia Set x-97), who is not well known here but who has a public in Europe. Thunderings and sentiment alternate in rapid succession and Liszt reveals himself all over again. Egon Petri rolls off the Brahms *Variations on a Theme by Paganini* like shelling peas (Columbia Set x-80). He is at his best in this set.

Don't be misled by the name Palestrina and buy Columbia's Set No. 299. The *Missa Brevis*, sung by the Madrigal Singers under Lehman Engel, is badly put on the wax, the singing is pedestrian, bloodless, and dry as dust without light or shade or understanding of the great church musician's intentions.

* * *

If film music interests you, Felix of Hollywood claims that Prokofieff's *Lieutenant Kije* is the best yet.

It is a satirical commentary on an old tale about the first Tsar Nicholas. Anxious to get on with the list of army promotions, the Tsar read only the last syllables of the men to be promoted. Hurriedly he sputtered over one seven-syllable name, saying only the last *Ki* and adding the highly explosive expletive *je*. Kije, who didn't exist, was made by the Tsar's command a lieutenant.

The attendants, afraid to tell the Tsar he made a mistake, invented a fictitious Lieutenant Kije. The music, after an off-stage trumpet flourish, tells of his birth: full-grown, pompous, and lavishly uniformed. He falls in love and the tenor sax sings his love song. He is married; stiff-shirted formality mingles with sentimental gush "a shrewd comment upon those who professionally are 'hard-boiled' but, subcutaneously are soft to the point of stickiness." The saxophone again sings for Lieutenant Kije an old Russian tavern ditty:

A woman's heart is like an inn:
All those who wish go in,
And they who roam about
Day and Night go in and out.

The orchestral suite compiled from the incidental music to the film concludes with the *Burial of Kije*.

After a time the Tsar asked to see his Lieutenant and the courtiers, not able to produce him, decided to say he had died. His mythical presence had been quite a strain on them . . . and relief rather than grief is in strong evidence.

His exploits are all recounted in the orchestra and he departs with a final flourish of off-stage brass in the same atmosphere that prevailed at his birth.

In the records (Victor M 459) Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony surpass themselves. If you like fun and satire, don't miss them. There's nothing better with which to entertain visiting firemen. ⧺

Uplift by Wireless

Continued from page 51

minutes on air-raid-protection organizers and their work, followed by orchestra and a play. Then news, a commentary (by the extremely intelligent Harold Nicolson), another play, a band and toward midnight, American records.

I give you my word that this is copied from official sources and that it is an average day. And what's more it has fine things. But take it apart (break it down, if you prefer) and how much plain entertainment for the plain man do you find in it? Two per cent? Four? Not fifteen, anyhow. Omitting recorded music, there is only the faintest awareness that the uneducated, but literate, human being has any right to good clean fun. On the same day the Regional program (which I believe Londoners can also get), didn't have one solitary moment of any kind of entertainment (unless you count a chess game) as the word is known to us. From two in the afternoon to 11:50 at night there were only some thirty-two minutes not music or connected with music.

I don't propose to compare governmental and commercial broadcasting. I am interested in the supreme indifference of the class that makes British entertainment, to the natural demands of the class that has to take it. I am interested in the eager desire to make anything as popular as movies and the radio into something ultra-respectable, and refined. My spies abroad tell me that George Robey appears "regularly," meaning about once every two weeks; he is an old music hall comedian, and a funny one; but he is now a sacred institution in England. He can get by. But the thing we know as radio-comedian hasn't developed in England. Think twice before you say Thank God.

I suppose the events of a couple of months ago have depressed us all and made us wonder whether the dear mother country was as democratic as she sounded off. To me a country which has movies and radio and uses them primly, with one eye on Queen Victoria and the other tight shut, doesn't begin to know what democracy means.

But then I have a low passion for popular art. So did a lot of more aristocratic people, in the days when democracy wasn't a dangerous toy.

I remember walking along Knightsbridge with an English friend the evening of the Coronation and we hadn't waited for the event itself to get a little boiled. A character out of George Bellows tried to sell us some grotesque object to wear in our lapels and I bought one and my friend didn't. Fair enough. But what he said, with genuine courtesy, to the old peddler-woman was, "Sorry. I can't really. I'm dining at my club."

It strikes me that English entertainment is dining there, too. And the cuisine is off, dreadfully. ⧺

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For modern shaving
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Barbasol
No Brush — No Lather — No Rub in

Last of the Orchid Hunters

Continued from page 78

that now bear his name) none knew how to nurture the tropical varieties. Each year hunters criss-crossed Colombia and Brazil, the Philippines and India, gathering the new plants which replaced those that died so readily in captivity.

The orchid hunters were solitary men. Each hugged his own exclusive knowledge of the haunts of the treasured blooms. Every other hunter was his enemy. Fortunately for Benson, in his first year he came across Herman Hoff, dean of the craft, on a drowsy side-wheeler on the upper Magdalena. Even so, had Hoff not been a trifle off-center from a bad accident, Benson might have spent years learning what he picked up from Hoff in days.

The Dane was dozing on the deck in the hot afternoon. His cigarette slipped from his lips.

A stranger leaned over and said, in English: "Your pants are burning."

Benson sat up straight, as alarmed by the sound of English as by the startling news. He looked at the stranger, then at his own thigh, and slapped out the fire.

"What's your name," the stranger asked bluntly.

"Henderson," answered Benson without the batting of an eyelid.

"That's funny. I saw 'Benson' marked on your luggage. What are you doing up here?"

"Prospector. I'm scouting a mine for some New York capitalists."

"That's funny, too," remarked the stranger. "The card on your luggage says 'orchids.' I'm prospecting too—for orchids."

Down at Barranquilla and in New York they had been wondering what had happened to Hoff—unreported for six months. Fact was he'd been thrown off his horse while crossing a range the season before, had struck his head sharply. A cloud dimmed his mind and his company had given him up for lost. From the first telegraph station along the river, Benson flashed the news that Hoff was safe, if not altogether sane.

Today Benson, no longer a hunter but a combination bio-chemist-florist-genetecist, can produce an orchid for any day of the year you want. Before the war, it was up to him to map his routes by the seasons in which orchids bloom naturally. In the upper Magdalena the Christmas-bloomers were taken into captivity. Easter-bloomers were hundreds of miles away in Boyaca province, home of the Schroederae Cattleya. Out of Antioquia grow the dark spring-blooming Gigas. In the cannibal country, the light-colored June-blooming Mendelii Cattleya for brides.

Hip-inoculated, quinine-saturated, armed with gun and mosquito netting, Benson has probably seen as much of Colombia as any North American, and returned to tell the tale, sound of body and mind. Today he is no longer the lean young fellow who roared many a song, Danish, American and Indian, around a jungle fire with his crew of tree climbers, plant packers and rivermen. His blond hair thinning, his face fleshier, his short torso thickening, he has no desire to go back to the hardships of his hunting days. Unlike most North Americans—could it be a lingering Danish democracy?—he has no disdain of the Indians who worked under him. An honest, alert, intelligent fellow the Indian of Colombia, Benson tells you. A few pesos a day—ten to fifteen cents in United States money—and they worked tirelessly. One chap bore the burden of Colombian paper money—all in small denominations—acted as paymaster with only the most casual supervision. A runner was sent through the wilderness two hundred miles to the nearest town with a bank to cash a check and bring back thousands of pesos in cash, with never a loss.

Courtesy, the unfailing courtesy of the unlettered Indian who trusts you, endeared these Colombians to Benson, even if sometimes he paid for that courtesy as when he accepted a fresh mount to replace his jaded mare. Mighty thoughtful of his host, Benson agreed, until he found that his new horse had no brakes. Or the village to whose inhabitants he had given much employment and who serenaded him half the night with big brass horns in honor of his largesse. Or the fishermen who invited him out in a canoe for fishing by light of the moon. Next morning Benson saw a dozen alligators lazing along the river where he had been fishing.

Benson, your true orchid hunter, could not be satisfied even with the glories of Colombia, home of the famed purple-hued Cattleyas. On to Brazil where the finest Butterflies grow, through to the Negrito country of eastern Luzon, the Moro hills in Mindanao in the Philippines, for the Phalaenopsis, loveliest of all orchid sprays and the hardest to capture. The Negritos gave Benson a cordial welcome not matched even by the Colombians. With the dawn he climbed down from his tree perch to take an early bath. Already the Negritos were preparing the morning meal. As discreetly as possible, Benson bathed at some distance,

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only to be surprised by a bevy of black girls tiffed by the trouble he made for them. They fell to with brushes on his hide, chiding him for taking a bath so far from the well.

In the Moro country our orchid hunter's enthusiasm for Phalaenopsis cooled in one night when no fewer than fifty Moro spears lodged in the walls of his hut.

India, Benson says, is the easiest of all orchid countries. You ride elephants—much better than spine-ridged mules, and they keep you dry in fording streams and enable you to pick off choice flowers from the tree's upper branches. Gardens in Bombay and Calcutta are all cluttered up with orchids. These are the Cymbidium and the Cypripedium from far up on the misty Himalayas. Orchids love mist, abhor sunshine and prefer a temperate climate ranging around 50°, with no extreme heat or killing frost. In the Himalayas grow the longest-keeping of all orchids, species used to add to the hybrid's long-wearing virtues.

The 1917 quarantine ended Benson's hunting. "It's just as well," he says. "Each of us can import four hundred plants a year, but only for breeding and improving the type. Now we beat Nature by hybridizing. We can give you any color you want, at the time you want it, and a flower a lot sturdier than anything you'll find either in India or Colombia."

For years after the quarantine, Benson wandered in the unexciting wilderness of roses—mere roses. He became general manager and vice-president (at $25,000 a year plus dividends plus bonus) of a huge rose factory out on the pancake prairie west of Chicago.

"But roses," says Benson in his thick Danish accent, "what can you do with roses? You grow 'em and you cut 'em, and grow 'em and cut 'em. What kind of a life is that? Now with orchids, it's different—."

Lovely women, lovely orchids—both are sinned against, but the orchids are not to blame, according to Benson, who is a bachelor. Detractors, ignorant or malicious, have said that orchids are parasites, fragile products of the tropics and the hothouse, unplebeian growths of a decadent society.

Gorgeous as she is, your Orchidaceae is no parasite. No blacker lie could hope to smirch her tender and curious beauty. True, she toils not, neither does she spin. With admirable foresight however she reaches out velamentous free-swinging roots into the air to gather raindrops and dewdrops. From her tree she draws only a bit of tannic acid occasionally through a tender root in the bark. True, there are cases of a single tree smothered by the embrace of hundreds of orchids, but who could stand so much concentrated beauty and not die of it?

The orchid fragile? Not at all, says our former hunter. Snipped ignominiously from home base, the flower retains its loveliness long after the rose and carnation have wilted from sheer exhaustion. The Queen of Flora, her stem enclosed in a water-filled, rubber film-stopped vial, is actually shipped across the continent to arrive at her destination fresh as an uncut daisy.

Not only in the tropics, but along Greenland's icebound coast and down the desolate stretches of the Yukon, the orchid grows and flourishes. Even on the flat prairies of industrious, commonplace Illinois dozens of varieties thrive, some of them to gladden the hearts of the natives.

The orchid as the symbol of the upper crust is mere libel. The itch to conveyor-belt all life has invaded the orchid's privacy. No longer trapped in mountain jungles, she reproduces now with the aid of chemical flasks, agar base cultures and the services of the unemotional biochemist. Benson, purveyor to the middle west, introduced mass-production methods to orchidry so that now the purple flower is as common to Main Street as to Park Avenue. Not only Milady but her maid and the girl who works in the garment factory can have orchids. Not every day, but then who wants one every day?

Andrew Benson's methods are those of Big Industry (he's one of the Big Three orchid men in America) but his spirit is that of an artist, a connoisseur, a lover. He must be business-like in the conduct of his eight big greenhouses but he doesn't like to admit it.

A product of the Royal Horticultural School in Copenhagen, Benson shifted to America back in 1908 and went to work in New York for nine dollars a week. At that time only one man in America knew just what to do about gardenias, and he guarded his secret. The young Copenhagener saw no great future in being a florist's potman and so he set out to learn what there is to know about gardenias. He let his brownish beard grow a week or two, put on overalls and went around to America's only gardenia man to get a job.

"You know anything about flowers?" asked the suspicious expert.

"Notting at all," answered Andrew. "I'm yust from the Old Country. I know pick and shovel and boilers and I work hard."

What there was to know about gardenias Benson knew after five months of puttering, ignorant-wise, around the greenhouses in between firing boilers. Thereupon he got himself a bang-up job with a Connecticut florist as America's No. 2 gardenia man. After a while at that, he turned orchid hunter.

Fed up with roses in 1929 which rated as a bang-up orchid year, you may remember—Benson tossed up his $25,000 job and put his savings into a row of greenhouses for his true loves. He faced eight profitless years, for it takes that long, normally, for a plant to begin producing profits and flowers. Worse than that, starting at scratch from "species," the im-

Continued on page 140

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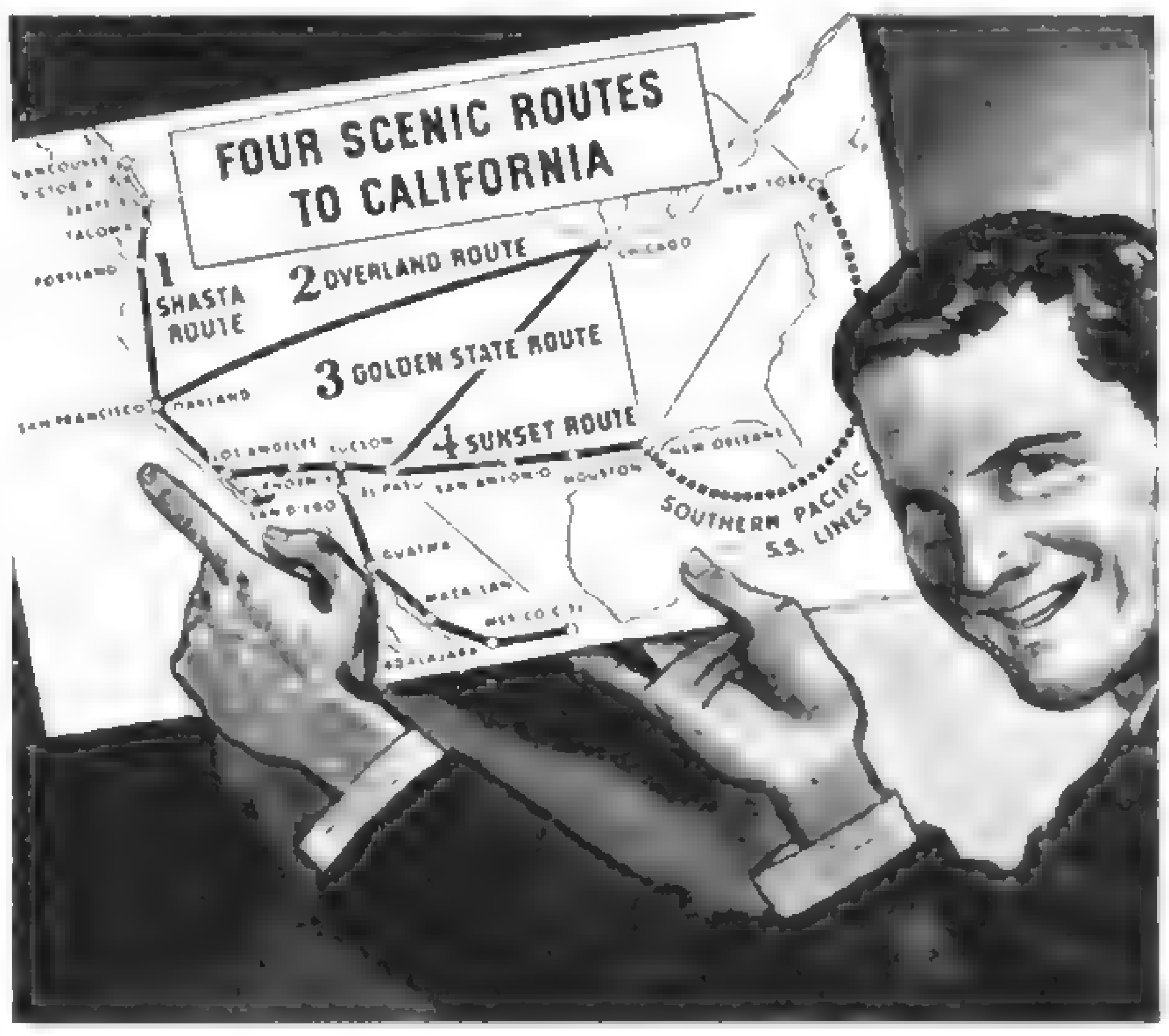

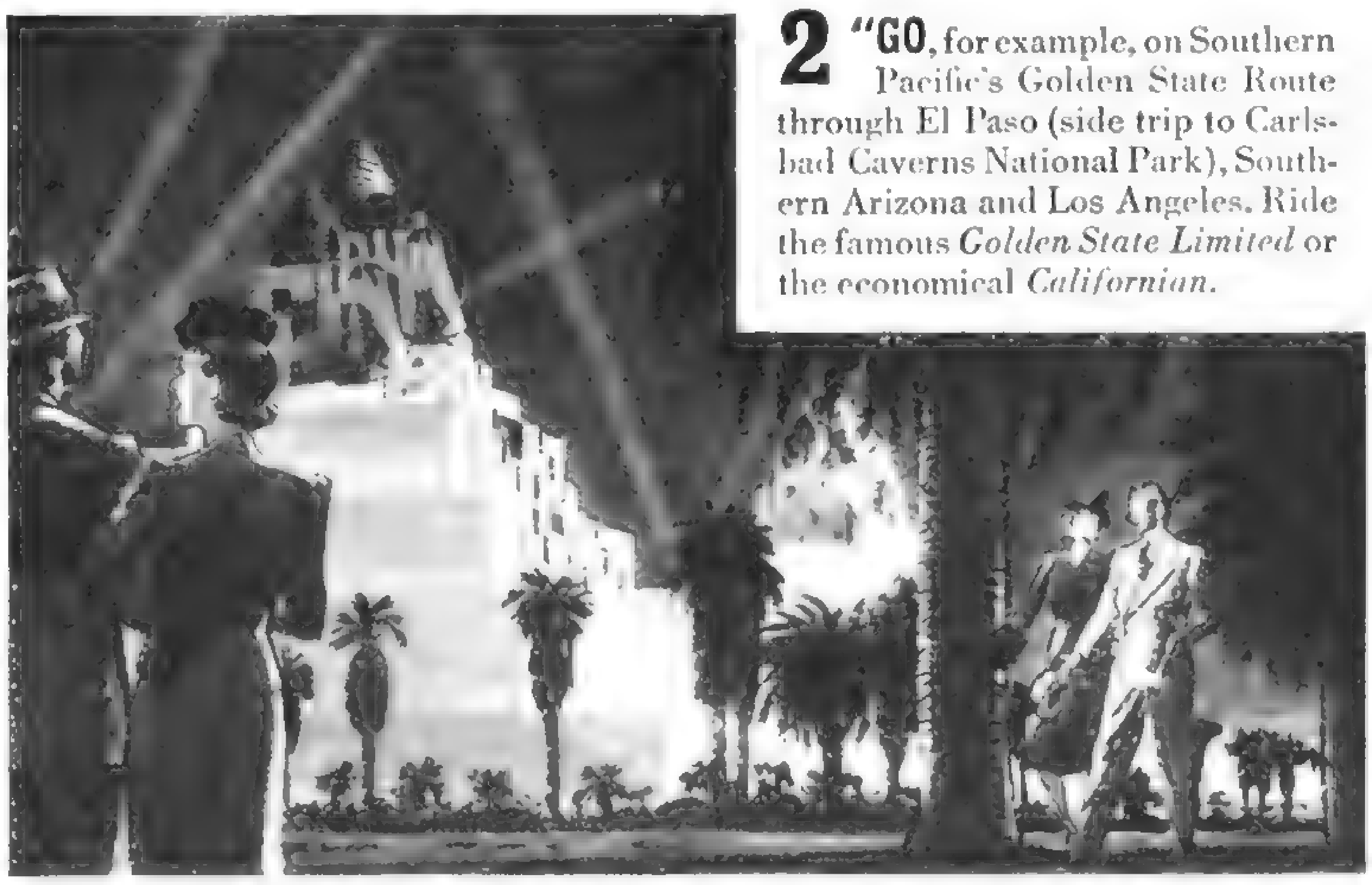

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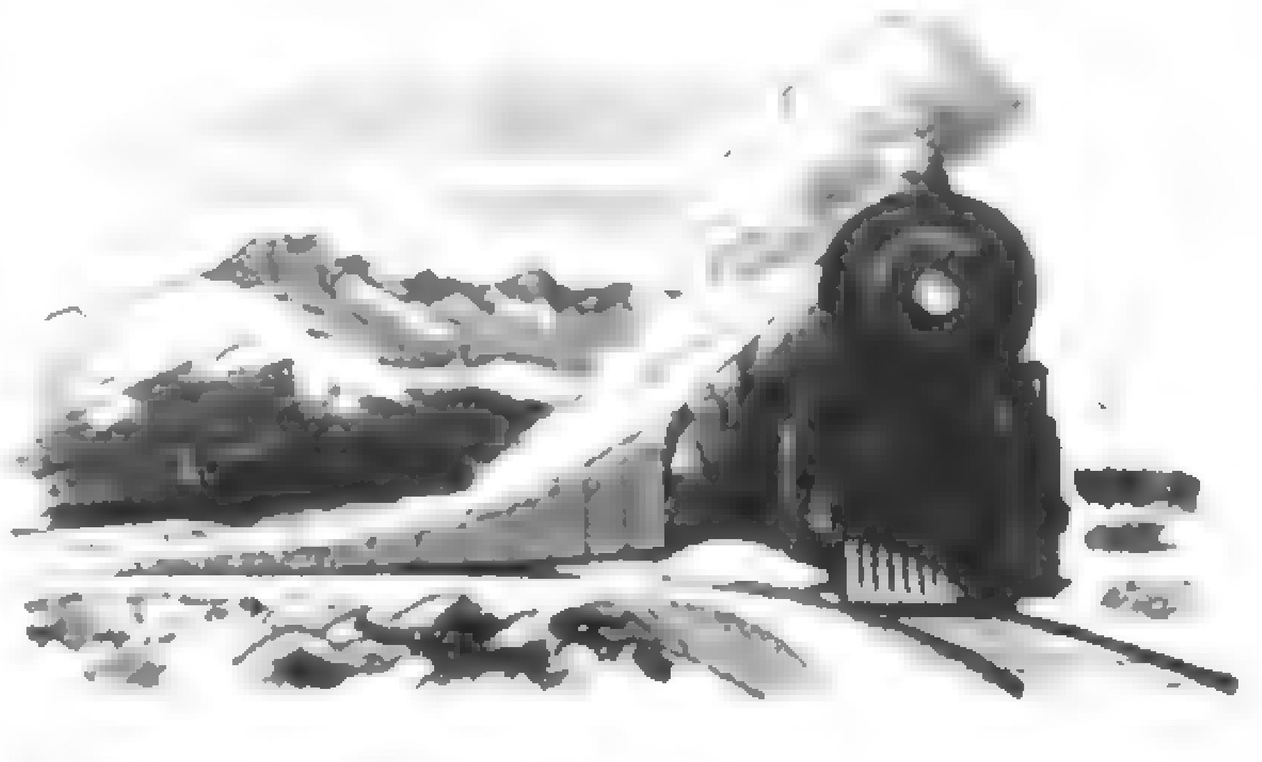

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Last of the Orchid Hunters

Continued from pages 78-139

ported natural plants, he would have to wait fifteen to twenty years before hybridizing would begin to produce results. It takes several orchid-generations to work out desirable hybrids. Of course the British, who have been at it fifty years or more, might have been helpful in selling some of their hybrids to the starter, but the orchid business in Britain is a tightly controlled ring with good specimens banned for export.

"The first few years are the hardest," Benson observed. "The first year I took in only nine hundred dollars. Fortunately I had half a dozen good suits of clothes and they lasted until business picked up. Orchids got as low as six for a dollar back in 1932. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise because lots of people who had never seen an orchid before began buying, and kept it up when better times returned. We built up a market among hundreds of thousands of people where once only High Society was on our books."

There's nothing exciting about an orchid plant. Plain leaves on a stem growing out of matted fern moss. But one of Benson's plants cost him $3,750—a British stud with a pedigree reaching back into the 19th century. Plenty of English studs fetch $250 to $500, mostly Cattleyas with interesting qualities of color, stamina and form grown into them.

The plant, after flowering, is artificially fertilized and becomes pregnant—if you're lucky. A two or three-inch strip of the stem below the flower gets big with seed. After eight or nine months, as with human beings, the orchid is ready to bring forth. A sack is tied about the pod to receive the seeds on delivery. The seeds themselves are gossamer stuff which a zephyr could blow to Brazil.

In the old days, before Professor Knudson's asymbiotic researches at Cornell, a bed of moss was covered with burlaping or turkish toweling, seed was sprinkled on it and the whole was topped by a glass bell to keep out malignant forces that might torment a nascent orchid. About five per cent developed into seedlings.

Now, a nutrient culture of salts and chemicals in an agar base—the whole business looking like attenuated library paste—in the bottom of a graceful flask, topped with cotton, holds the little seeds. In this microcosmic world, tiny splotches of green appear. Occasionally a foul interloper appears from the outer world and fuzzy patches develop. A magnifying glass in the sun burns out the offending patch, and life goes on.

After some ten months, the crucial step must be taken in the life of an orchid plant. Benson found the easiest way to liberate the tiny seedlings was to pour water into the flask, floating the gelatinous culture to the top. Patient potmen armed with toothpicks fleck the seedlings from the culture to tiny pots topped with peat-moss from Oregon or Florida. In the first year out in the open, subjected to drafts, changes in temperature, insects, fungi, germs, about fifty per cent of the seedlings give up the struggle.

In Benson's greenhouses you see orchids all the way from hundreds of thousands of seeds in vials, through the flask and seedling stage to that of adolescence, maturity and finally, the cut flowers in the big refrigerator.

"Just like human beings, too much inbreeding weakens the orchid," Benson explains. "If we push them too hard, we get freaks, unproductive plants and discolored flowers. We call 'em 'bullheads' in roses, 'splits' in carnations but here they're just weeds. We cross an extra fine hybrid back on a vigorous natural species plant. A thousand new crosses a year are being developed now, but ninety per cent of them are worthless."

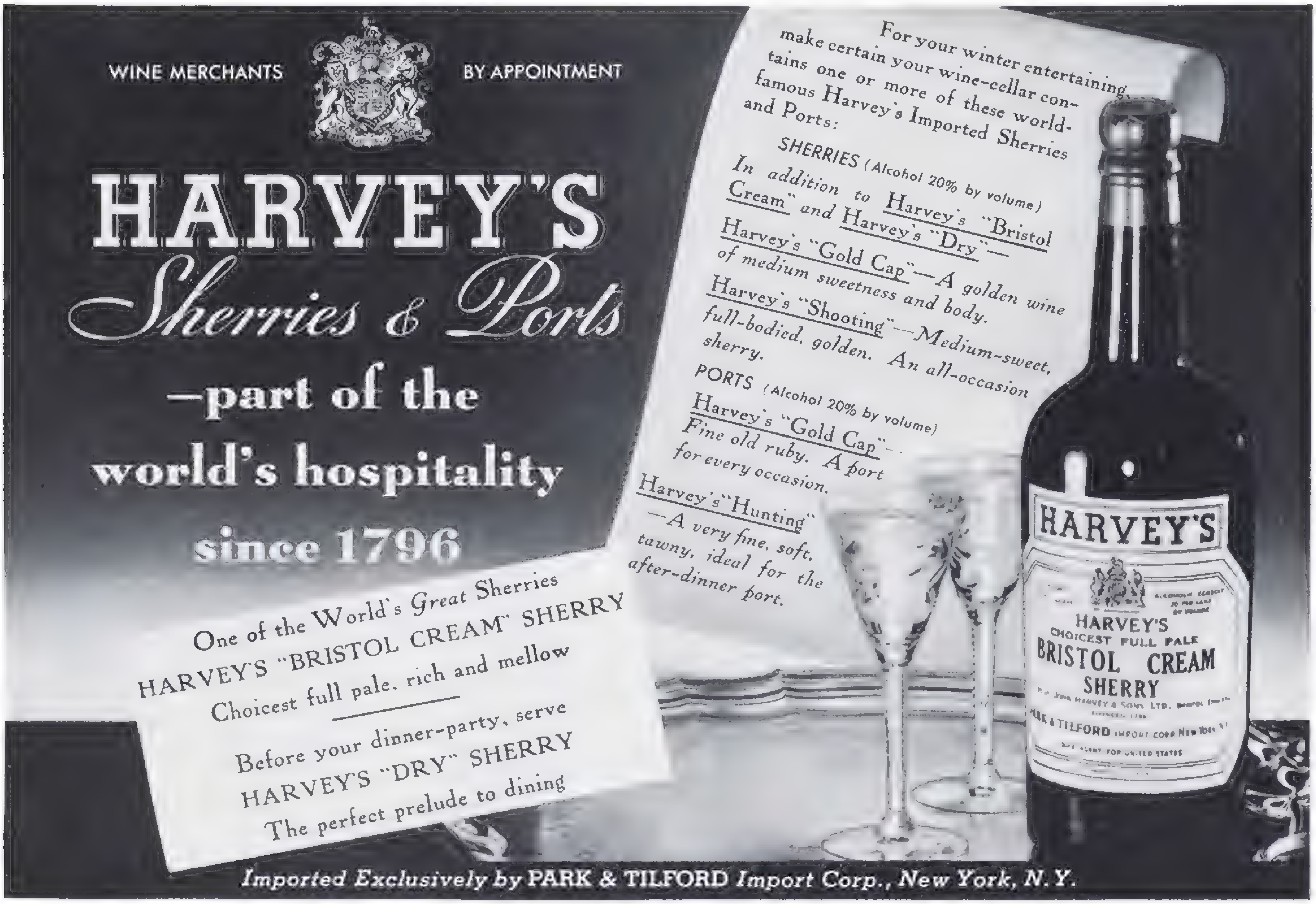
You couldn't say that Benson works hard—except of course during the rush flower seasons—Christmas, New Year's, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, Mother's Day. He strolls around his greenhouses, telling the boys what to do or sits in a dilapidated little office, his feet cocked on the desk, a five-cent cigar fastened among his teeth, talking orchidry to all comers and kidding his secretary, Florence Zuegel, who knows almost as much about orchids as he does.

"You couldn't get me back in that rose factory for any money," he tells you. "Why, there was my friend back East, a big orchid grower. He sold out to some corporation with a fancy name for three million dollars and agreed never to go back into the business.

"You'd think that didn't matter much—his retiring—for he was seventy. Well, the old fellow took a trip to Europe and came back. Then he took a trip to South America, and he came back. Then he went to the Orient, and he came back.

"I saw him only a few months ago. 'Hell, Andy,' he said to me, 'I get up in the morning and eat breakfast. Then I read the morning paper. Then I wait for lunch. Then I wait for supper, read the evening paper and go to bed. What kind of a life is that, Andy?'

"Thanks, they can keep their millions," summarized Benson, "I'll keep my orchids." ⁂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SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 81

cessor has a certain legitimacy, however, for it was Wild Bill Wellman who also directed *Wings*. Also responsible for such contributions as *Public Enemy, So Big, The President Vanishes, Nothing Sacred, A Star Is Born*, his background gives him flying authority, for he served first as a flyer in the French Foreign Legion in 1917 and later with the American aviation service. The sky battles in *Men With Wings*, beautifully photographed in technicolor, are pictorially breathtaking. If you like airplanes and don't mind the good old epic formula then this is a picture for you.

SYMBOLS FOR NOSTALGIA

The Sisters, starring Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, is good cinema. Covering the period in American history from the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt to that of William Howard Taft, its two-dimensional narrative is singularly fitted to the photographer's technique. Based on Myron Brinig's popular novel of the same name, its scenario is constructed skillfully to suit its motion picture medium. Its theme, the loves and the loyalties of three sisters of an American small town family, is just vague and tenuous and yet familiar enough to suit the usual heterogeneous audiences.

I am trying to say here that, in *The Sisters*, we have perhaps an almost perfect example of motion picture making, and with it an almost perfect example of how much artistically such a movie leaves to be desired. Beautifully costumed, splendidly acted, carefully photographed, expertly written and directed—and yet what you have if you take away these Hollywood trappings is an old-fashioned tear-jerking melodrama using the symbol-value of home, mother, love, loyalty, tragedy and so forth for all they are worth. I shall risk creating confusion by maintaining again, however, that such a film is good cinema. Phony as its surface story may be, it possesses the pictorial quality which evokes its genuine memories, and thus must not be peremptorily dismissed as unadulterated hokum.

Miss Bette Davis creates, in *The Sisters*, another of her myopic-eyed roles. During certain sequences in Miss Davis' performances before cameras it has been easy for me to convince myself that she is the most talented and endowed of all American dramatic actresses; at other times I expect a neurologist to rush onto the set and whisk her away to the sanatorium. She plays her heroines, for the most part, as though she heard strange noises ringing in her ears. Nevertheless she is a curious artist who makes the simplest bit of business electric, a remarkably equipped and ofttimes inspired actress. She is supported, in *The Sisters*, by the forthright Errol Flynn, who can change from an extrovert to an introvert by the simple act of shaving off his mustache.

FIELD DAY FOR MOPPETS

The current cinema month has been singularly prolific, if not particularly rich, in dramas concocted for the exploitation of Hollywood's hobbledehoys—if Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, and Shirley Temple may for the sake of the alliteration be thus termed. Anyway, let's say the kids have been romping all over the screen of late. When phenomena occur with frequency, science is enabled to form conclusions, but movies apparently are unclassifiable scientifically, and such conclusions as we might deduce from a plethora of children's films seem to this reviewer untrustworthy. It is the sheerest kind of guessing therefore to suppose that we vacillate from costume dramas to juvenile plays and back to costume dramas again in concerted escapist attempt to evade the facts of life, such as they are. A movie audience is valid by virtue of its fee at the Box Office, and when one of its members explains patiently that he goes to relax and not to learn, all even the most scientifically-minded critic can do is mumble, "Uh, huh."

But the critic's duty is not very efficiently performed merely by determining whether or not a movie manages to relax its patrons. He is considered to be possessed of some sort of mechanism for judging a work's entertainment value; and, if and when required, its artistic merit. Children's films, however, appear consistently to evade all the known formulae, catching the reviewer, to phrase it graphically, with his critical pants down. True, I'd certainly prefer to see a good Wednesday Nite amateur prize fight than hear Shirley Temple telling a symbolic Uncle Sam how prosperity may be brought about, or see Mickey Rooney emoting his head off over a horse, or hear Miss Durbin's quasi-operatic voice lilt in a musical comedy about the smart set of Long Island Sound, which is not to say that these are bad pictures but that a new critical approach is required.

If, in the bosom of your family, the subject is broached as to whether you wouldn't like to go and see:

1. Deanna Durbin, in *That Certain Age*
2. Mickey Rooney, in *Stablemates*
3. Shirley Temple, in *Just Around the Corner*

appear to think it over for a moment, then say very pleasantly: "Well, look, dear. Suppose you take the kids and run along. I'm sure you'll enjoy yourselves. I've a sort of an earache. Oh, it's nothing, really. Just that I don't want to take a chance of catching a cold in it."

If you have no bevy of loved ones, why then, as far as the above films are concerned, you've no problem at all. ###

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Scum of the Jungles

Continued from page 34

ly. And I followed him, completely mystified, toward the watering place where the virgin had been the hundredth victim of The Malignant One. I thought I would see the crocodile. But nothing was in sight.

The small clearing, too, was deserted, except for Naguka-guka who was tying a white kid to a big tree at the water's edge.

To the top branch of another tree about thirty feet from the shore was attached a long strong rope of vegetable fiber whose other end was strongly affixed to something lying on the ground. When the witch doctor picked it up and gave it to Naguka-guka, I saw that the right forearm of the latter was covered by a sort of glove of thick, twisted fiber; and that the strange object now in his hand was some sort of knife composed of a handle of ironwood shaped roughly like a foot-high hourglass with two strong sharp blades about eight inches long protruding from its flat extremities.

As for Naguka-guka, he did not say a single word the whole time. Even more subdued than usual, he kept his gaze fastened on the shining eyes of the old man, and it seemed to me that all his movements were jerky, automatic.

The simple preparations were finished. The witch doctor pronounced some words of magic, made a gesture of command, and Naguka-guka, robot-like, went to crouch behind the big tree, on the other side of which the kid was monotonously baaing.

Without ever taking his eyes off Naguka-guka, the witch doctor made some backward steps, and I followed him behind a line of thick bushes that would conceal us perfectly.

I believe that about an hour passed. In the complete silence and immobility of everything else in the clearing, the kid's lament became almost unendurable.

"The Malignant One," whispered the witch doctor, finally.

How he knew that the big Scum was coming, I could not tell. But about five minutes later a few ripples broke the oily surface of the river, three small points—the nose and eyes—of an enormous crocodile emerged, then all the monstrous head. Slowly, without the slightest noise, it approached. The wicked little eyes inspected the shore in search of a sign of danger, then fixed themselves avidly on the easy, tender prey helplessly bleating only a few yards away.

Inch by inch, uncannily, the croc began to climb out of the water. I shot a questioning glance at the old man by my side, but he didn't even notice it. His head was thrust forward, his face transformed by a superhuman effort, his eyes bulging as if in them had been centered all his vital strength.

A queer feeling took hold of me, and again I turned my glance toward the croc. He was still creeping inexorably toward the kid. He was about to snatch it away. Then I heard the witch doctor give a sharp snort.

In that very instant Naguka-guka sprang from behind the tree, his right arm stretched forward. To my horror, the great mouth of the croc with lightning rapidity clicked wide open and snapped to, over that puny arm.

But before I could move or speak, Naguka-guka leaped backward, and the crocodile reared a dozen feet of light-colored belly in the air, plunged into the water.

A pandemonium exploded, throwing up high waves from the river, convulsing the branches of the tree to which the long rope was attached.

The witch doctor came out from his hiding place, and excitedly I followed him, marveling at Naguka-guka's courage. Of course every native knows that the crocodile, when an enemy suddenly appears before him, snaps his mouth open and shut. The little man knew, also, that if he could take advantage of that split second between opening and closing, that monstrous mouth would take in only his right arm. And that if the knife was held vertically, the jaws would close on its two blades and be transfixed by them, while the hourglass handle would act as a stop, leaving the mouth far enough open for the arm to be withdrawn unhurt in that other split second while the croc would be stunned by the sudden unexplainable pain.

But the timing, the nerve, the cool-blooded precision of it all!

Yet that little, shy, insignificant man had done it, and now, limp as an empty bag, he was standing respectfully aside, looking with wide blank eyes at the mountains of water churned up by the croc in his desperate fight with the incomprehensible thing nailing his jaws together.

Much as I dislike the animal, I could not watch any longer that uselessly cruel agony. As soon as an especially violent contortion brought the beast out of the water, with a shot in the brain I ended his torture.

The witch doctor had watched me more with curiosity than with interest. His face looked older, exhausted, but there was a ring of triumph in his voice when I asked him what would happen next.

"You have seen, *Bwana*, that I speak the truth. Now all the villagers will come to pull The Malignant One ashore. Naguka-guka will open his belly, so that his daughter's spirit can come out of it and fly away in peace. Then he will take the skin to the Greek who has a store in Usumbura and who has promised to pay him for it ten cows, for it is a great, great skin and the white men value it."

Naguka-guka, again his normal, quiet, inoffensive self, just as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, nodded his little head monotonously in hearty approval. ###

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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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Send ——— CALIFORNIA SPORTS SHIRTS, with "Polo-roll" Collar at five dollars each. Enclosed find (   ) check or (   ) money-order.

Size desired: ————— (Specify Small, Medium, Large)
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Name ———————
Address ———————
City ——————— State ———

Byways of Philately

Continued from page 66

boosting William Henry Harrison for the presidency in 1840, carrying his portrait and his trademarks, the log cabin and barrel of hard cider, but envelopes hadn't come into general use then; you just folded the edges of your letter over the writing, sealed them together with wax and wrote the address on the outside.

The most enormous group of propaganda envelopes in our history was the so-called patriotics, issued mostly during the Civil War—for war is the only time when we grow really patriotic. The war with Spain in 1898 and the World War produced much smaller crops. Hugh M. Clark of New York is interested only in Civil War covers, and has somewhere near ten thousand varieties of these, requiring ninety albums to contain them!

These begin with pictures of the flags, Union and Confederate (in colors, of course), pictures of soldiers in camp and out, of the American eagle, Miss Columbia, liberty bells and caps, cannon and bits of verse, patriotic or satirical, some of them the worst doggerel that ever crawled from a pen. Both sides flaunted emblems of freedom and cheered for liberty.

On the Northern side, the eagle was shown clutching the serpent of rebellion in its claws, while a favorite device in the South was a naked infant (the young Southern republic) holding the Confederate flag in one hand, with the other throttling a huge snake labeled "Abolition."

As battles began to be fought and men killed, the sentiments on the envelopes grew more bitter. Caricatures, most of them of the crudest sort, became popular. On one Northern envelope, an aristocratic Southerner is seen in bed with a Negro woman, to which a Confederate producer retorted with a picture of a depraved looking Northern reformer with a fat Negro woman on his knee, and the legend, "This is how the Abolitionists love the negro." There was an interesting tendency to represent public men as animals; smart, likable animals if the men were on your own side, the lowest of all fauna if they were on the other.

The Southern President Davis was naturally the favorite target, being pictured variously as the Devil, as a reptile, wolf, fox, monkey, rat, cat, chicken, crow or weasel. The South's only achievement of this sort was a reference to the Northern President as Ape Lincoln. The truth of the matter is that the Confederacy was at a disadvantage, for it soon ran out of paper. During the first year of the war, it was still able to get envelopes printed in New York—fancy that!—and shipped south by boat; but with the clapping down of the blockade, that was stopped, and before long, people in the South were making envelopes out of wrapping paper, wall paper, the backs of advertising circulars or whatever they could get.

Probably the most interesting of byways to the layman is a collection of the franks of our distinguished political privilegees. Up to the middle 1870's a president, a cabinet member or a congressman just wrote his signature on a letter, and that carried it through the mails without a stamp. Naturally, the whole envelope or letter must be collected, and presidential franks are most desired; but the fellows who really take this thing seriously and also go in for cabinet members and congressmen have a man's size job on their hands.

Edward Stern of New York has probably the finest collection of this sort in existence.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence were given the frank, and Mr. Stern has them all. He has franks of nearly all the presidents, either as president or in some other capacity; for when you collect a president, you get his frank, first when he was a representative or senator (or if he served in both houses, one of each period), then perhaps as vice-president, then president, then in private life (when he still had the frank), and in John Quincy Adam's case, there is another to be added, for he went back into Congress after his presidential term. Mr. Stern has eight frank covers of John Adams—one as a signer, four while he was president and two after retirement, the last palsied one dated four months before his death, when he was ninety years old.

After Grant's time, presidents didn't have to frank their mail by autograph, but used the printed official service envelope, which threatens the sender with a three-hundred-dollar fine for private use.

Thereafter, presidents franked covers through the mail only for collectors, and so far, no president has ever had to cough up the three hundred dollars. All of them, from Taft to F. D. Roosevelt, have done the favor for Mr. Stern. He has no frank of William Henry Harrison (who was in office only one month) while he was president; one sold at auction in New York recently for $3,500, but Stern didn't get it. He has franks of Harrison while a member of congress, and a letter written to his campaign manager shortly before he was elected president, and that is the best he can do, so far.

We find that Washington, in franking his letters while president, did not sign his name, but just wrote, "President U. S."—he being the only Chief Executive who did this. After he left office, he used his regular signature, "Go. Washington," adding "Free" or "By Post." Benjamin Franklin, who, as a signer, had the privilege, humorously inserted the

"Free" into his signature—"B. Free Franklin." The simple state of society is indicated by some of the addresses. John Adams, writing to his wife, backed the letter, "To Mrs. Adams, Quincy"; and Quincy being a small town, she was easily identified. To address one to "Mrs. Franklin, at Philadelphia" seems a bit more vague; the post office was supposed to guess from the autograph on the corner which Mrs. Franklin was indicated.

Of course one also collects covers franked by the presidents' widows—for, by Act of Congress, each of them has the privilege after the husband's death. Among present-day widows, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is perhaps easiest to collect, for she writes many letters and uses the frank extensively. When she sends a check down to her butcher or grocer in Oyster Bay, he opens the envelope carefully, for he has a salable article there, and collectors' hands are already reaching for it. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is in bad standing among philatelists, for she is the first president's widow to have a rubber stamp facsimile of her signature made for franking her letters, and that isn't considered cricket.

In order to get a frank, it may become necessary to send a self-addressed envelope to a president's widow and ask her to frank it back to you. Collectors complain that when you ask Mrs. Wilson for this boon, sometimes she ignores the request, sometimes the cover comes back with that damned rubber stamp on it, maybe put there by her secretary. It just isn't nice, that's all! Some collectors are even beginning to doubt that Mr. Wilson was the great statesman he was supposed to be.

Collections of miscellany or oddities are lots of fun for the owner. Here you will find letters sent during great disaster periods, such as epidemics—when the envelopes might have holes cut in each end so that fumigation might be blown through them—floods, fires, train wrecks, shipwrecks, plane crashes. When San Francisco, Post Office and all, was wrecked by earthquake and fire in 1906, no stamps were procurable there for days afterwards, and by an emergency ruling, people simply paid the cash to transmit the letter, which was postmarked and sent on without stamp.

Stationery was hard to get, too, and folks wrote letters on collars, cuffs, shingles and pieces of glove and sent them through the mails as postcards.

In the collection of George B. Sloane, of New York, you may see some of these curiosities; also others, as for example, the cover of a letter which sank with the mail steamship *Oregon* off Long Island in March, 1886, and was recovered four months later. Perhaps the finest rarity in his collection is a postcard sent out to sheriffs and police chiefs the country over in 1874, carrying news of the kidnaping of little Charlie Ross—the first kidnaping for ransom in our history, and the only one for several decades thereafter. A small photograph of the child is pasted on the card, a $20,000 reward is offered, and the request is made, "Please tack this up in some conspicuous place." Sloane also has the large envelope which carried a letter to President Harding from a nut who thus announced himself on the back, "From God Almighty, who comes to judge the living and the dead. Woe be unto him who heeds not my voice." Along the top and down the ends of the envelope he had affixed seventeen stamps of all denominations from one cent up to one dollar—nearly four dollars' worth, all told.

From this collection, we learn that some foreign countries pick up pin money by selling advertising space on their stamps. On the back of each stamp of certain issues in New Zealand were printed (before the gum was applied) ads of soap, pills, cocoa, jellies, carpets and other commodities. France leases the white margins around whole sheets of stamps to advertisers. France, Belgium and Italy have lately had a practice of attaching an advertising stamp to each postage stamp sold in the small books such as are used in this country. The trailer is of the same size as the attached postage stamp, but carries a blurb for liquor, phonographs, radios, sewing machines, anything that will buy the space.

Many countries have used cancellations as publicity media. In this country we remember them chiefly as advertising big expositions; but Siam has thus advertised her rice, Costa Rica her coffee, Cuba her sugar and cigars, France the winter-resort Riviera. "Buy Made in Newfoundland Goods," "Holiday this year in Canada" and Mussolini's stern reminder that "It is the duty of Italian farmers to contribute to victory in the battle for wheat" are other items.

In this country, Cuero, Texas, a noted turkey-raising town, has been permitted to cancel its stamps at times with a picture of that noble bird; Arizona towns have used broncos and sugar smelters, and New Haven the Yale bulldog.

Revenue stamps are objects of desire to many, and the most picturesque of them are the match and medicines. Back in the 1860's, the Federal Government began taxing matches and medicines to help pay for the Civil War. There were government stamps for revenue payment, but manufacturers were also permitted to have stamps made in their own design, of any shape and size they liked, bearing their trademarks and advertising. The med. manufacturers went in for this in a big way, the stamps being usually pasted on the paper wrapper of the bottle or pill box. Sometimes the whole wrapper was a stamp.

There were elaborate and gorgeous concoctions among them

Continued at top of page 148

SKI-late into Spring
AT
Sun Valley
IDAHO

Let's Go—to this delightful winter vacationland where all members of the family will enjoy healthful recreation . . . where the air is dry and invigorating, the sun radiates a surprising warmth and there's an informal, friendly western atmosphere.

More Skiing for your Time and Money.. In addition to powder snow—which lasts until late spring—and long timber-free slopes, one of Sun Valley's big attractions are the chair ski-lifts which carry skiers to the top of the slopes and make it possible to enjoy an amazing number of downhill runs in an hour's time. For beginners there are practice slopes and a Ski School staffed by experts who also instruct in racing technique.

AND MANY OTHER SPORTS—including skating, sleighing and swimming in an outdoor warm-water pool. During the evening hours, music and dancing may be enjoyed.

• • • •

Sun Valley Lodge is the finest hostelry of its kind and the picturesque Challenger Inn features attractive double rooms at $4 per day up. Both Lodge and Inn are "European plan". . . Write for schedule of special winter-spring events.

•

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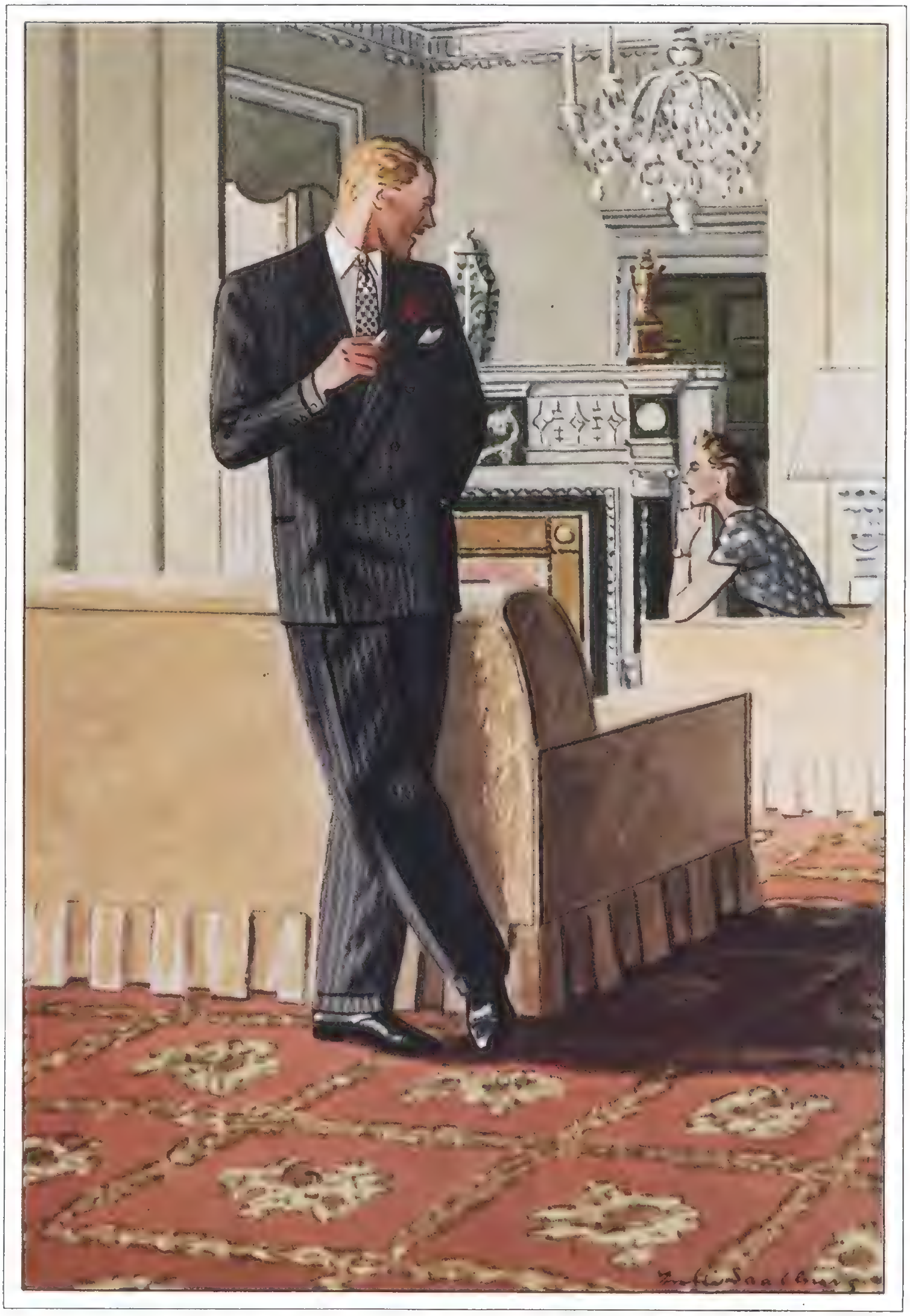

TO THE FASHION-CONSCIOUS: PLEASE COPY

More than once, in every man's life, there comes a time to spruce up for that important conference, dinner engagement or what have you. We can't think of a better model to follow on such occasions than this one. The suit is a black unfinished worsted with a white pin stripe, made in double breasted style with the lapel rolling to the bottom button. The back of the jacket can be plain or have side vents. With it is worn a light grey shirt with high starched collar, set off by a Spitalfields tie in a small grey check pattern, made in the new bar shape. This combination of grey shirt and tie with white collar is quite fashionable, the only spot of color being provided by the clove red carnation. The white linen pocket handkerchief and black town shoes complete the outfit. When this couple settles the argument and gets going, he'll wear a black Lord's hat or bowler and a blue or grey tweed overcoat.

For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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Continued from pages 66-145

beautiful examples of steel engraving, with whorls and flourishes and solemn portraits of the benevolent, whiskered gentlemen who sold drug-flavored alcohol and powerful clean-out pills, guaranteed to make a new being of you, whether in earth or heaven, if you took enough of them.

The dead-in-earnest revenuer saves the bottle or box wrapper, too, if he can, whether the stamp is embodied in its design or not. An enthusiast such as Henry W. Holcombe of New York adds everything possible pertaining to the medicines and their manufacturers. Scattered through his album leaves Holcombe has almanacs, advertising pamphlets and cards, envelopes, even some bills and letters of the medicine men. These stamps do not exist today in any great quantity. The most fun for collectors is to go still-hunting for them among old village drug stores, where some bottles or packages have stood on dusty shelves for forty, fifty, sixty years, until the liquids have half evaporated, the salves have dried into thin, hard cakes, the pills shrunken or crumbled apart. Not many village dealers seem to realize that the stamps have any value. Some donate the packages to the collector, others will accept a half or a quarter of the selling price, yet others demand the full figure, no matter if it's a dollar or a dollar and a half, and won't abate a cent. Incredible as it may seem, even an old match package of fifty years or more ago is on rare occasions still found in some little out-of-the way New England store or other unpromising nook.

Here is another byway which you may never have heard of. Back in the 1870's and '80's, if you patented an article and licensed some concern to manufacture it, you sold them royalty stamps of your own design, one of which they must attach to every article made under your patent. These stamps are not, of course, of government issue, but they are collectors' items and interesting as revealing what curious things were patented and used sixty years ago. Collars, for example: about the only sort of detachable collar a man could buy then was made of paper. You wore it until it collapsed, then threw it away. Women's hats were patented, overalls, even men's clothing—an adjustable waist feature, a new idea for buttoning trousers; likewise the Saddle-Seam Boot, the Dirt-Excluder Shoe, a Patent Plow Shoe, the Ventilating Waterproof Shoe and others. If you applied American Quilted Wire Soles to your shoes or put them together with Oliver's Waxed Shoe Pegs, you had to buy royalty stamps.

Laugh at these collectors as we will, the biggest laugh is on their side, after all. From what I have seen of them, I think the nooks and corners of their lives after business hours are filled with more good, clean fun than most of us laymen ever know. #

The King Is Not Dead

Continued from page 37

litical factions and preventing the threatening eventuality of a civil conflict from which communism or dictatorship might emerge.

In Germany, too, it is not altogether inconceivable that there may some day be a restoration of monarchy. The Kaiser is in exile at Doorn but he is still one of the richest men in Germany. Nothing has been done to disturb his property, his sons are quite popular in Germany, and there is still a very strong monarchical sentiment in many quarters.

Even in Poland, Bohemia, and Ireland—which once were monarchies—there has been recent talk of the possibility of a return to kings.

All of these movements are a tribute to the world's reigning monarchs who have set such an example of stability that they are furnishing a cue to their neighbors.

Foremost of all existing monarchies is Great Britain where King George VI "by the grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India" holds sway over one-fourth of the world's peoples.

It is more than two years now since the Abdication crisis shook the foundations of the British throne. But the throne withstood the earthquake and is if anything more stable today than before the crisis.

King George VI, who is only forty-three and whom I knew as the very modest and retiring Duke of York, has conducted himself most wisely and with great dignity through a very difficult period.

Much more conservative than his elder brother, Edward, who gave up his throne to marry the former Mrs. Simpson, George VI has pursued his kingly duties with a great deal of tact and yet with such understanding of what the British public expects of its monarch that he has really inspired tremendous popularity in a short span of time. Simple and democratic, he has already broken some of the conservative traditions of British royalty by having a jazz orchestra play at a court ball in Buckingham Palace, and by otherwise loosening up a bit on the formalities.

The world's senior sovereign is a woman—Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

She ascended the throne in 1890 as a little girl of ten under the regency of her mother; and under her forty-eight-year reign the Netherlands has prospered so well that today it embraces the third largest colonial empire in the world with sixty-eight million subjects scattered over three continents.

Queen Wilhelmina is one of the most beloved and revered of all present-day monarchs. She is as conservative and frugal and fond of domesticity as the average Dutch housewife. Her simplicity, combined with the kind of statesmanship that kept her country out of the World War, has endeared her deeply to the people of her realm.

Her long reign has been one of the most stable in modern history. She has chosen her ministers wisely and in countless practical ways has shown a tender personal affection for her subjects that has enhanced her popularity.

The Queen delights in chatting with the humblest of her subjects and in her younger days it was a common sight to see her bicycling through the streets with no more fanfare than would attend any ordinary person.

She is as conservative and religious as her people and she purposely shuns all forms of frivolity; yet she is a very modern ruler with a vast knowledge of present-day statecraft at her fingertips.

Belgium's King Leopold III, only thirty-seven years old, has already demonstrated himself a masterful statesman in coping with the violent strife between rival political parties in his country.

Diplomatically but firmly he has kept the general interests of Belgium above party controversies and steered a middle course of strict impartiality. Although he is a constitutional monarch, he wields tremendous influence in shaping the foreign as well as the domestic policies of his kingdom of eight million, two hundred thousand people.

Determined to prevent a recurrence of Belgium's sad experience in 1914, Leopold has maintained strict neutrality toward the various camps into which Europe's big powers are divided and at the same time he has given Belgium the strongest army and air force it ever possessed.

Leopold III is a typical modern monarch. Carefully trained for his duties under the wise guiding hand of his father, the late King Albert, he not only knows the intricate business of government but has a special passion for all of the phenomena of the machine age; he knows practically all there is to know about motors, airplanes, locomotives, etc.

He was at Eton when the World War broke out and in April, 1915, at the age of thirteen, he enlisted as an ordinary private and was assigned to a detachment filling sandbags and digging trenches within gunshot of the German lines at Ypres.

Leopold III has never forgotten the horrors of war and has dedicated himself to fostering all possible means for maintaining world peace which he believes attainable through friendlier trade relations among the powers. It was for this purpose his former Prime Minister, Paul Van Zeeland, visited President Roosevelt in the White House in 1937.

The Belgian King is a tireless worker and has truly done his utmost to live up to the pledge he made when he ascended the throne in February of 1934 and promised his subjects:

"I give myself entirely to Belgium."

King Victor Emmanuel III, Italy's beloved "soldier-king," is now in the thirty-ninth year of his reign which has spanned a great many changes in the Italian nation. He has shown real greatness in handling the relations of the Crown to fascism.

Contrary to a general impression, King Victor Emmanuel III is no mere figurehead in the present Italian system of government. He has definite important duties in relation to the Fascist government and Premier Mussolini consults with him frequently on matters of state.

Under the constitution, the king must approve all decrees of national importance and in many other ways Italy's Fascist government recognizes the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel III who is truly beloved by the great mass of Italians as a gentle and conscientious patriot.

Mussolini himself shows great respect for the traditions of monarchy under which the Italian people have lived ever since the unification of the country was achieved under the present king's forbears.

Victor Emmanuel made an unforgettable impression on his people during the World War when he insisted on donning a uniform and going to the front with his troops.

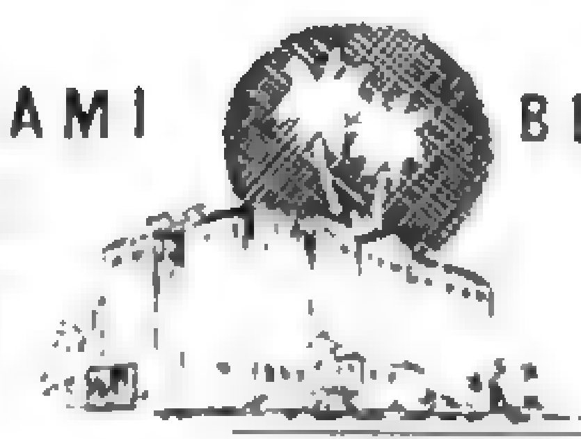
He made another unforgettable impression on them during the dark days of 1922 when Italy faced civil war and the king averted it by summoning Benito Mussolini to the premiership rather than permitting his troops to clash with the Fascist leader's Black Shirt battalions.

I have been a guest of Victor Emmanuel several times and have greatly admired his genuine simplicity as well as his vast knowledge of what is going on in the world around him. He is an erudite man, reads constantly and avidly on all manner of subjects. His pet hobby is collecting rare coins and he has one of the greatest collections in the world.

The best advertisements of modern streamlined government under monarchical rule are probably the three Scandinavian countries: Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

The kings of these nations are by no means young. King Haakon VII of Norway is sixty-six; King Gustav V of Sweden is eighty; and King Christian X of Denmark is sixty-eight. But all three have kept pace remarkably with these changing times and their administrations are cited throughout the world as models of

Continued on page 151



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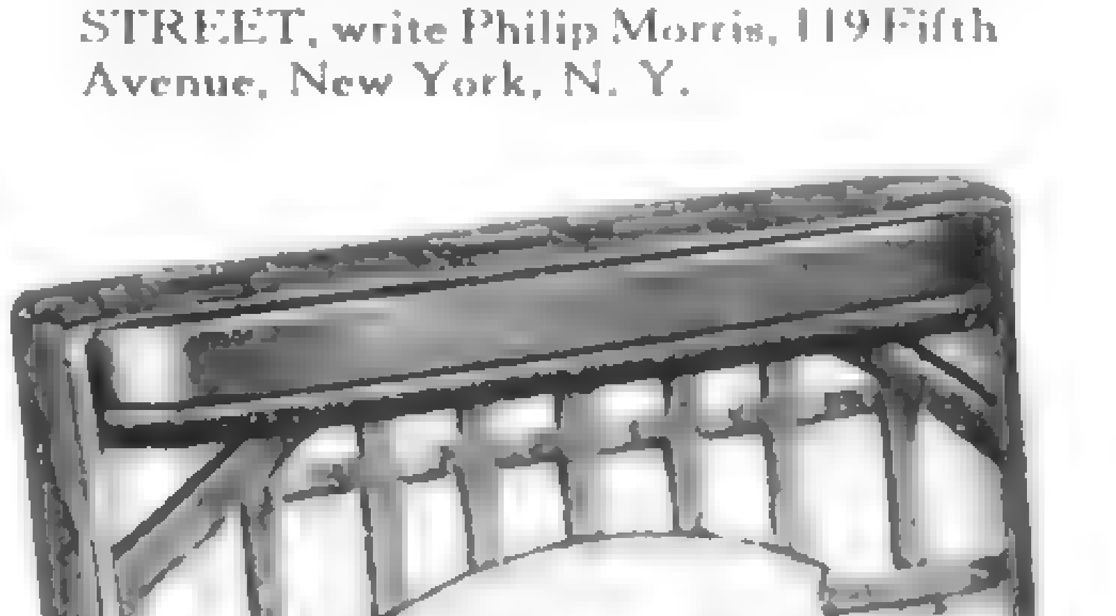

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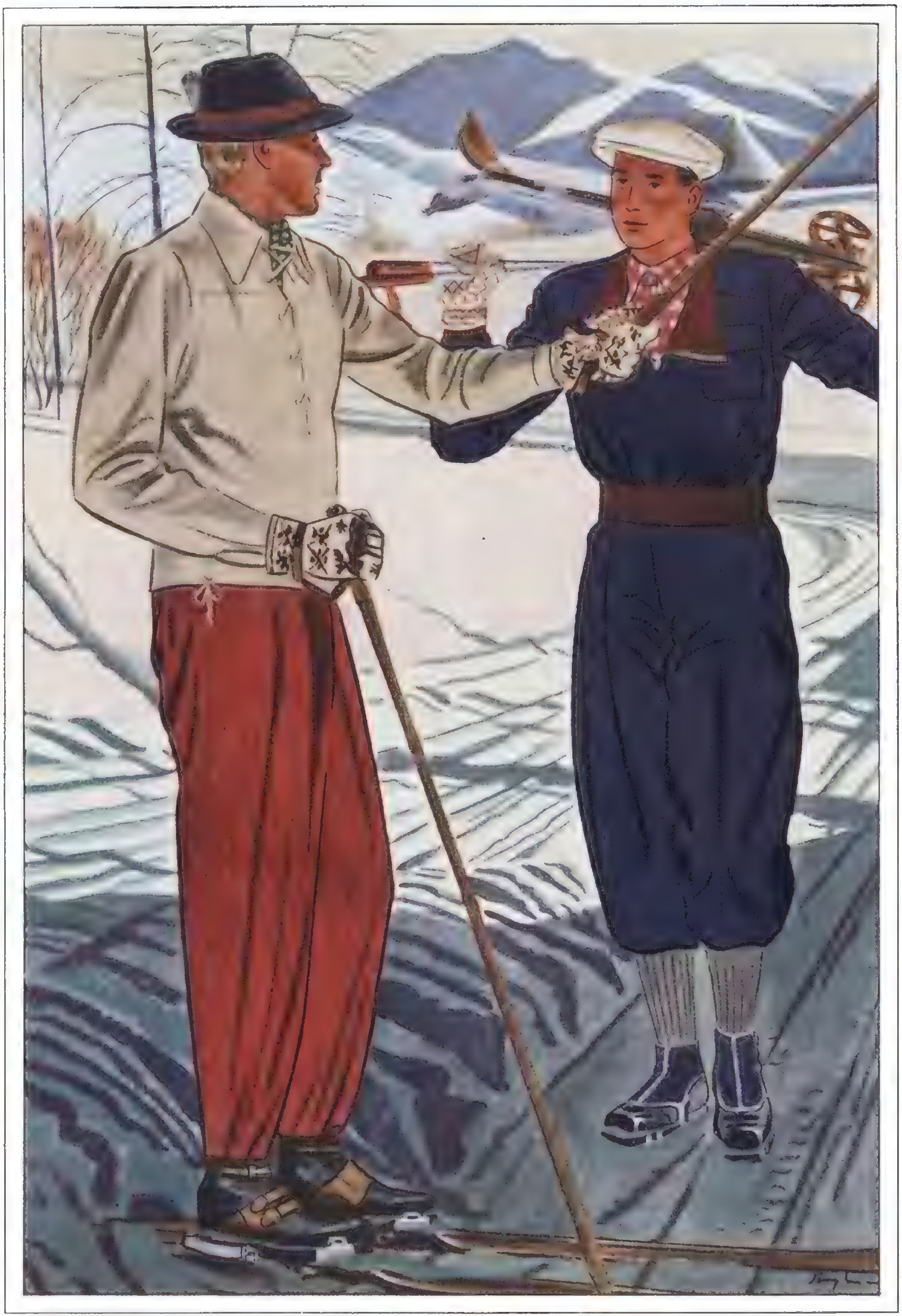

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT SUN VALLEY, IDAHO, BY GEORGE HUGHES

TRAIL-TESTED AND FASHION-SANCTIONED

Color came into its own for ski wear at the European winter sports centers, and American sportsmen who know what's what are following suit with a will. Retreating in good order after a hard day of downhill skiing, these men have attained professional standing in their dress if nothing else. The outfit at the left consists of a lightweight pullover wind blouse of cream color poplin with laced front and sides, rust color gabardine trousers in the practical peg-top model, Tyrolean hat, cotton scarf, Norwegian mittens, and ski boots. The wind jacket worn by the other man is something special—made of poplin lined with wool, it can be worn with the collar open or, by an upward zip of the slide fastener, as a crew neck model. Completing the outfit are navy blue knickers, ribbed hose, ankle-length gaiters, ski boots, cotton shirt, knitted mittens and cap with earlaps that can be tucked underneath.

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The King Is Not Dead

Continued from pages 37-149

efficient and up-to-date government.

King Gustav V is Europe's oldest reigning monarch but even at eighty he is amazingly spry.

He has talked with me during his annual vacation visits to Cannes on the Riviera where he goes about under the incognito of "Mr. G" and plays tennis with the best experts he can find including such American stars as Helen Wills Moody and William Tilden.

Tall, lean, democratic in action as well as manner, Gustav is greatly beloved by the Swedish people.

With his guidance, Sweden fought off the worst depression in its history, embarked on a novel housing program, and has been the envy of many another nation, because it has virtually no unemployment problem.

Equally democratic is King Christian X of Denmark, the tallest of Europe's monarchs (he stands six feet six inches). Unostentatious, he refuses to be accompanied by a royal guard wherever he goes.

He makes it a regular practice to travel through his country with the utmost simplicity, talking to farmers and small shopkeepers about their problems and thus getting a first-hand impression of his subjects' needs.

King Haakon VII of Norway completes the trio of Scandinavia's model monarchs. Caring nothing whatever for the tinseled trappings of royalty, he wears tweeds around his palace. It was King Haakon whom I quoted earlier in this article as having told the American ambassador in jest that he considered himself a "constitutional president for life" while he considered the president of the United States "a king for four years."

King Haakon has done much to develop the water power and industrialization of Norway.

In Roumania, King Carol II, who is my brother-in-law, has also proved himself an able administrator and a very modern monarch. He has a deep interest in technology and has made it a point to master all there is to know about scientific farming because the country over which he rules is predominantly agricultural.

I flew to Bucharest to visit King Carol not so long ago. He came to the airport in a small American car to pick me up. Later, we made a tour of some Roumanian oil wells together and I was amazed at the technical knowledge he had. He knew just how deep the shafts were, how much oil they produced, and all the intricate details of this basic industry.

He is supervising personally the education of his young son, Prince Michael, in all the branches of learning that will help to make him an able king if the time comes when he must ascend the throne.

King Boris III of Bulgaria is another enlightened European monarch who has made himself a master of modern technology as well as a master of the science of government.

Bulgaria's king is known the world over for his favorite hobby of driving railroad locomotives, but only a few people know that this is not merely a hobby. He is an expert mechanical engineer and intensely interested in what makes the wheels go around in all modern devices. He can take an automobile apart and put it together himself without the aid of a mechanic.

At Sofia, his capital, King Boris leads a quiet life and often plays Harun-al-Rashid by going about the streets in ordinary civilian clothes and slouch hat.

Boris ascended the throne during the tumultuous period after the World War. His father, King Ferdinand, forced by a revolution to flee the country, abdicated. Boris was only twenty-four when he assumed the reins of power and began to re-establish order in the country.

Since that time, Bulgaria has had many another national crisis and threats of revolution but Boris has managed adroitly to keep order and stability.

Jugoslavia's king, Peter II, is the youngest monarch in all Europe.

He is only fifteen years old and his education in England was rudely interrupted by the assassination of his father, King Alexander, at Marseilles in 1934.

While King Peter continues his studies, Prince Paul, his uncle, performs the duties of state as regent.

Greece, which tried to get along without a king for twelve years, reverted to monarchy as the result of a *coup d'état* in 1935 and called back to the throne King George II who had been living quietly as an exile in London.

George II, knowing full well the political temperament of his people and anxious to maintain a stable government, has subscribed to a military dictatorship but he controls the situation for he has inspired tremendous personal loyalty in the army—and the army stands behind him.

King Zog, the colorful monarch of tiny Albania, rules his kingdom of feudal mountaineers with an iron hand.

Zog was born a hereditary chieftain of one of the most powerful Albanian clans. His military prowess in subjugating rival chieftains won him a front-rank position in the Albanian government which he converted into a monarchy in 1928 proclaiming himself king.

King Zog has taken elaborate steps to modernize his rugged country, which at the time he established the monarchy was still medieval in its lack of facilities of every kind.

At King Zog's direction, a mod-

Continued on page 152

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The King Is Not Dead

Continued from pages 37-149-151

ern banking system has been organized, an air service started, and highways and railroads mapped out. Vast projects to tap Albania's natural resources, especially her natural oil, were begun. Women were emancipated from wearing the veil and other double-standard Turkish customs prevalent in old Albania.

King Zog, dapper, slim and at forty-three a veritable dynamo of energy, arises at dawn and works hard at his government tasks all day long frequently remaining at his desk until midnight with only brief interruptions for simple meals and a few well-directed gymnastic exercises with which he manages to keep fit.

Albania is by no means an easy country to rule although it is one of the world's tiniest kingdoms with a population no larger than that of the American city, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is as ruggedly ferocious geographically as its primitive mountain people who are given to violent blood feuds. King Zog has his hands full trying to rule over these emotionally violent people, but he has done it with great efficiency and though there have been minor revolts and attempts on his life his throne is secure.

In Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs—young nineteen-year-old King Farouk recently ascended the throne and almost immediately began to demonstrate qualities of independent rulership that amazed his own ministers, some of whom apparently thought he would be a mere figurehead.

Educated in England, tall, husky as an American football star, King Farouk has given every indication that he intends to live up to his father's maxim:

"It is nothing to be merely a prince, but it is something to be a useful prince."

One of young King Farouk's first official royal acts was to request that his salary be cut $250,000 and that the same amount be given over to public works "for the good of the country."

Farouk is a modern young man, interested in candid camera photography, boxing, swimming, and polo.

The farther east one goes across the map of the world, the more absolute are the monarchies encountered:

In Arabia, King Ibn-Saud reigns supreme over his Arab subjects as a desert Napoleon... Twenty-seven-year-old Mohammed Zahir Shah holds sway over wild and woolly Afghanistan... Over the modern Persian kingdom of Iran Shah Mirza Pahlevi rules... And next door in the Mesopotamian kingdom of Iraq the monarch is Ghazi Ibn Feisal... More absolute than any of the foregoing is the kingdom of Nepal in the forbidding Himalayas where the thirty-two-year-old Maharaja Tribhubana Bir Bikram rules over his five million, six hundred thousand subjects... In Siam, the world's youngest king, Ananda Mahidol, who is only fourteen, reigns with three elder regents to guide him.

One of the most mysterious monarchs of the world is the emperor of Japan—Hirohito, who is only thirty-seven years old but the supreme ruler of more than one hundred twenty-six million Orientals to whom he is the "Son of Heaven."

The 124th monarch of his family dynasty, Emperor Hirohito like the monarchs of Europe has broken many of his ancestral traditions of royalty in order to adapt his reign to present-day trends.

It may be rather ironic in the light of recent events in the Orient to recall that when Hirohito ascended the throne he selected as the symbol of his reign the word "showa" which means "Enlightened Peace."

As a Crown Prince, Hirohito had broken with tradition by making an extensive tour of European capitals to learn about western ways of life.

In another breach of Japan's imperial etiquette he made it a practice of appearing in the streets literally unescorted until an excited youth fired a shot at him one day. Since that day, he has been closely guarded when he goes out.

The Japanese Emperor remains strictly aloof from his people and the politics of his government. Very little is known about the man himself—except that he likes to play golf as his chief pastime. He has a golf course on the palace grounds but with whom he plays is a secret.

No effort is made to popularize the Emperor in the minds of the Japanese people. Rather he is regarded as a deity—above the whirlpools of human emotions. No attempt is ever made to dramatize his position in the Japanese press. He does not make public addresses or radio broadcasts. Neither does he officiate at the dedication of important public buildings. The only occasions on which he makes public appearances are during important military reviews when he rides his famous white steed, appropriately called "white snow" with that charming aptitude the Japanese have for extremely colorful names.

Nominally, Emperor Hirohito is probably the world's most absolute monarch. The Japanese constitution does not limit his power, but the long tradition of royal etiquette requires that he consult with his ministers before taking any action of considerable state importance.

And now this circle tour of the principal kingdoms is more or less complete. From West to East we have put our finger upon no less than twenty flourishing monarchies, the very existence of which bear testimony to the fact that:

The King is NOT dead,
Long live the King!

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J. F. Prickett, 2401 36th Ave., North, Birmingham, Ala.
Charles H. Van Etten, 10 Keeler St., Pittsfield, Mass.
W. B. Unger, Box 221, Hanover, N. H.
Warren J. Boe, 114-33 132nd St., South Ozone Park, N. Y.
Frank Stepler, Jr., 856 Mt. Ephraim Ave., Camden, N. J.
Hy Burstein, Room 1804—200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
May Ackell, 132-45 114th Place, Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.
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●

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE DECEMBER CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF ESQUIRE, ON SALE FEBRUARY 15th AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Anything for a Laugh

Continued from page 71

"He was called away suddenly last night, on business. He had to go to Syracuse."

"Hmmmm . . ." Buck said. "And he'll be back *tonight?* I figured—I mean, I didn't know Syracuse was a one-day round trip."

"Carter flew. From Newark."

"Oh," Buck said, hollowly. "He flew."

It was early in the afternoon and Buck hadn't gone yet. He and Red were lolling in the hammock, when the telephone rang. Something in that ring gave Buck the creeps. He sat and listened to Red's voice float out. He heard only snatches, but he heard enough to convince him that Carter Wrenn was on the other end of the line.

Then, suddenly, Red raised her voice so that he could hear every word distinctly, and he recognized the infuriated-Red bite to it. She said: "Carter, if you'll come out here now, we can go over to Dalton and get married by the justice of the peace, today. I've thought it over and there's no point in putting it off, is there?"

That was enough for Buck—Red knew that he had sent Carter on the wild goose chase to Syracuse. Nothing else could have caused *this* development.

Red stood in the doorway again. Buck had never seen her quite so angry. "*This* time, Buck Forbes," she said, "you have gone too far. I'll *never* forgive you for this."

Buck looked up, innocently. "Now what have I done?"

"Oh Buck!" Her exasperation choked her. "Don't try to lie out of it. Carter's trip to Syracuse was a frame-up. A practical joker sent him the telegram. *You* were that practical joker."

Buck looked her straight in the eyes. "Yes. I sent it, Red. I sent it because I *had* to see you. And it didn't hurt Carter, did it? He got a nice airplane ride out of it, didn't he? And Red—listen—can you picture *Carter Wrenn*, that solemn, purposeful guy—can you picture *him*, Red, landing in Syracuse like that, and what he did and thought when he found out—after airplanes and everything? Oh Red, *Red!*"

That was as far as Buck could get. The mental picture of Carter, landing posthaste in Syracuse was too much for him. He started to shake and roll and heave: tears streamed from his eyes. Finally he dried the tears and looked up.

Red had gone.

That was sobering. He stood up and went inside and called "Red" three times, but there was no answer. So then he went upstairs to her bedroom. He tried the door but it was locked.

"Red!" he roared. He heard short, choked sounds inside. He listened hard. It is sometimes difficult to tell the difference between laughing-sobs and crying-sobs, but this time Buck *knew*. Red was *not* crying. . . .

And that, then, was why she had ducked out on him. It had struck her funny, too. But again like that morning when she had run off—she wouldn't give in and let him know.

"Red!" Buck yelled, again. "Open this damn door before I break it."

There was silence. Then Red called: "You go out, and you take your car and you drive away. We're through, Buck. Done. Washed up forever."

"Listen Red," Buck said, "do you know how long 'forever' is?"

"Not long enough."

"Red," Buck said, "I'll go if you'll promise me something."

"What?"

"Promise me you *won't* go to Dalton and get married to Carter today. Think it over, Red. You're mad and unreasonable and you're going to regret this. It will be a spite marriage and you know it. You'll always regret it and so will Carter."

"You go away," Red said. "I'm going to Dalton to marry Carter, this afternoon and you nor anybody else can stop me."

"Oh," Buck said, "so it's a challenge, is it? Well, fine. Now you've got my sporting blood aroused, Red. Now you're licked."

Then he went out. He drove to the center of Southbridge and there he entered a drug store. He telephoned Sam Wiles, in New York.

"Hello Sam," he said. "This is Buck—in Southbridge."

"What's up?"

"You have to do me a favor, Sam. Get hold of a middle-aged man with a sense of humor, first."

"That's easy."

"Then," Buck said, "put him in your car and drive right up to Dalton as fast as you can make it. Can you leave right away?"

"As soon as I get this middle-aged guy with a sense of humor."

"Meet me in Sloan's tavern in Dalton," Buck said. "Hurry, Sam!"

Then Buck hung up. He drove out of Southbridge, down the Boston Post Road to the Dalton Road.

Sam appeared in Sloan's tavern within an hour and a half. With him was a middle-aged man whom he introduced as Bert Ackerman. Bert Ackerman seemed all right, Buck decided, as though he had a sense of humor.

Buck told them about Red and Carter Wrenn. "Here's the dope," he said. "The three of us are going over to the home of the justice of the peace. *You*, Sam, are to pose as an excited bridegroom. You want the j. p. to go with you, out of town, to marry you. Offer the j. p. any amount of dough he wants. I'll pay. And if he's got a wife, she goes along as a witness."

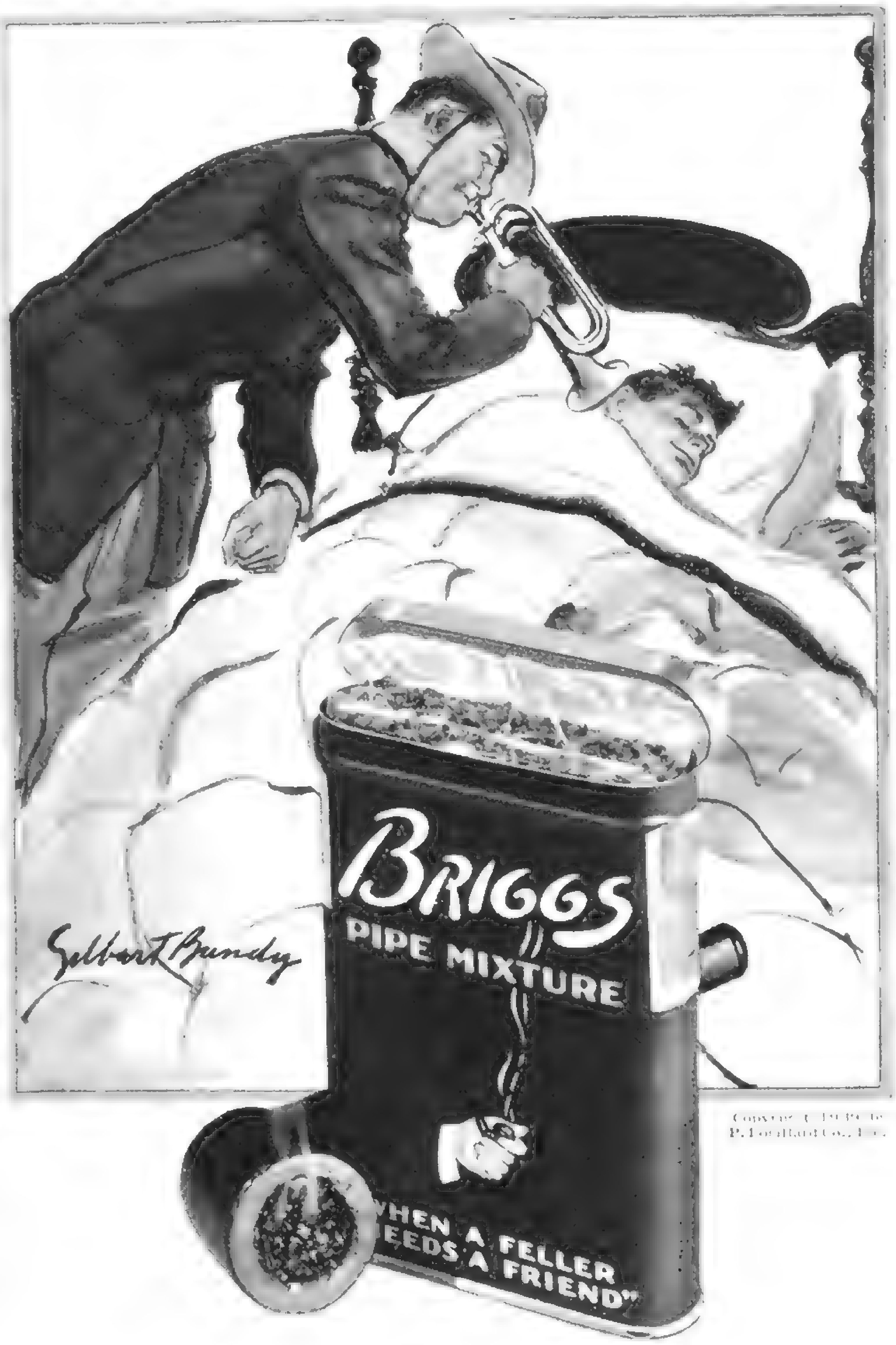
"Hold on," Sam said. "What happens when I take him where I take him and—there's no bride?"

"Easy," Buck said. "The bride ran off—fake something. Anything. But keep him away at least *three hours*."

"What about you and Bert

Continued on page 154

Just won't get up until good and ready!



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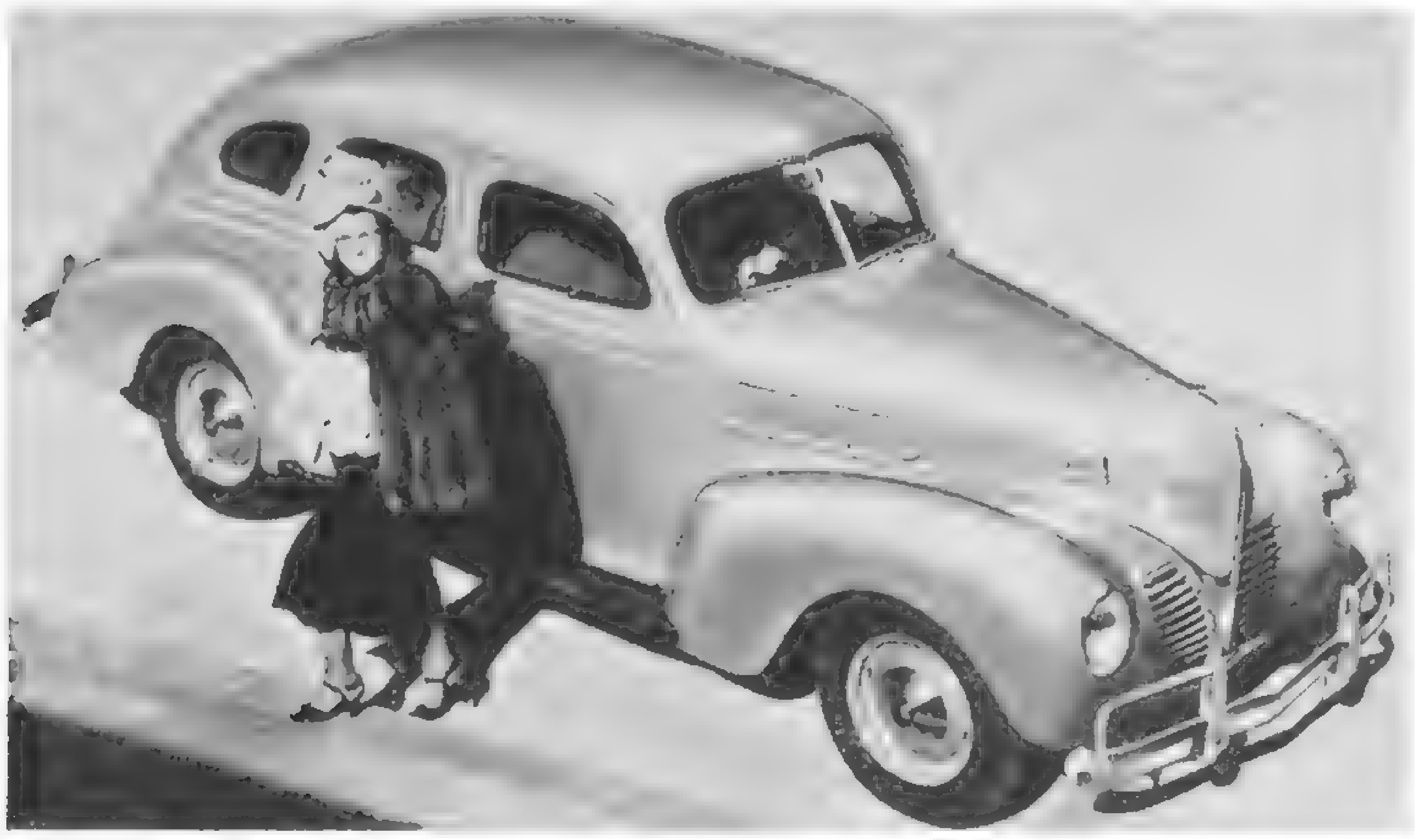

WHAT 1939 CAR

Gives Most for the Money?

WHAT 1939 car gives most for the money? What car leads the 1939 style parade? These are questions that motorists on all sides are asking these days.

And for the answers, Dodge simply says: "*Take a Look—that's all Dodge asks!*" Frankly, we believe the new 1939 Dodge is so far ahead in style, luxury, new engineering ideas and downright dollar-for-dollar value that it *sells itself* far better than mere words ever can!

TAKE A LOOK ...THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!

So, before you make up your mind on any car, we suggest you take a look at the new 1939 Dodge Luxury Liner. Take a look at every part of it—and *then* take a look at the price tag. You'll be amazed to find that this bigger, finer, more luxurious car is priced *even lower than last year's Dodge!*

New 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

Anything for a Laugh

Continued from pages 71-153

then?" Sam asked quizzically.

"Bert and I," Buck said, "are going to mind the j. p.'s house for him while he's away."

Sam choked up. Bert Ackerman said: "Hey! Wait! If you mean what I *think* you mean, nothing doing, pal. I won't do *that*."

Buck turned to Sam. "I thought you said this guy had a sense of humor?"

"He'll be okay," Sam said.

It took about twenty minutes of fast talking to get Bert into the mood. But he got into the mood, finally.

They went to the home of the justice of the peace, who was named Mr. Fones. Mr. Fones was a nice, cheery, chubby gentleman. And things worked out wonderfully well. Mr. Fones had no wife, and thirty dollars was enough to induce him to make the trip with Sam. Buck explained that he and Bert Ackerman were intensely disliked by the bride's parents, so they couldn't attend the wedding. "Could we wait here at your house until after the cermony?" Buck said. "And join the couple for the celebration, after?"

"Most certainly," Mr. Fones said.

Then, as the crowning touch, Buck had Mr. Fones give them a little impromptu ceremony, for Bert's edification. It was explained to Mr. Fones that Sam was a very nervous bridegroom who wanted to see just how these things came off. So Mr. Fones went through the whole ritual and when he left, with Sam, Bert had been well rehearsed in the job.

Then Buck and Bert sat down and waited. They couldn't find any liquor in the house. Mr. Fones had taken the best of the Bibles, too, but Buck picked out a good one for Bert.

In less than an hour the doorbell rang. Buck went to the kitchen and Bert answered the ring.

For a while, Buck heard just the vague mumbling of voices in the hall. But finally, through a crack in the door, he saw Bert enter, with Red and Carter Wrenn behind him.

Red was the grimmest looking bride that Buck had ever seen. And Carter had an expression on his face very similar to an undertaker's. Carter was wearing a neat, dark business suit for the proceedings, and every hair on his head was slicked into place. He was so ungodly solemn, Buck thought, that you would have figured he came to bury Red, not to marry her.

Then Bert did himself proud. It was as fine a ceremony as he had ever witnessed, Buck decided. Red and Carter were completely awestruck and the room was reminiscent of a tomb. The happy couple barely breathed, they stumbled over the "I do's" and they were obviously nervous. Finally Bert pronounced them man and wife, and Carter paid him off. With the true artistic touch, Bert finished off the job by kissing the bride. Bert kissed Red so long that Carter began to give him funny looks.

They left. And then Buck laid down on the kitchen floor and let himself go. He laughed until he began to feel weak. And when he rolled over, there was Bert stretched out with him. So he started to laugh all over again, with Bert.

By the time Sam showed up with Mr. Fones, they had recovered. Mr. Fones was busy consoling Sam with solid platitudes, because Sam's "bride," it seemed, had run off with her chauffeur that afternoon.

"How did things go while Mr. Fones and I were away?" Sam said.

"Pretty good," Bert said.

Mr. Fones continued to brood about Sam's frustrated marriage. "The love of a *good* woman is to be cherished," said Mr. Fones. "By this time, if things had gone right, Mr. Wiles would be off, on his honeymoon, but "

The word "honeymoon" brought Buck's head up with a snap. *That* was an angle he had not yet thought about; Buck had never been one for thinking things through very far. The thought of Red and Carter leaving on a honeymoon, under the circumstances, left him cold.

It suddenly occurred to him that Red would never, *never* take his word in *this* matter. She would think he was driven to desperation by jealousy. There was only one real proof . . . Buck looked at Mr. Fones. He said:

"Mr. Fones, while you were away, a young couple came to get married. I took their address down and will gladly drive you to the bride's house where they are waiting. So if you'll follow me to my car . . ."

Mr. Fones looked at Buck, then at Sam. He grew doubtful. "I hope, young man, that *this* time . . ."

"No romantic chauffeurs are mixed up in this one, like with Sam's unfortunate marriage, Mr. Fones," Buck said. "This one is sure-fire."

Sam and Bert were staring at him but they said nothing as Buck piloted Mr. Fones out of the house, to his car. . . .

When they reached Red's house, Buck led Mr. Fones around to the sunroom. He saw Red and Carter sitting close together on the hammock.

He opened the door and led Mr. Fones inside. Red stood up. Carter Wrenn stood up.

"Red . . ." Buck said. "Can I talk with you alone a minute?"

"Whatever you have to say, Buck," Red said, coolly, "you can say it here. In front of my husband."

Buck looked at Carter Wrenn. "Red," Buck said, "you told me I couldn't stop you from getting married today. I told you I could. Well—I have done it, Red. Here beside me is a justice of the peace—

How to Drink Like a Gentleman and know it

ESQUIRE'S LIQUOR INTELLIGENCER

★

ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" is a 56 page, stiff cover, plastic-bound book which will accomplish for you just what its title states—make you intelligent about liquor. Not a cocktail recipe book, ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" nevertheless contains the recipes for all the cocktails currently preferred by gentlemen hosts the world over, plus the kind of information on every noble liquor that a man who knows his way about must have. The historic background and the method of manufacture of Rye, Bourbon, Scotch, and Irish whiskies; the same on Rum, and Cognac and Gin and Wine aperitifs. Illuminating chapters on subjects such as these: How to give a cocktail party, from the intimate affair to a brawl in the grand manner; canapes, quick or careful, hot or cold; pick-me-ups and night-caps; the equipment you should own, from glasses to shakers; and plain and fancy toasts. ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" gives you the how, what and why of the highball and cocktail and wine. It's not alone a cocktail book, it's a liquor education in one easy lesson.

★

50c in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mr. Fones is the gentleman's name."

"Ah-h-h-h if you young people—" began Mr. Fones, cheerily.

"Hold it, Mr. Fones," Buck said. "Red—Mr. Fones plies his trade over in Dalton. He was out this afternoon, when you and Carter arrived. A friend and myself were present. My friend—" Buck stopped and looked down, at his foot. The expression on Red's face was difficult to analyze. "My friend, Red—my friend—"

Buck could go no further. He didn't have to, though. Red had caught on. So had Carter.

Red dropped on the hammock. Carter's neck began to swell. Then Buck glanced at Mr. Fones who was going about the business of throat-clearing again. Mr. Fones was baffled, but ready to serve.

Red said: "Buck, you don't mean—you *couldn't* mean—"

"It's so, Red," Buck said. "You and Carter aren't married. And you ought to be grateful to me. You don't love Carter and you know it and I know it. And if after all my fine work to save both of you from making a big mistake—if after all that, you are still going to do this thing, then go ahead. Here is Mr. Fones, with my compliments. So, good luck Red and so long." Buck paused and glanced at Carter Wrenn. "If you feel I've got a punch in the nose coming, Carter, you'll find me at Sloan's beer tavern in Dalton."

Buck opened the door and walked out to his car. He stepped in and kicked the starter. It jammed. He got out and monkeyed around with it, but nothing happened. He raised the hood and tinkered. Then, suddenly, he heard heavy steps behind him. He looked—it was Carter Wrenn.

Carter stalked down the path to the road where his car was parked. He climbed in and slammed the door. Then he drove fast, down the street, without a backward glance.

Buck then became aware of Mr. Fones, waddling down the steps, muttering to himself. When Mr. Fones reached Buck, he stopped and looked at him sharply. Then he said: "Would you kindly tell me, young man, why it is that every marriage I set out to perform today doesn't get performed because the bride changes her mind? I am having a very bad day of it and—"

"The bride—*what!*" Buck screamed.

And then, for the first time, he heard noises coming from the sunroom. He heard uncontrollable laughter, rising and falling and rising again. There was no one in the world, Buck knew, who could laugh that way except Red. ⌗

Walking Under the Ladder

Continued from page 83

ostentatious ad copy was filled with errors. One of the statements was that "the people stayed away from the theatre in droves." This is not true. The show limped along during its first months to little business. The free show plan came out of a Christmas idea. Mr. Davis decided to open the house on that day to anyone who wanted to come. Many were skeptical, including the newspapers who are inured to publicity hoaxes. We played to a packed house that day and turned many away. Months later, when Davis decided to play *The Ladder* free until the script itself was in such shape that he thought it had merit, the theatre was usually packed. The oft-repeated statement that *The Ladder* did not attract, even when free, is false. As a matter of record, when the play ended its run in Boston, it played to paid houses that would have been profitable to a show that did not carry one and a quarter million "nut."

Another inaccuracy in the ad was that money was spent on "a product that was of interest to nobody but himself, *i.e.* (the producer)." It is obvious that a great many actors and workers were interested in the play, as well as waiters at the Ritz, but the play sincerely interested all sorts. One of the things that sustained Davis in his determination to continue the play was the number of letters received from sincere customers. And the theosophical cults were elated that someone with money was giving their belief a break.

Contrary to the general belief at the time, it was not to advance the theory of reincarnation that Davis produced *The Ladder*. One of his rubber and oil associates, at one time disgusted with the producer's lavish expenditure and unflagging interest in the new field of theatricals, quoted the line of Santayana: "A fanatic is one, who, losing sight of his original goal, redoubles his efforts." It was something like that with Davis; he had started with a generous impulse to help an old school friend become a playwright. Once caught in the glamor of show business, and faced with his old pattern of never attaining success until he had conquered obstacles the wise ones called insurmountable, Davis forged ahead. I doubt if he ever really doubted the play's ultimate success.

Even now, when I get letters from him, he speaks of it as a living thing, yet to fulfill its destiny.

His Buzzard Bay home should not be passed over without mention. After the oil money, he enlarged an old house he had bought from the Cleveland estate, decorating a studio with fabrics and rare brasses from Sumatra. Some of his pieces were priceless, he having bid them away from princes and potentates.

It was Edgar Davis' custom to bring up for Sunday concerts the foremost opera singers or famous string ensembles. Mr. Davis had composed some minor music of his own, was an expert musician and a brilliant piano player. During these concerts,

Continued on page 156

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THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

Now comes a sock with Holeproof style, beauty, and quality plus comfort hitherto unknown. It's Pacer—the sock with attached garter which rests at the leg-comfort angle that assures constant, natural LIFT. Can't bind—can't be too tight. Holds sock trim and smooth, even while you run for a train. Thousands are switching to Pacer—say they'll never again bother with separate garters. The Pacer garter washes with the sock—is guaranteed for the life of the sock—and costs nothing extra. There are Pacer patterns and plain colors to suit all tastes. At good stores everywhere. Start enjoying true leg-comfort today.

CORDURA RAYON OVER 50% STRONGER Wherever rayon is required in manufacture, that amazing new Du Pont Cordura is used. No other hosiery manufacturer has made this great forward stride in quality.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Walking Under the Ladder

Continued from pages 83-155

Mr. Davis would count up the house, so to speak, and phone to two near-by tea rooms, telling them that they could expect seventy-five for lobster at one place and one hundred and thirty at the other for chicken and waffles. After the music the audience was motored over to suppers as guests of the smiling Crœsus. Sometimes he would invite most of the population of near-by Cape towns to hear the more important musicians.

One more memory of how Edgar Davis handled money should be included in this book of miracles. Toward the end of the first year of *The Ladder*, we had been going through a particularly tough time of revision. The advisers all wanted to quit, but Mr. Davis was obdurate. He said we could all quit but he would go on. One word led to another and this vice-president retired. But, thinking it over, I concluded I had been a little pettish about the point at issue. I went back to the office a few days later to make my apologies. But Mr. Davis had gone to Cleveland. His secretary was talking to him on the phone at that moment. Mr. Davis asked me to take the next train and come on out. I knew I had been forgiven, and was glad of it.

You may not believe it, but the falling gold was not the only consideration in working for Davis. You knew you were around something; and as a matter of record, I had taken this job fifty dollars under the job I had held just previously.

Anyway, I got on the train, meek and humble and ready to write any kind of play he wanted. But he didn't want me in Cleveland for revising the *Ladder* script. He wanted me to write a page ad for the larger papers of the country. Your correspondent is not so hot on figures when they get over one hundred dollars, but this deal has burned itself into my memory. Because it is fantastic, don't think it fiction.

I found Mr. Davis in a hotel room with the leading bankers of the town. It was nearing the end of the year. In one of his easy moments Mr. Davis had come to the rescue of his old friend Seiberling, maker of tires. Mr. Davis had gone on a note for nine million dollars, saving the Seiberling plant and the rubber industry as well.

Thirty little banks surrounding the town had been renewing this nine million note for some time. Times were getting worse and they wanted to see some money. The three big banks of the town were willing to take up the paper. But they were not interested in per cents as you or I know them. What they wanted, they euphemistically called "a bonus for handling." Mr. Davis called it usury and hoggishness.

So your correspondent wrote a page ad, calling bankers by their right names, telling the story of Seiberling tires and asking the public if they wanted to buy some nice debentures—at $100 par to be redeemed in ninety days for $135. (Needless to say the ad couldn't be printed in a great many states). But I had the rates for every large daily in the country, a proof of the ad and a story to release. There is no doubt that Mr. Davis would have gone through with his part of the offer. He sent me out for a ride through the parks. But he stayed in his room, just in case anyone called. They called, all right, all of them. There were the usual two hotel books in the room, the Bible and a copy of Kipling's tales. While the Shylocks walked around the fancy rug and made threats, Mr. Davis read one of the books. "I've always liked this part of Kipling," he would say, and then read them a chapter.

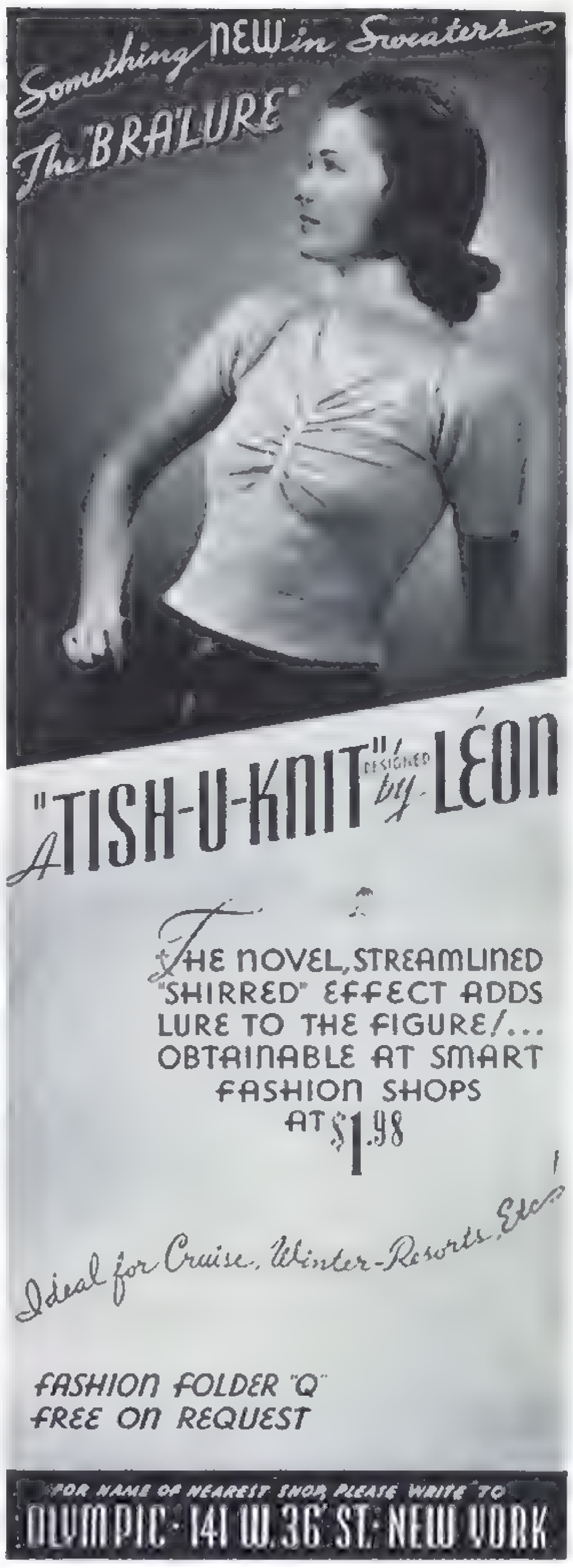
The bankers could have chewed the bolts off their vaults, but they hung on, hoping he would crack. The last day of the year fell on a Saturday. The banks had to close at noon. The loan had to be met. The bankers waited with their papers. Mr. Davis waited with his and read the Bible or Kipling. And at 11:59 the papers were signed. But they were the papers drawn up by Mr. Davis, with regular interest.

He would have been bitterly disappointed, I know, if the bankers had cracked the day before or even at 11:15.

"It was a good ad, Murdock, even if we didn't get to use it." Mr. Davis turned to the little hotel writing table and, picking up a sheet of the hotel paper, wrote out a little memo. "Here is a share in the company we have just formed. Keep it as a memento." I did, and a year or so later I had to bring it out and surrender it on account of some more banker reorganization. But by that time the little piece of hotel stationery was worth $2,018.

So, your correspondent quit telling Mr. Davis *The Ladder* wouldn't run and settled down to writing a version that would suit the boss. I had one stake in this that was compensation enough. I was excited about the future of one Ross Alexander and I knew someone could make a swell actor out of Edward J. MacNamara, who up to this time had been the off-stage voice singing the boat song on the canal. Every version I wrote, and I wrote eighteen of them, advanced the cause and opportunities of my favorites. Finally they had most of the show and ran away with it. Davis, too, liked them, and once a week would remark that the whole venture had been worth it if only for the pleasure of watching MacNamara and Alexander do their stuff.

There were many bitter days in there, I must admit. I got to the Davis suite at nine in the morning, in the old Belmont Hotel. And Mr. Davis and Mr. Figart, his secretary, and I would work on that



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play, line by line, word by word. And now and then there would be another hopeful writer of pageants or some budding author who knew he or she had the magic solution. Mr. Davis never turned anyone down.

He took them on as they came. From January 1 to April 25 I kept to that schedule.

In the little outer office, where he had his suite at 366 Madison, there was a table littered with rubber magazines, oil magazines and two old copies of books containing paintings hanging in the Louvre. I was fingering over one of these one day in April, awaiting Mr. Davis. He came out of his private office and looked over my shoulder.

"You've never been to the Louvre, have you?" asked Mr. Davis and I replied that I was the sole American who had not. "Well, you shall go just as soon as *The Ladder* is a success." Then he thought a moment. "That's a rather cheap statement," he said. "What am I talking about! It sounded as if I doubted the play's success, doesn't it?" Then he called to his secretary and asked him to see when the first boat sailed for France or England. The secretary looked at the *Times* and reported that the *Aquitania* left at midnight the following day.

"That's a fine boat, you will like that. I'll be down to see you off. In the meantime I'll fix your letter of credit and a few other things."

I protested and fumed and went through the motions anyone would if hit on the head by such an offer. Finally I thought of a passport. He was beaten for a moment. Then he found that the *Berengaria* left three days later and in that time he could get a passport rushed through. He put on his hat and took me down to a store below the office. I must have a suitcase like the one he had carried around the world many times. Filled, no one except a French porter can lift it. The price, I believe, was $135. Forgive my vulgar awareness of costs, but that is a part of the fairy tale. Then I must have new tails and dinner coat. A tailor was found who could rush them out in two days. And a little cash for the boat, tips and so on. That came to $500. Then the fabulous letter of credit.

The steamer basket is probably still nourishing the British steward who lugged off the remains. I was given a list of hotels I was to stop at on my way to the Louvre: Ritz, Paris; Adlon, Berlin; Bristol, Vienna; Hungaria, Budapest; Savoy, London. I was told not to come back until *The Ladder* was a success. However, I didn't wait for that. But at all the stops I gathered the newsmen around and told them about *The Ladder*, and it being the days of America's ascendancy, Edgar B. Davis was pretty well known. Some of the bell boys and porters, I must admit, got me confused with the *millionairen* but with the letter of credit I could give a good imitation. Little newsboys trying to sell the *Pester-Lloyd* probably still remember me as I threw them pengös from the moving train. A world tour of *The Ladder* was planned after the New York run.

I must say for Edgar Davis that he never consciously sought or granted an interview. Even to the Associated Press he would say no. Any press stuff about him we had to dish out surreptitiously. He would always refer the reporters to the newspaper ads. We certainly gave happy days to the advertising agencies. Most of the time we ran one-quarter page ads in the papers. For ten weeks we gave a $500 cash prize weekly to the person writing the best letter on *The Ladder*. Due to the lottery laws, you did not have to attend the show to win a prize. Consequently, two boys took off $500 without ever having to sit through our opus.

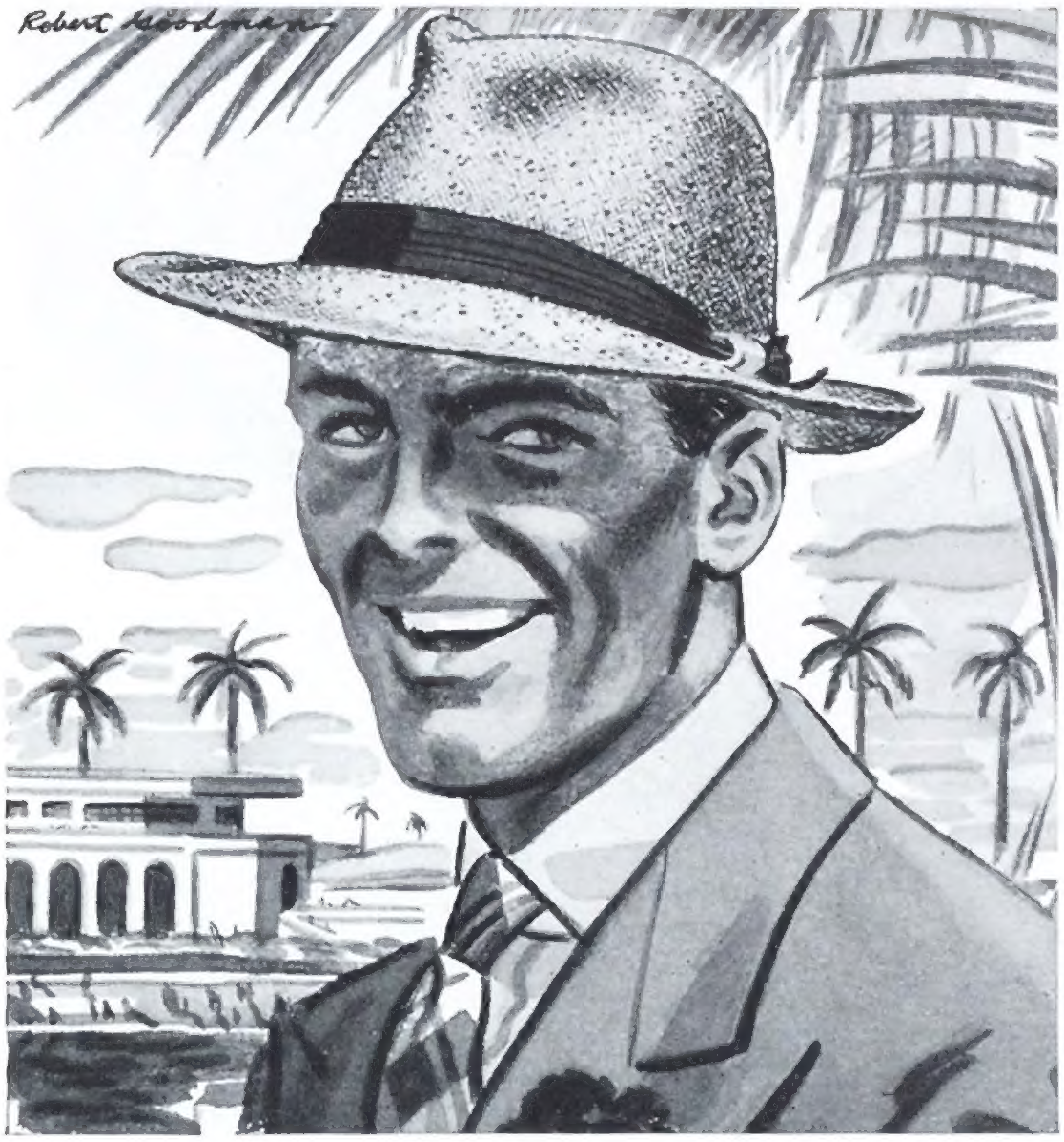
Casting back over the foregoing, there seems so much that I have missed. It was a fabulous era and at the time he did not seem to be much more than one of the world-proper citizens. I realize now, how different he was. But with it all, Davis was a human person, fond of any kind of story or anecdote that had wit or point, loving all sorts of things that normal people like. Now and then he would look at his middle and decide he needed a diet. The Mayo brothers gave him one that allowed him anything he wanted two days a week and kept him to hard-boiled eggs and raw tomatoes for the other five days.

The other day I reminded him of his oft-phrased invitation to me to go and "watch me chase a tomato seed around the plate." He said he hadn't cared much about food for four years. They took his cars, his clothes, his much-prized home in Luling. (No one would bid in on the home, all wanting Davis to have it back again.) But through the last encounter with Fate, Davis kept to his sublime faith. Someone had ordained he'd make money to give away so he wasn't worrying. He did feel a little sad, that he had to wait so long this time. The story about his last field was so familiar I seemed to have heard it before. But it was brand new. Again the geologists, the backers, the friends, had run out on him. The well was beyond all sense, both as to depth and location. Thirty-three feet more and there it was. Enough oil for a nation at war.

What is its worth? According to Davis' estimate, the other day, if things kept along as they were going, fifty million might cover it. What will he do with it? First off, a theatre, for one thing. The most beautiful theatre in the world, built for the comfort of the audience.

"And it will all come out of the profits from *The Ladder*," said Mr. Davis. After all, thinking of the view of the Place Vendôme from my suite at the Ritz, or the blue haze that hung over the pusta as seen from Buda, who am I to quibble at a figure of speech? ###

IT'S CALLED THE "SIROCCO" . . .



FLORIDA'S SUN WILL SMILE ON IT

The "SIROCCO" is a new type of woven hat, introduced by M. S. Levy & Sons of Baltimore. It will make its debut at the principal winter resorts this month. Handwoven of native fibres by Chinese craftsmen. Flexible and weatherproof. It will sell for $2.50 to $3.50 depending on trim and finish.

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in the
PALM BEACHES

In a lovely setting overlooking Lake Worth and Palm Beach. Accommodations, cuisine, and service of the highest order. All of the famous pleasures of the Palm Beaches—golf, fishing, bathing, social diversion, to enjoy. Write for reservations or brochure, Ken Arnold, Managing Director.

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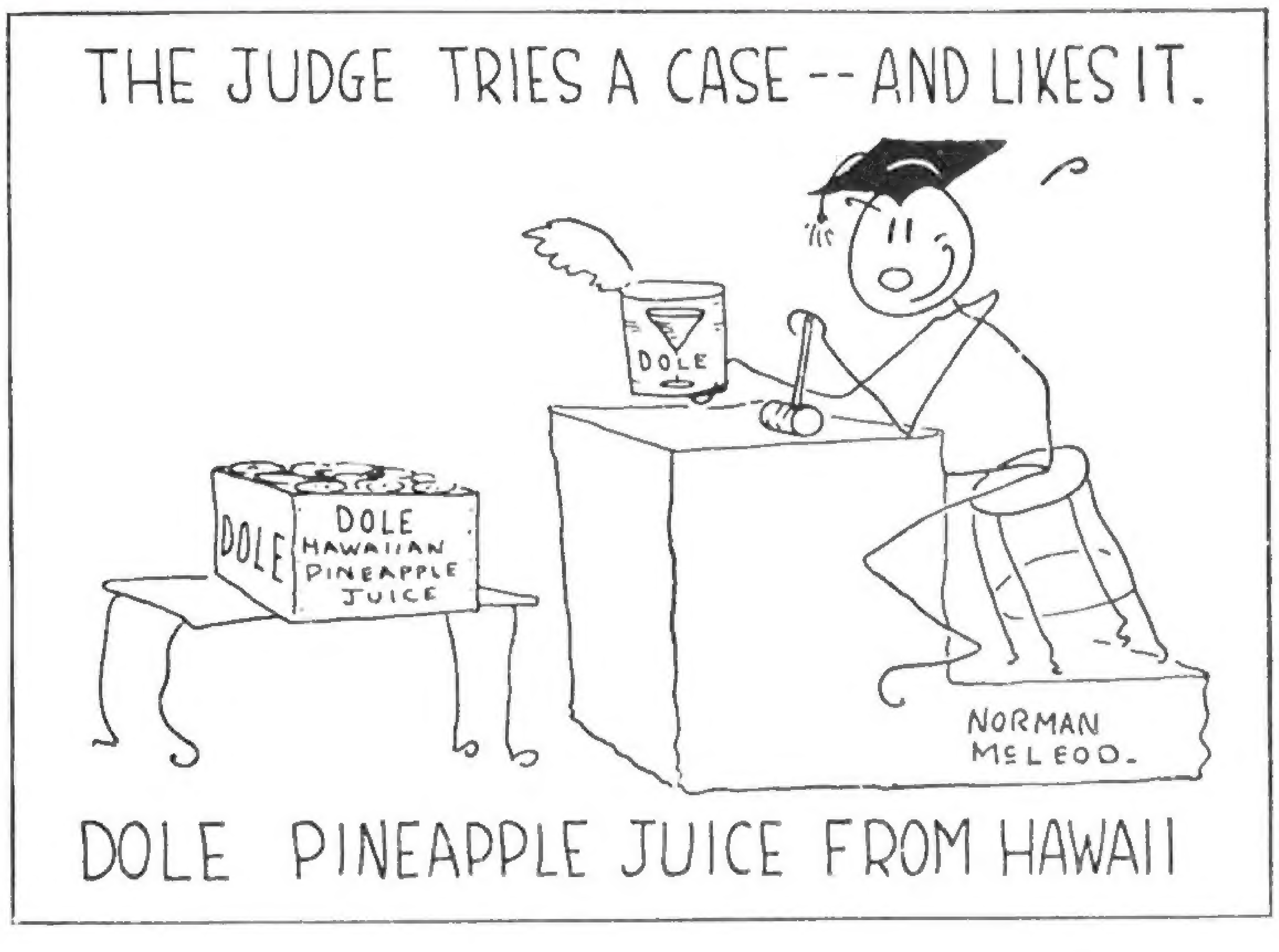
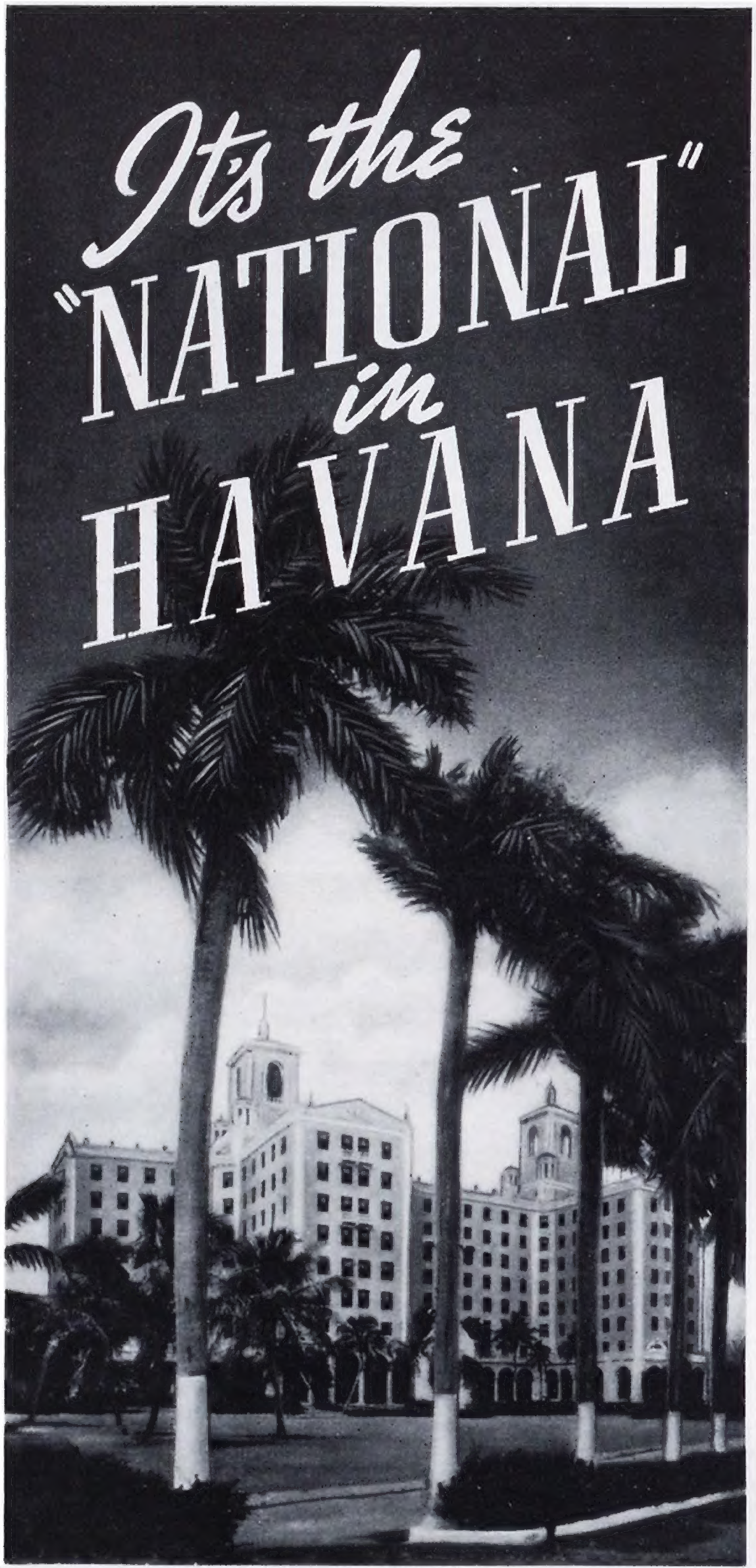

THE JUDGE TRIES A CASE -- AND LIKES IT.
DOLE
DOLE
DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE
NORMAN McLEOD.
DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII



FOR A GLORIOUS WINTER VACATION

Let the soft, sunny springtime of Cuba lure you from the rigors of the northern winter. . . . Come to romantic Havana where the Old World blends with the New to create an atmosphere that is unique and unforgettable . . . where the National — the finest hotel in the tropics — offers the ultimate in modern, luxurious living. . . . Facing the ocean . . . on famous Malecon Drive adjoining the Maine Monument, the National is nearest to all amusements. Swimming at La Playa or in the National's outdoor salt water pool . . . tennis on hotel grounds, racing at Oriental Park, golf, deep sea fishing, outdoor dining and dancing, gala nights, fiestas. Make reservations through your travel agent, to the hotel direct or New York office, the Plaza Hotel.

Illustrated Folder upon Request

Henry A. Rost, *President* James H. Jarvis, *Manager*

NATIONAL HOTEL of CUBA

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

"AMERICA'S SWEETHEART" ENTERS THE MARTS OF TRADE

We went to see Mary Pickford the other day. The lady with the starriest eyes in the world is comfortably ensconced in a suite high in the tower of the Sherry Netherland . . . hard by her office. For Mary Pickford *has* an office, you know. For several years she has been toying with the idea of putting out a line of cosmetics to aid and abet beauty. Her new baby is now making its bow . . . and the great Pickford Public will now be able to decorate its combined faces with the very same kind of creams, lipsticks that America's sweetheart has always, and still uses, herself.

Mary has very definite ideas about the way men like their women to look. We greeted with salvos of applause her firm conviction that the only place for a theatrical type of make-up is behind the footlights. If rouge be used, let it blend in with the skin; if lipstick is applied, let it be sans smudge. A fresh, young, *clean* and well groomed face can be achieved by the discreet use and not the abuse of cosmetics.

SOLIDIFIED PERFUME

No end to the ingenuity of the perfume makers. A certain firm has put out a perfume in paste form . . . made from the wax of flowers or aromatic plants. They say it keeps its essence wonderfully and won't dry out. Each different fragrance is imprisoned in a tricky container shaped like a poker dice . . . 5 of 'em in a leather case. Fine thing for her to carry around in her purse . . . no leakage or breakage.

NICKED NAILS

No woman likes to hold hands with a guy whose nails, possibly through no fault of his own, have that sawed off, gnawed appearance . . . with cuticle which is hard and dry. Before you embark upon your winter romances, better have your manicure girl give you a glycerated manicure. She takes oiled strips and wraps them around your finger tips, then immerses same in warm oil. The penetrating action of the oils softens the cuticle and strengthens the nails. You can do it yourself if you ever have a quiet evening at home. You can buy the complete outfit . . . buffer and all.

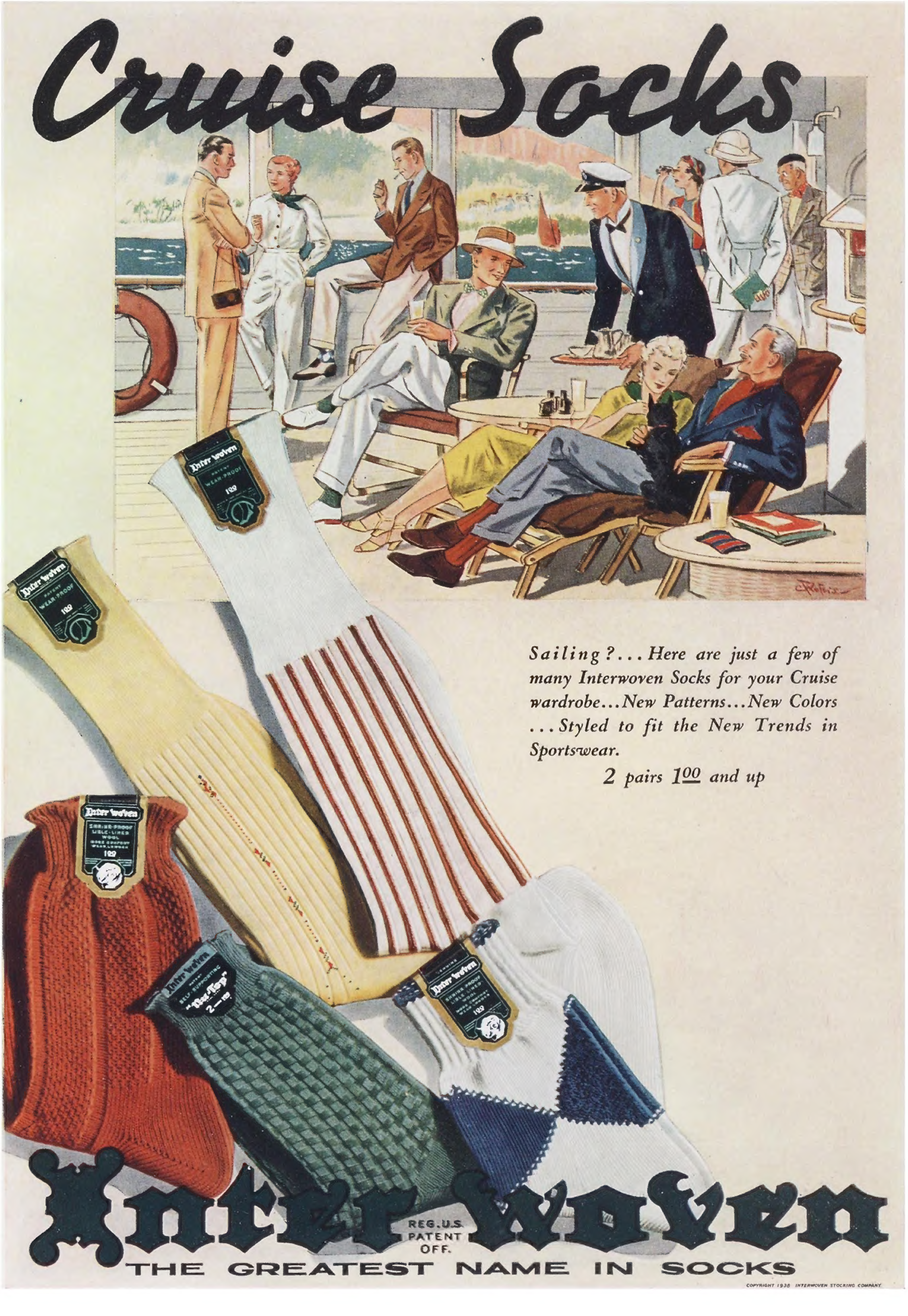
GAG FLORIST

Triumvirate of young people in town have gone into the flower business . . . specializing in original ideas, should your originality fail. They excel on gags. For instance . . . suppose your wife or gal has been pulling a petulant peeve . . . even to the point of turning on the waterworks for you. You want to assuage her, yet not to the point of encouraging such a trying scene again, so you send flowers. Orchids, maybe, but stuck in a baby's pottie, the genuine pink or blue enameled article, tasty nursery picture on side. Then you inscribe a card which says: "Grow up, little girl, grow up," or similar sentiments. The florists also make up dandy little men figurines made out of vegetables . . . a radish head, pea-pod arms, a potato torso, carrot legs . . . and particular attention is paid to anatomical details around the belt. They made one for a man to send to his lady love when he was going to be very late for a dinner date. The card read: "Sorry I'm delayed, but am sending Little Oscar to take care of you until I arrive." This one has infinite possibilities . . . according to the degree of sophistication of the lady in question. They have a gag for girls to send to unfaithful males. A bunch of wild oats tied with a big red satin ribbon with "Success" inscribed in gold letters.

DON'T CALL ME CURLY

When you were a boy were you ribbed because of your lovely curly hair? If you still dislike kinks or waves, there's a man in town who can remove them by means of a special anti-kink cream. He just applies the cream, strand after strand, then shampoos your locks . . . the stuff lasts for "the life of the hair" . . . which is technical jargon meaning until your hair grows out. You'd probably only need to have it done on an average of every 3 months. Same man also has a charcoal pack, a dusty looking salve which he uses to cleanse the hair. A fine thing to keep white or silvered hair *white* instead of allowing it to get that yellowish cast.

Ranger


Inter woven
PATENT
WEAR-PROOF
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SELF-SUPPORTING
"Bar-Top"
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C. Roberts

Cruise Socks

Sailing? . . . Here are just a few of many Interwoven Socks for your Cruise wardrobe . . . New Patterns . . . New Colors . . . Styled to fit the New Trends in Sportswear.

2 pairs $1^{\underline{00}}$ *and up*

Inter woven REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

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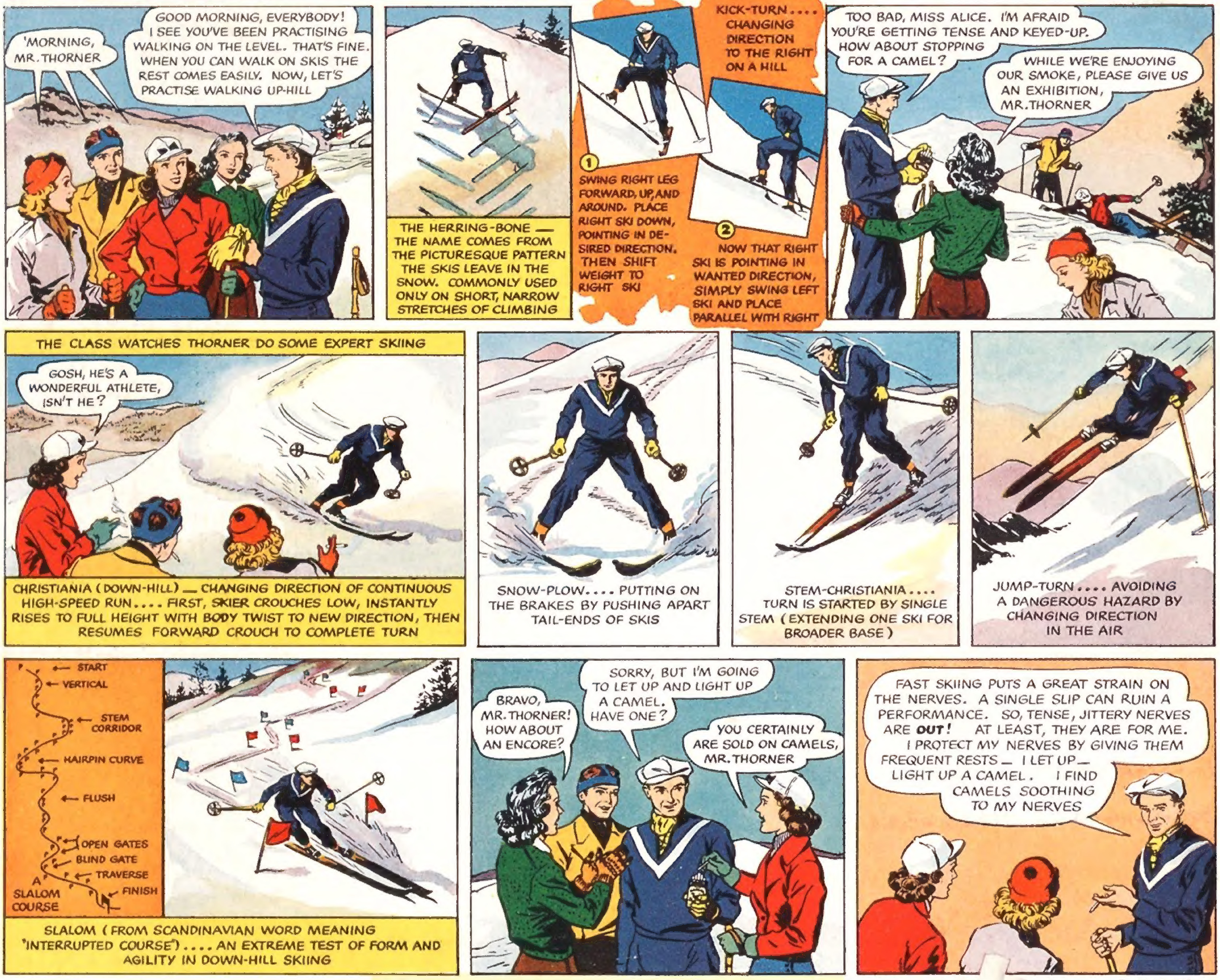
"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE"

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT

HANS THORNER, DIRECTOR MOUNT WASHINGTON (N.H.) SWISS SKIING SCHOOL


'MORNING, MR. THORNER
GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE. WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL
THE HERRING-BONE — THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING
KICK-TURN.... CHANGING DIRECTION TO THE RIGHT ON A HILL
① SWING RIGHT LEG FORWARD, UP, AND AROUND. PLACE RIGHT SKI DOWN, POINTING IN DESIRED DIRECTION. THEN SHIFT WEIGHT TO RIGHT SKI
② NOW THAT RIGHT SKI IS POINTING IN WANTED DIRECTION, SIMPLY SWING LEFT SKI AND PLACE PARALLEL WITH RIGHT
TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP. HOW ABOUT STOPPING FOR A CAMEL?
WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US AN EXHIBITION, MR. THORNER
THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING
GOSH, HE'S A WONDERFUL ATHLETE, ISN'T HE?
CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS HIGH-SPEED RUN.... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN
SNOW-PLOW.... PUTTING ON THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS
STEM-CHRISTIANIA.... TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR BROADER BASE)
JUMP-TURN.... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR
START
VERTICAL
STEM CORRIDOR
HAIRPIN CURVE
FLUSH
OPEN GATES
BLIND GATE
TRAVERSE
FINISH
A SLALOM COURSE
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING 'INTERRUPTED COURSE').... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING
BRAVO, MR. THORNER! HOW ABOUT AN ENCORE?
SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL. HAVE ONE?
YOU CERTAINLY ARE SOLD ON CAMELS, MR. THORNER
FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME. I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING TO MY NERVES

(*left*) **THE BOSTON TERRIER,** shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important *contrast.* Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way — LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES